

What's the use of a roof you have to keep tinkering?

Genasco Ready Roofing

puts an end to your roof troubles.

It is made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt, the natural water-proofer. It gives you absolute weather-protection years after ordinary roofing has "passed away."

Ask your dealer for Genasco; and don't be humbugged with a "just as good" kind. Mineral or smooth surface. Look for the hemisphere trade-mark. Write us for Book 70 and samples.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY



Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

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GENASCO READY ROOFING

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY THE

J. H. ASHDOWN Hardware Co., Limited
Winnipeg

Western Distributing Agents. Prices and Samples on Application.

DO YOU HEAR WELL?

We agree to make you hear ordinary conversation, providing you can still hear thunder.

We wish you to see a new electrically sensitized hearing device called the Electrophone, that instantly causes even the deafest people to hear clearly.

The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the Electrophone is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing.

Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or in private.

This scientific electrical sound-conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the Electrophone attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment, and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial ear drums, trumpets etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. Come and test the Electrophone free. We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an Electrophone exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the Electrophone.

Electrophone in use
Electrophone exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the Electrophone.

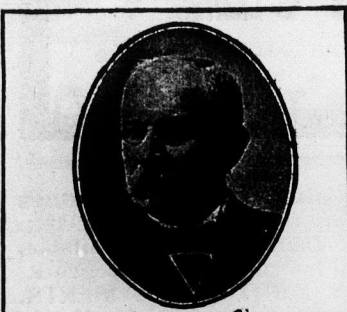
SENT ON TRIAL ANYWHERE IN CANADA

Remember, the Electrophone will open up a new world to you. Perhaps you are only looking for temporary relief, but you will find that it will do much more. The Electrophone gradually restores the natural hearing. We satisfy 99 per cent. of our patrons, because we sell all instruments subject to one full month's trial. Free trial to all who call. Free booklet to all who write.

DEPT. E. CANADIAN OFFICE:

The Brand Electro Ozone, Ltd., 334 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

LIFE AND HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS



Hercules Sanchez
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Oxygen is death to disease, and life and health to the human body. On this principle OXYDONOR has cured hundreds of the worst cases of chronic diseases—pronounced incurable.

The application of OXYDONOR creates a strong affinity for Oxygen in the body, so that Oxygen from the air is instilled into it, entirely revitalizing it. So long as no vital organ is destroyed, the disease, whatever it may be, is speedily driven out, and abounding health takes the place of the diseased condition.

This seems wonderful, but we have letters from hundreds of people who have experienced it. Mrs. Anson Wiltse, Neapolis, Alberta, writes:—

"Received your Oxydonor O.K., and find it a source of great relief, although I have had it hardly a month. My general health is greatly improved. For years I had been compelled to take physic every day, and been subject to severe headaches and nervousness, but I find them all disappearing, and how thankful I am. My children say I look ten years younger, and I was just 69 years old the fifth of May."

Write to-day for our free book telling about the OXYDONOR treatment and its wonderful cures.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 356 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal.

The Sapphire Chain.

By Caroline Ticknor.

Mrs. Royal Cordover's jewels were on her nerves far oftener than on her dainty person. Her husband, who adored her, had also an extravagant fondness for precious stones, and upon every birthday, Christmas, or wedding anniversary, he freely indulged his taste for purchasing gems to adorn his pretty wife.

When she remonstrated, he always answered: "My dear, I do it instead of buying horses, automobiles or old editions! and then precious stones are always as good as cash."

"Yet the responsibility wears on me, Royal. I'm never half so happy as when my jewelry is locked up in the safety vaults."

"Now, my dear, wear the jewelry and let alone responsibility" her husband invariably retorted. "Gems are almost alive, and it is cruel to shut them up in the darkness; they need the light and companionship of handsome women like other people."

The chain of sapphires was the most costly of all Mrs. Cordover's ornaments—in fact, ten times more

to match! Nonsense! And the discussion had waxed more and more earnest until it had at last ended in tears and anger.

It was seldom that any difference occurred in which Mrs. Cordover, fragile pink-and-white Dresden china that she was, failed to carry her point, yet upon this particular occasion the papers which chronicled the ball spoke of the "priceless sapphire chain" worn by the wife of the great financier.

Whatever disagreement had previously occurred in connection with the transportation of Mrs. Cordover's jewelry, that lady parted from her husband in New York in specially high spirits. "Don't worry about anything," he had said before he stepped off the train, and she had answered quite recklessly:

"I don't intend to. Sophie has the responsibility and I am going to enjoy myself."

Sophie had been a tried and trusted maid in the Cordover family for fifteen years and needed no admonishing in any line. She idolized her mis-



"The woman dropped upon her knees and uttered an exclamation: 'Jim,' she cried under her breath, 'you sent those brutes out.'"

costly than any other. M. Verier, the well known Paris jeweler, had for years worked untiringly to gather together the marvellous collection of perfect stones which formed this string of flashing blue.

"It is superb, but it is like a mill-stone round my neck," the owner often murmured, as she unwound the chain upon returning from some social function.

The sapphire chain had certainly achieved a reputation of its own, and famous gems, like famous people, are a responsibility to have about one. Its goings and comings were chronicled and noted in various daily papers; it figured conspicuously in graphic accounts of social festivities, and no column containing memorable details of feminine magnificence was quite complete without it.

It was regarding the sapphire chain that Mr. and Mrs. Cordover had their first serious quarrel. She had said with decision: "If I go to Chicago with you, just to attend a ball given by your friends, I refuse to be burdened with valuable jewelry."

To which her husband had replied: "I can trust Sophie to look out for your jewels. If you go to that ball you certainly must do yourself and me credit. What, appear in that sapphire velvet dress without the chain

tress and watched over all of her possessions with jealous care. The little Russia-leather bag containing that lady's jewels and toilet silver was to the maid a sacred trust—she guarded it as she did the family honor, or her own rosary, which had been blessed by Pope Leo XIII.

Upon the night of the ball Sophie arrayed her mistress in the blue velvet gown, clasped on her diamond ornaments and fastened the sapphire chain in place; then having seen her safely to her carriage where she was joined by friends, the maid returned to their rooms in the big hotel. Sophie's room, which adjoined that of her mistress, was warmed by a small open fire, over which she sat plying her knitting-needles. Gradually the small grate became more and more vague and misty, and then it melted altogether from the maid's weary vision. She dozed, but was aroused by a curious, disturbing noise, and listened—it seemed to her that some one was rattling the door knob in the next room. Could it be possible her mistress had returned already? The maid stepped hastily into the other room and turned on the electric light. Then she paused for a moment—somebody was fumbling with a key outside the door. That puzzled her, for Mrs. Cordover had taken no key