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10 DAYS
FREE
Send
No Money

Burns
Coal Oil
Beats
Electric or
Gasoline

Costs You Nothing

to try this wonderful new Aladdin coal oil mantle lamp 10 days right in your own home. You don't need to send us a cent in advance, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, you may return it at our expense.

Twice the Light on Half the Oil

Recent tests by noted scientists at 14 leading Universities, prove the Aladdin gives more than twice the light and burns less than half as much oil as the best round wick open flame lamps on the market. Thus the Aladdin will pay for itself many times over in oil saved, to say nothing of the increased quantity and quality of pure white light it produces. A style for every need.

Over Three Million

people now enjoy the light of the Aladdin and every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing it as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as "You have solved the problem of rural home lighting," "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin," "The grandest thing on earth," "You could not buy it back at any price," "Beats any light I have ever seen," "A blessing to any household," "It is the acme of perfection," "Better than I ever dreamed possible," "Makes my light look like a tallow dip," etc., etc., pour into our office every day. Good Housekeeping Institute, New York, tested and approved the Aladdin.

We Will Give \$1000

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin (details of this Reward Offer given in our circular which will be sent you). Would we dare invite such comparison with all other lights if there were any doubt about the superiority of the Aladdin?

Get One FREE

We want one user in each locality to advertise and recommend the Aladdin. To that person we have a special introductory offer under which one lamp is given free. Just drop us a postal and we will send you full particulars about our great 10 Day Free Trial Offer, and tell you how you can get one free.

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Largest Manufacturers and Distributors
of Coal Oil Mantle Lamps in the World.

Men With Rigs Make Big Money

delivering Aladdin lamps. No previous experience necessary. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life made over \$500.00 in six weeks. Another says "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls."

No Money Required We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's Easy-System-of-Delivery plan quick, before territory is taken.

War! War!

BE PATRIOTIC



once. Dept. 256, **SKIRTS UNLIMITED**, Godwin St., Bradford, Yorks, England

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"Oh how careless of me. Are you hurt, Miss Dorothy?" anxiously questioned Eric as he quickly bent over the white-faced girl.

She could not answer but she smiled bravely back at him. For a few minutes she lay very still. Then she tried to move. She couldn't. Helplessly she looked at her companion.

"It's my ankle," she gasped. He knelt beside her, mute. He wanted to put his arms around her and carry her back to the car.

Presently he held out his hand to help her as she struggled to a sitting position.

"Does it pain a great deal?" he asked gently.

She nodded. "It will be all right if I sit quietly for a bit. We can see the lake from here just splendidly."

He knew the smile she gave him was a blind to hide the pain she felt, and as she resolutely tried to be enthusiastic over a little yacht that ploughed across the lake, he told himself she was the pluckiest woman he had ever met. "Clear grit, every inch of her," he thought admiringly.

She held out her hand and he helped her rise. Cautiously she stepped on her injured foot. With a little cry she shook her head and looked hopelessly up at him.

"I'm afraid there is but one way to get you to the car," he smiled hesitatingly. He put one arm around her. A faint red tinged her face.

"I'm sorry I can't walk," she smiled in assent, "but accidents will happen, I suppose."

With a little gasp he gathered the girl in his strong arms. His heart throbbed wildly, painfully. Through his brain rushed the words she had sung an hour before:

"To have, to hold, to love you
Forever and a day—"

Oh heaven, why couldn't he? Almost unconsciously he bent his head and looked longingly into her eyes. It was the psychological moment; each read the other's thought. Instantly two hearts throbbed together, two pairs of arms hugged their precious treasures, and two pairs of lips met.

FALL IN!

By Harold Begbie

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack

When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?

Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red?

But what will you lack when your mate goes by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look

When your children yet to be
Clamour to learn of the part you took
In the War that kept men free?

Will you say it was naught to you if France
Stood up to her foe or bunked?

But where will you look when they give the glance
That tells you they know you funk?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare

In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbors talk of the fight?

Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?

Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call

For men who are brave and strong?

Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?

Is it football still and the picture show,
The pub and the betting odds,

When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

He threw himself down in the grass and pretended to watch the gulls dipping and skipping along the water.

Dorothy played with a blade of grass. She felt sick and dizzy and she wished he would put his arm about her. She flushed as that thought came to her. "Oh dear, I hate him. He has suspected and scorns me. Well, I don't care. Why on earth did I ever leave home and Wallie and meet this horrid man? I wish I were back at the hotel. How'll I get there? Oh dear."

She dropped her head in her hands and pressed her fingers over her eyes to keep back the tears.

"Does it hurt?" he asked solicitously.

She nodded miserably.

"Worse?"

Another nod.

Inwardly, he damned things. "Damn it, I wish I didn't care so much," he sighed.

It was getting late, too. He noticed it with uneasiness. Muskoka roads are not the best in the world for a touring car in daylight. At night they are simply out of the question.

He jumped to his feet. "We had better go, Miss Dorothy. The sun is going down and the roads are pretty bad. Do you think you can walk to the car?" he asked anxiously.

Quite overcome, Dorothy closed her eyes. She wanted to laugh and cry both at the same time. But she only prayed. She didn't hate him at all. She never had hated him.

Then he started. She knew he was picking his way to avoid the rough places. How strong, how masterful, how gentle he was. And—best of all, he loved her. At the top of the hill he sat down upon a rock.

"Dorothy," he cried.

Her eyes flew open.

"Look at me," he said softly.

She looked at him in silence for half a minute.

"Really," he questioned.

"Really," she affirmed soberly.

He held her close. A little later he sat her in the car.

"Tell me," he demanded, "who is Walter?"

"Walter? Why he's my dear little crippled brother," she answered with a comprehensive laugh.

Chug, chug, went the machine. She did not hear his answer.

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