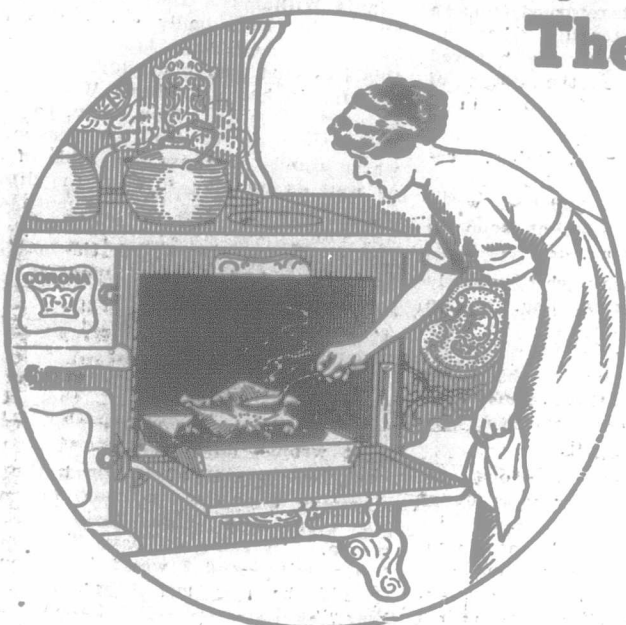


A Steel Range Worthy of the Name—

The "Peerless Corona"



In 1909 we decided to put a new steel range on the market—one with so many improved patented features that it would attract special attention on sight. We build better than we knew because to-day the "Corona" is a national favorite.

There are many reasons for the superiority of the "Peerless Corona"—reasons which win the favor of every experienced housekeeper as soon as noted. The oven is larger than the oven of ordinary steel ranges, 21-in. x 21-in. x 14-in. high—the bottom is made of the heaviest 16-gauge steel, practical for the purpose, and at the same time is strongly braced with heavy supports to prevent warping.

Glance at the illustration for a moment. See how get-at-able it is and the ease with which the roasting pan could be slid out on the convenient shelf formed by the strong substantial drop oven door. Note the double catch—this means a securely clamped door and no escape of heat.

Most good dealers handle the "Peerless Corona." See it or write direct to us.

TUDHOPE-ANDERSON CO., Limited

ORILLIA, ONTARIO

WATCH!

for results of the guessing contest that
will be announced in next
week's issue.

The Folding Bath Tub Co., Ltd.
GANANOQUE, ONTARIO

thing. Because you and Mr. Williams have had a difference is no reason why Ray and I should be bad friends."

By this time Mr. King was in a rage. "Well," he bellowed out, "You will either do as I say, or you'll leave home. I'll let you know who's at the head of this house. I'm going to be obeyed."

Mrs. King looked pitifully up at Harold. Their eyes met. Then she turned pleadingly towards her husband.

"Oh, Robert, don't for my sake, put our boy in such a position as this. You know how faithfully Harold has worked here ever since he was big enough to tag around after your heels, and you know you can trust him with the team or with the work even better than you can yourself. Think what you're saying. I know the boy's character better than you do. He will not do what he believes to be wrong—even if you were to send him away. But you won't do that, Robert."

"Yes, I will."

The woman was up, and standing before him.

"Please, Robert, don't," she begged. He pushed her roughly away.

She looked squarely up into his almost purple face, and in a voice that was convincing in spite of the quaver in it, she said:

"Very well, Robert, then I will go, too."

"All right, go!" returned the man—but in half frightened tones.

Then he suddenly caught himself. He realized the import of his words. His anger melted away.

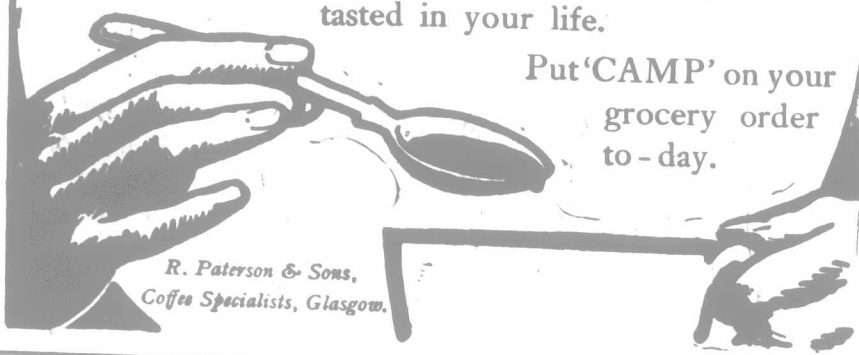
"No, no, Mary, I didn't mean that."

How
to prepare

'CAMP' COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water—that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your
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to-day.



Wanted—Permanent local representatives, either sex, salary or commission; can make \$5 to \$10 a day; spare time accepted. NICHOLS & CO., LIMITED
Publishers, Toronto, Canada

Shorthorns "Trout Creek Wonder" at the head of the herd which numbers about 50 head. Heifers and bulls of the best quality for sale at reasonable prices. Duncan Brown & Sons, Iona, Ont.

he said tremulously, as he laid his right hand gently on her shoulder: "You must not, shall not go. Forgive me."

It was the first time in her married life that she had been told to "go"; and the pain had pierced her breast like an arrow of steel, nevertheless, magnanimous woman that she was, she willingly forgave.

The outcome of it all was, that Harold was not forced to make the disagreeable choice between leaving home and the giving up of Ray Williams as a friend. However, Robert King assumed the chilliness of an iceberg toward the members of the Williams' household; in fact, he openly endeavored at every possible opportunity to "freeze them stiff." But while no invitations were extended by Harold or his mother to their neighbors, there was a naturally good understanding, an entente cordiale, as it were, between them.

More than a year had passed away, and still King held his grudge. And this was unusual with Robert, a man who had been set down as "impulsive"; and when, as in this particular case, the offence was more imaginary than real, it seemed still more surprising. Yet, perhaps, it was not so extraordinary, for quite often imaginary offences are harder to overlook than are real ones.

It was during the noon hour on a very hot, bright day in July. Harold and his father had been working in the hay field all the morning. Mr. King, after eating his usual hearty dinner, had come out on the big, wide veranda, and lain down upon an old leather couch, intending to enjoy a half-hour's nap. Harold also followed after a little, and seated himself in a rustic chair, there to voraciously devour the contents of the "daily" left by the courier an hour or more before.

Suddenly, the men were aroused by the rapid beating of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder. Looking in the direction from which the sounds came, they were surprised to see, rushing past the hedge which skirted the western side of the farm, a horse and buggy with two occupants. The little bay was certainly coming at a furious clip. At first, the men thought it was a runaway, but they were soon otherwise convinced, for they could hear the driver urging the horse, while the one beside him—a girl—was giving vent to no outcry, as they seemed to think a girl ought to do under such circumstances. On they came. But as they neared the open gateway, the man shouted "whoa!" The horse, quickly enough, came to a walk. They turned in. And then up the lane they came, again at a smart gait. As they drew up just opposite the veranda, Harold and his father walked out to the rig.

The fellow, well-dressed, clean-shaved, dark-complexioned, and rather handsome, seemed eager to make an explanation, and beckoned the Kings to come nearer. The young lady, who was fair and pretty, was exhibiting some embarrassment.

"We wish to conceal nothing from you, Mr. —," began the driver. "We have driven at a pretty fast clip for some twelve or fourteen miles. The fact is, I have taken this young lady away from her home secretly, but with her full consent, and it is our intention to be married just as soon as possible. But though we have the start of an angry father by some three or four hours, we have reason to believe that by this time, he must be in search of us. We want your protection for an hour or two, until this horse is rested a little. We are anxious to get to a minister before we are overtaken; but the horse, you see, is about winded, and I understand it's about eight miles to Waterville, where we intend taking the train, and where I will leave the horse in good care. We've been engaged for some time, but her father is, without any reasonable reason, opposed to our marriage. But, beg your pardon, if I knew you, I could introduce ourselves. I am John Westlake of Ingersoll, and this is Miss Winters. May we stay here for an hour, Mr. —?"

"King is my name, sir," answered the astonished farmer, who, in very spite of himself, had become strongly prepossessed in favor of the young couple. It is said that all the world loves a lover; and Robert King, impulsive, tender-hearted, at times, simply could not