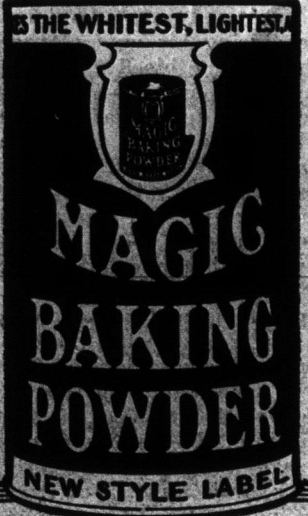


THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

NEW STYLE LABEL

NEVER ANY FAILURE OR DISAPPOINTMENT WHEN

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

IS USED.

CONTAINS NO ALUM.

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS.

MADE IN CANADA

DOMINION EXPRESS

Money Orders

and Foreign Cheques are payable all over the World.

They may be sent in payment of produce, tax, gas and electric light bills, interest on notes and mortgages, insurance premiums, subscriptions to newspapers and magazines, and in fact in payment of all kinds of accounts, whether in or out of town.

We give you a receipt and if the remittance goes astray in the mails, **we refund your money** or issue a new order free of charge.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED. MONEY SENT BY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE.

When purchasing Goods by mail, ALWAYS remit by

DOMINION EXPRESS CO. MONEY ORDERS

RATES FOR MONEY ORDERS:

\$ 5. AND UNDER	5 CENTS
OVER 5. TO \$10.	10 "
" 10. " 20.	15 "
" 20. " 30.	20 "
" 30. " 40.	25 "
" 40. " 50.	30 "
" 50. " 60.	35 "
" 60. " 70.	40 "
" 70. " 80.	45 "
" 80. " 90.	50 "
" 90. " 100.	55 "

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

STAMMERERS

The Arnott Institute treats the CAUSE, not the HABIT, and permanently cures the most hopeless looking cases in four to eight weeks. Write for proofs, references and information to

12

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT., Can.

"Them concerts would be too swift for me," declared Frank Parlow, on a return from one of his dances.

His companion was the young proof-reader. She had yielded to his blandishments, and had consented to accompany him to Harmony Hall, where they had footed it industriously until nearly two in the morning. Up to the present hour they had had little but shop in common, and as they sped along homeward in the half-empty car the talk drifted back, with automatic ease, to the associates in their daily work.

"Too swift? Same here," returned Myrtle Race, concisely. "No 'symphonic poems' for me. I wonder," the girl went on, knitting her brows to call up an image of the absent Miss Grahame, "if she knows anything more about music than she does about painting?"

"As much," returned Parlow, "as he knows about a primary, or a twenty-four-foot ring." And the young man's tone made it clear that Golson was ignorant of "life" indeed.

"I could do her work," Myrtle Race continued. "If papa had only made out a little better last year, I shouldn't have had to drop my studies at the Art Gallery and take up with proof reading."

"Papa" was the proprietor of a small weekly "down state"; and his daughter—before the call of art had lured her to the city—had made herself useful about his office.

"In that case," observed her escort,

sat before a golden shell within a certain ivory-tinted temple, well pleased. For this daring composition undertook not only a trans-valuation of all musical values, but also—with the help of a great body of exegetical comment which was to be mastered in advance—a trans-valuation of all moral values. Golson had mastered the comment, thanks to some general musical reading and to a fortnight's close study of the immediate matter in hand. He knew, therefore, just to what extent the sensational Slav, in his turn, was upsetting the ethical and aesthetical appercept, and he was gratified in proportion. A full cadence was a weak banality—and so was the practice of Christian charity. A plain passage in thirds or sixths was a feeble futility—and so was that flat old notion of monogamy. Welcome to the strong man who would banish pity and strangle decency and would do in all things as he willed. Golson was immensely uplifted, and during the short intervals between the movements he endeavored, by means of hurried and eager exposition of the composer's aims and practice, to help his companion share his delight. Here, he declared, was a great and daring soul—one who would sweep away the conventionalities and timidities and injustices that fettered the modern man and would help to make all things fair and hopeful and new.

The next morning at nine, purged of all asperities, he was writing away in his



fondly, "where should I have come in? Don't forget little Frank."

Myrtle had gone to the dance with a fearful joy. She had heard various tales of her young knight's prowess, and knew that, so far from "side-stepping" life—as he himself expressed it—he welcomed its rush with outstretched arms and a hearty hug. She had anticipated becoming a bone of contention—the envied object, perhaps, of a scuffle on the open floor. But nothing of the sort had ensued. Parlow had taken her to quite the choicest of his resorts, a "place against which no "lady" could bring the slightest objection. The evening had passed pleasantly, but uneventfully. Parlow himself had felt this lack of saliency and had tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the gun on the home-bound train. The man had wearily refused to make much of him, and the young fellow was still suffering from a sense of vague dissatisfaction.

"You don't think we've had a slow time?" he asked her anxiously, at parting.

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Myrtle feeling in her pocket for her night-key. "I love refinement, and have to thank you for a very pleasant evening."

On that same evening, though at an earlier hour, Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame were attending a concert. An anarchistic symphony by a new and notable Russian composer was the principal number on the programme, and Golson

little editorial den with a patient self-control that promised soon to become habitual.

Avis Grahame was deeply affected by this hour of revolutionary harmonies. She, too, felt the need of wider horizons and of greater freedom of action. As they parted that evening, she invited him to accompany her, the next afternoon, to an exhibition of German paintings which had been sent across the water to jar the complacency of the prosperous bourgeois and to raise the loud shout of rebellion in a new and alert society.

Golson wrung his hands with delight as his quick eye swept over these insurgent canvases. He hardly needed the exposition his companion was so desirous of making—surely the revolt of such men spoke for itself. "Secession!" he cried, from the middle of the room. "Secession" is all too weak a word. What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists, rearing, tugging, straining at their traces, and determined to overtake and trample down the tyrannous academics of whatever established order My brothers, I salute you!"

"Get the color scheme," panted Avis Grahame, determined that the technique of these revolutionaries should receive due recognition, too. "It is a tonality completely new. And note the brush-work—knife-work, thumb work, what you will. Even at this distance it is like a fist-blow in the eye. See that pig wallowing in the sunbleached stream—it

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

BENGER'S

FOOD

assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation." Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet "Benger's Food and How to Use it." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng. Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.



The Gun for a Lifetime

When a farmer buys a gun he doesn't want "any old gun" that will shoot well enough for a trip or so. He wants a gun that will stand up, year in and year out, to all kinds of reasonable usage, a gun that will kill a prowling "varmint" or a whizzing partridge with equal certainty, and one that he can give to his son, knowing it will always be a valued possession. That's why the

Tobin

Simplex Gun

is the choice of Canadian farmers. It's the strongest for its weight and the lightest for its strength ever made. That's because the steel is the heaviest only where the strain comes. It's perfectly balanced; you know what that means for a quick aim. Trigger action so quick that pull and shot are instantaneous, barrels are nitro proved and absolutely safe. Stock hand-carved and shaped to fit perfectly. A real triumph of the gunsmith's art. And guaranteed to satisfy or your money back. Priced from \$20 to \$210. At your dealers, or send for the new catalogue.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co. Limited

Woodstock Ont.



THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW