

Now, Why Should I Buy a

KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET ?

ARE you asking yourself that question, Madam? Or do you, Sir Husband, wonder just what good one of these time-money-and-labor-saving devices would be in your home? Give it five minutes' study, and you will wonder why you have been keeping house without a K. K. K. You will see in one minute, how many, many, many steps it must save every day, because it groups in one compact space practically every item of the culinary battery.

—a place for everything you use in getting meals ready. You can sit down to your work if you like. You will have far more time for recreation, and far more vitality to enjoy it. Go to-day to your furniture dealer, and ask to examine the Knechtel. He will cheerfully explain its exclusive excellence to you. And he will not beg you to buy. Booklet D mailed on request.

THE KNECHTEL KITCHEN
CABINET CO., LTD.,
HANOVER, ONT.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK.



REGISTERED.



YOU, Madam, would hardly dream of doing sewing day after day without a sewing machine. Yet you use your sewing machine but once where you would use this labor-saver fifty times. For you cook three meals a day, and this Cabinet will gain you fully ten minutes' time in getting each meal ready. In a week's cookery you will gain more than three hours—just because it saves so much trotting back and forth.

IF you keep help, it does much to keep the girl contented, for it gives her more time for her other work, and spares her from getting so tired out. It economizes foodstuffs, because it abolishes much waste—keeps the supplies in better shape—keeps them clean—protects them from mice and insects. After you've had a K. K. K. a month you wouldn't sell it.

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinets are made in five handsome styles, all beautifully fini-hed, all with shining, rustproof extension tops of bright aluminum. Each has a dust-tight flour bin with sifter bottom, an ingenious sugar bin, plenty of shelf and cupboard room

Well, it got on me, and I chucked Revelstoke and came out here."

"A very sensible thing to do," I observed.

"I should say! I am going to make money, you bet. That claim of mine, you know—" and he relapsed suddenly from sentiment to very practical matters, as is the way of healthy youth. But presently he went back to the other theme. "I believe she brought me luck. Anyway, she brought me something else. When I came in and out, or after I have been down with the boys, and playing euchre and so on, I want to look at her and think there's somebody like that in the world—with those eyes."

"You will be getting married some time, you know, Mr. Drummond," I said.

"Haven't you ever thought of it?"

"I have thought of it," he said.

"There's a girl down here now at the township—she ain't like that one there, but she's a mighty good sort. Well, I dunno." There was a pause. "Say," he broke out suddenly. "You live in London when you are at home, don't you? Yes; well now, I suppose you might see her," and he indicated the portrait, "some time. You might tell her from me—"

I laughed. "My dear friend," I said, "do please consider that, in the first place, the photograph from which that one of yours is copied was taken a dozen years ago at least. The original is—I looked at his face, and my sentence did not end quite as I had intended—"is—"

"I daresay, or perhaps she is dead. At any rate, I do not think she is in London. And if she were, there are about ten thousand chances to one that I shall never come within speaking distance of her."

"So? Well, of course. I guess I have kept you up too late talking nonsense. You have got to make an early start to-morrow, you know."

It must have been nearly twelve months later that I received a letter in London with the British Columbian postmark outside and something stiff within. I opened the envelope and read:

"Dear Sir,—Mr. — was along here the other day and I took your address from him. Perhaps you recollect that evening you got lost on the trail, when you and me sat up talking after your friends turned in. I thought you might like to know that I got married last fall. Enclosed, I please find portrait of Mrs. D. I guess you'll think I am a lucky man when you look at it. She is as good as she is pretty, just about as good as they make them. The claim is panning out O.K., too, so you see I'm getting it bully all round. I am sending you another portrait, that one you noticed on my wall. Mrs. D., she don't like it much, and I ain't so fond of it as I was, now I have got Annie to look at, which is better than cardboard, anyway. But somehow I didn't care to put it in the stove, and I thought you would not mind if I sent it to you. Excuse me for troubling you. I am building a new house, and when it is done, you can have a better shakedown than I gave you that night; so if ever you are in B. C. again, don't forget to come along here and see me and Mrs. D., and, maybe, a kid or two before long. With kind regards, I am, dear sir, yours truly.

"RICHARD DRUMMOND."

I set the two photographs before me on my writing-desk. "Mrs. D." did not altogether belie her husband's eulogy. She had prettiness of a kind, the trivial prettiness of youth and good nature, a dimple in the cheek, simpering conscious eyes, hair lying in a ringletted "fringe" above an insignificant brow, a suggestion

of cheap finery about the neck. The pure and noble face in the nun's drapery seemed to smile with a gracious indulgence on its commonplace rival. So my young pioneer had gone the way of many men before him, and had got his feet upon the comfortable earth after a brief flight into the azure. He had descended upon the Real Woman, and would make her, I daresay, no worse a husband for having conversed for a space with the Ideal.

—Sidney Low, in British "Nation."

Conscience Makes Cowards.

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said: "Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay, and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

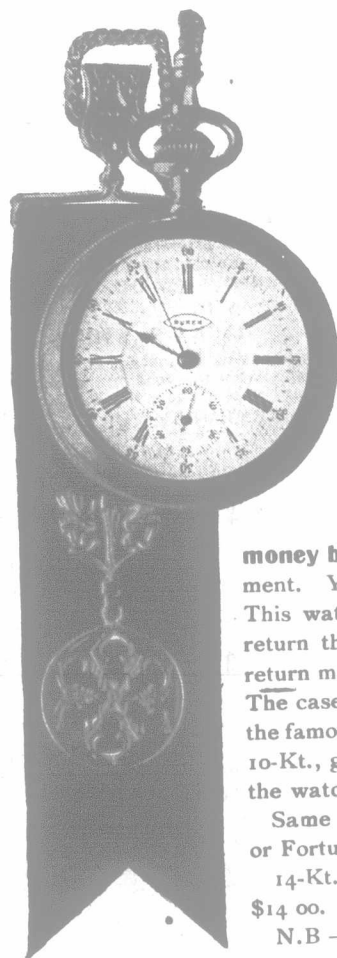
After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."—Denver Post.

POSSESS A

UNITED WATCH

AND BE ON TIME—ALWAYS



Here's a watch on your terms
—a watch as accurate as the
law of gravitation, and guaran-
teed for a lifetime.

We guarantee the movement of this watch to be mechanically and scientifically perfect. So certain are we of this Timekeeper's accuracy that we offer to return the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer. **\$9.50 brings you this handsome, open-face, 10-Kt., gold-filled watch, Alpha or Empress case, by return mail. Wear the watch, test its accuracy, and if you are not convinced of its splendid value you can have your**

money back. There'll be no quibble—no argument. Your word will be accepted as final. This watch must satisfy you absolutely or we return the price. You can secure this watch by return mail—Lady or Gent's size, as preferred. The case is heavy gold-filled—the movement is the famous Standardized Buren 7-jeweled. The 10-Kt., gold-filled Fob, as illustrated, goes with the watch—all for \$9.50.

Same movement, 14-Kt., gold-filled, Banner or Fortune case, with Fob—\$11.00.

14-Kt., gold-filled Sovereign case, with Fob—\$14.00.

N.B.—Reference: Home Bank of Canada.

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You make a pile of money,
Or lose the pile you've got,
You may find a paying silver mine,
Or find, just where it's not,
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Some people there get wealthy,
But ten to one you'll find
That lots of wealth of which they boast
Is simply in their mind,
Up at Cobalt.

You hear of veins and ledges
And promoters by the score,
And if you have some money there
They'll love you all the more,
Up at Cobalt.

They point to snaps and options,
Where there is wealth galore,
And whisper that they'll let you in
Sure! on the bottom floor,
Up at Cobalt.

They speak of this and that one
Coming here a year ago,
Who now are worth a million,
So easy, don't you know,
Up at Cobalt.

You think, perhaps, you'll take a shot,
Just have a little "shy,"
Then stand agast to see how fast
They make your money fly,
Up at Cobalt.

You wait for coming dividends,
But lemons come instead,
It don't take long to figure out
How far you are ahead,
Up at Cobalt.

—Saturday Night.

Teacher—Who is the greatest inventor?
Shaggy-haired Pupil—Pat Pending, I
guess. I see his name on more inven-
tions than I do any other man's.—Chi-
cago Tribune.