

Singer Talks

2. Things You Don't See in a Sewing Machine

- Q Don't judge *any* sewing machine just by the way it *looks*.
- Q Enamel paint and shiny varnish are good things, but they don't make a machine run well or last long.
- Q Experience and judgment and *intent* combined with manufacturing facilities, are the things *you* should consider before buying.
- Q These points, combined with a rigid system of inspection and tests, give a *lasting* value to every Singer Sewing Machine.
- Q You can't *see* them, but you *learn* them in the easy, effective working of every part—and their value becomes more plain to you after years of service.
- Q Every Singer is *perfect* when it leaves the factory—your daughter will say it's still perfect when you have no more use for it.

Singer Sewing Machine Company

Sold only by
Winnipeg, Man. 306 Main St.; Regina, Sask. Hamilton St.; Edmonton, Alta. Second St.; Fort William, Ont. May St.; Lethbridge, Alta. Ford St.; Portage La Prairie, Man. Saskatchewan Ave.; Prince Albert, Sask. River St.; Brandon, Man. 120 Tenth St.; Calgary, Alta. 224 Eight Ave.



Why buy mattresses that you would be ashamed to have opened up? Flock and wool mattresses are of that order and all Boards of Health should forbid their use.

The Flock Bed Condemned.

London, July 24. — Dr. Taylor, public analyst, condemns the cheap flock bed. He declares they are calculated to promulgate disease, and that more bacteria can be found in a certain amount of flock than in an equal proportion of sewage.

Montreal Star, July 24th 1906.

"HEALTH" BRAND MATTRESSES

4 grades, popular prices,

are comfortable and absolutely sanitary; are filled with cleaned wood fibre made in a model factory. Fibre is covered with sheets of new carded cotton felt. Result: a soft, wholesome mattress for little money.

Look for the name "Health" printed on a red cross label and sewn into every genuine "Health" mattress, and is our guarantee of satisfaction-or-money-refunded. Sold everywhere in Canada.



THE ALASKA BEDDING CO. LIMITED
Montreal, WINNIPEG, Toronto

STUBBORN DYSPEPSIA REMOVED.

Rev. Arthur Goulding, B. D.

Chaplain, The Penitentiary, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, writes:—"It affords me very great pleasure in testifying to the merits of your invaluable medicine—K. D. C., which, if taken together with the pills is warranted to remove the most stubborn case of dyspepsia. I cannot say that I arrived at that stage when the disease had become chronic—but I have suffered intensely nevertheless. I had been under medical treatment for some time, with but little relief—when my attention was directed to your cure I tried it, and it has most effectually cured me.



over to him, including the package in which the finger had come—the case, which he unpleasantly referred to as the casket—and the wrapper, which Wilkinson had had the presence of mind to save. Armed with these he set out, promising to report in the evening.

Mr. Wilkinson was not mistaken in his man. Night had hardly fallen when the detective reappeared and offered the following satisfactory explanation of the curious incident.

"At 4.30 yesterday afternoon, Mr. Wilkinson," he began, "a man called upon you at your office. He looked seedy, but on the whole respectable, and you found it impossible not to listen to him on account of his melting eye and rich, sympathetic voice."

Mr. Wilkinson nodded. He was not so simple as to wonder how the detective knew this, but he did wonder what it had to do with the case.

"He said," proceeded the detective, "that he was poor, but—and-so-forth, a stranger in town, looking for a job, anything honest." The detective paused here and smiled pleasantly. "Had found a chance as waiter at Royce's, but must provide his own waiter's coat, price three dollars. Could you—and-so-forth? You couldn't; you weren't quite so easy. But you did the next best thing—gave him an order on your haberdasher for a waiter's coat. Wrote it on the face of one of your envelopes, and gave him one of your visiting cards. He got the coat on your order and then went to his uncle's and cashed in the coat. It only fetched a dollar, but every little helps."

The detective paused again and looked attentively at Mr. Wilkinson, who did not quite like his expression.

"Very well, sir," he said, somewhat testily, "what of it?"

"This. When uncle came to examine the coat at his leisure, he found two rather unaccountable articles in it—your card and a woman's finger. He felt surprised, naturally, and a little grieved."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Wilkinson, appreciatively.

"In fact," resumed the detective, "the thing upset him considerably. A poco deals, sooner or later, in a great many shady articles, but he has to draw the line somewhere. Uncle had never had any call for odd fingers—worried him to have the thing in his place. So what does he do but stow the article in a jewel-case he had handy, and send it off to the address on your card?"

"I see," said Mr. Wilkinson, with a sigh of relief. The thing appeared to be straightening itself out admirably. "You have proof of these statements?"

The detective nodded.

"Then there is little more to be said I should think. I am greatly obliged. The detective rubbed his chin. He looked somewhat disappointed.

"Of course," he said, "if that is all you want to know it is no affair of mine. Twenty-five dollars."

Mr. Wilkinson did not like to feel that he had said or done less than might be required of a man in his position. He hastened to inquire what the detective meant.

"Well, Mr. Wilkinson," he said, "there are three questions which I should have said, would suggest themselves to a man of your inquiring turn of mind. First: what became of the necklace, which was sent from your jeweler's by one of their uniformed employees yesterday afternoon, and which should have reached you, as you expected, about the time you received the little souvenir from uncle? Second: how did the finger get in the excellent company of your visiting card, in a pocket of the waiter's coat? Third, to whom did the finger originally belong?"

"Very true," said Mr. Wilkinson, beginning to be a little ashamed of his premature satisfaction. The fact was he had been thinking of Mary, and the explanation he had already received seemed ample for his purpose. "Do you know the answers to these questions?"

"I do," the detective replied, "but I should prefer to have you hear the story from another person. He is due here now." Almost as he spoke the bell rang and a young man was shown in, whom the detective introduced as Mr. Blackall. The visitor appeared somewhat ill at ease at first, but presently his manner grew more easy, and

at Mr. Wilkinson's request he proceeded to tell his story, in a manly, straightforward manner.

"I am an utter stranger to you, Mr. Wilkinson," he began, "but if you were to ask anyone who knows me you would be told that I have always borne a reputation for honesty. Yesterday, nevertheless, I was guilty of a forgery and two thefts. One of these offences was deliberate, the other two being forced upon me, as it seemed, by the urgency of circumstances."

He paused and shook his head in a melancholy way, but Mr. Wilkinson, who felt much attracted by his manner, urged him to go on.

"Yes, I am a robber, Mr. Wilkinson. Last evening, at half-past six, I stationed myself on your front steps and stole from the messenger's hand a package addressed to you and containing in a jewel-case a pearl necklace."

Mr. Wilkinson was startled. He felt somewhat less strongly attracted toward his visitor, but still encouraged him to continue.

"You will wonder why I did this," he went on, "when I tell you I am a man of good family and independent fortune. I had no possible use for your necklace, which is now in this gentleman's hands and at your disposal."

"What were you after, then?" cried Mr. Wilkinson, much puzzled.

"A woman's finger," replied Mr. Blackall. Mr. Wilkinson's astonishment increased. "I had lost it and was very anxious to recover it, for a particular reason. You will think it a trifle to make so much trouble about, but it happened to be very important to me at the moment. I had carelessly dropped it in the street, in taking out my handkerchief. When I discovered my loss some moments later, and retraced my steps to look for the finger, I came upon a shabby person in the act of picking it up. He seemed embarrassed when he discovered what it was, but instead of dropping it he hastily secreted it in the pocket of a coat which he carried upon his arm. I naturally followed him to see where he was going with my property, which, for obvious reasons, I could not openly claim."

"When he entered the shop of Mr. Isaacson, I applied my face to the window and saw the wretch exchange the coat he carried—which I had no doubt he had stolen—for a few paltry coins. I would rather have given twenty times the sum than lose the valuable article he had disposed of so carelessly, and I had much ado to keep my hands off him when he came out. Prudence prevailed, however; I let him pass and turned to watch the pawnbroker, who had carelessly thrown the coat upon his counter. In a few minutes, his other customers having left the shop, he proceeded to make a systematic examination of the garment, turning the pockets inside out. I saw him start when he touched my finger, which fell upon the counter with a scrap of paper or card. A sudden impulse urged me to act, and with a half-defined purpose of recovering my property on the spot I entered the shop."

"At the sound of the opening door I saw him sweep the finger behind the counter and, as I supposed, into a drawer. As I approached him it appeared to me it would be even more foolish and unsafe to connect myself with his mind with the article I sought than it would have been to make a confidant of the tramp, and so, on the impulse of the moment, I merely took out my watch and laid it before him, saying, 'how much?'"

"The pawnbroker took the watch nearer the window for better examination, and I instinctively seized the opportunity to inspect the card that had fallen from the coat with the finger and remained upon the counter. It was yours, Mr. Wilkinson, and I impressed the address on my memory."

"Then Isaacson turned toward me and offered a loan on my watch which, fortunately, was so absurdly small that I could consistently refuse it, and I left the shop feeling very foolish and at a loss just what to do. I was loath to relinquish my finger, and when outside paused and took