

Annabel's Veil

(Concluded from page 9.)

she had given him a right to expect. When she passed on without a second glance he continued his work, but she felt that had she thrown stones at him he could not have been more surprised. For weeks thereafter he did not speak to her—did not put himself in her way—but he never failed to look her steadfastly in the face when they met. It was not a look of reproach, nor even of inquiry; it conveyed nothing but melancholy acquiescence. Annabel learned that his conduct had been all that the most ardent reformer could have hoped. The changed lives of himself and his wife were the wonder of the neighbourhood. But Annabel now cared nothing for that. The recollection of her relations with the Porters was wormwood to her. Her one longing hope was that he was not in possession of her veil or, if he was, that it might be recovered from him.

One afternoon, after playing tennis with her brother and their guests, she went across with Harold to the rose garden to get some flowers for the house. It was warm, and the gardener's vest lay on the ground as he wielded the hoe. At the sight all her philanthropy vanished in the smoke of a great wrath. Her cheeks seemed to scorch, and her eyes were hot with suppressed indignation.

"That is my veil," she said, curtly. Give it to me."

The man stepped swiftly backward and snatched at his vest with a hand that trembled. "No," he said, in a low, troubled tone, "no."

"But you must." She turned to her brother. "Harold, this man has stolen my property."

"Oh, I'll pay you for it," he cried, eagerly. "I'll pay you for it twice over."

She still looked appealingly at Harold.

The young man essayed good-natured persuasion. "Now see here, my good fellow, there's no sense in your acting this way. You'll be the laughing stock

of anyone working with you, and, what's more, my sister will be a laughing stock, too."

"Then I'll pin it inside the lining." "You'll do no such thing!" hotly declared the girl. "You'll give it to me this instant."

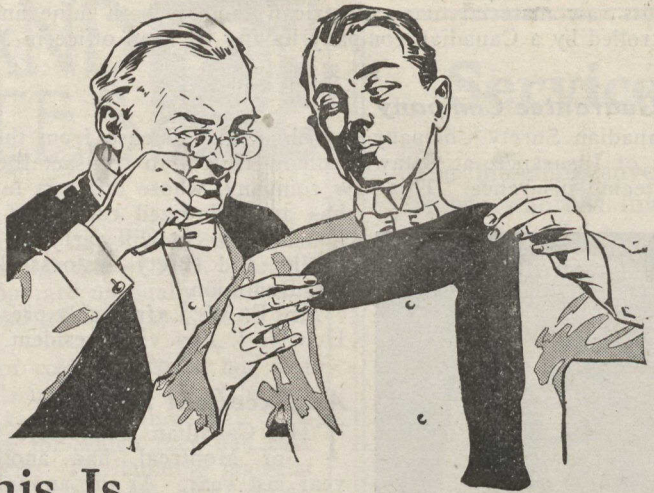
He fronted her with that look of steadfast sadness. "No, Miss Harlowe, I'll never give it to you. I'll keep it till I die."

She snatched at it, but it was firm in his grasp.

"Wait," he said, wiping the heavy moisture from his brow, "wait till I tell you what that veil is to me. I wear it always to remind me that I've got to do right—I've got to do my best always, because when I was down in the slime of the gutter, and no one had anything for me but kicks and abuse and good advice, some one came along who helped me. Some one who believed in me and taught me to believe in myself. It's awful easy to start trying to change a man, but it takes grit to keep it up. You kept it up, Miss Harlowe. You caught me when I was drowning and you held on till I got to shore. I can never pay for it nor thank you for it, neither can my wife. But we have a happy home now, and you was the one who made it happy. So you'll not ask me to give up the veil that reminds me of all that."

He picked up his hoe and made as if to continue his work. Harold looked at his sister; then he turned away, for the tears were on her cheeks cooling their foolish rage.

"I don't blame you for souring on me," continued the gardener, "but don't sour on the good work that your good heart makes you love to do." He dropped the hoe then to take the hand that Annabel penitently thrust into his. "You're welcome to the veil, Mr. Porter," said she, and there was the old, honest ring of kindness and good faith in her voice.



This Is Holeproof, Dad

Did You Ever See Finer Looking Socks?

"Do you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* them to wear six months without holes?"

That is exactly what we are doing.

Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children, \$2 to \$3 per box; also three pairs for children, \$1 per box,

guaranteed three months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof, guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium cashmere socks, six pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six pairs, \$3. Women's fine cashmere stockings, six pairs, \$3. Six pairs of cashmere guaranteed six months.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

These are soft, pliable and stylish. The foundation of the wear is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last.

Our guarantee covers every stitch, not just the heels and toes. Our inspection department, where each pair is examined, costs \$60,000 a year. But we cannot afford to replace many pairs, so we see that each pair is right.

The above figures refer to Hole-

proof as made in the States and Canada.

Look for the trademark and signature, *Carl Fuschl*, stamped on every pair. The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write today for our free book on Holeproof.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908
Carl Fuschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
328 Bond Street, LONDON, CANADA (446)

Fooling the Post Office

THE country postmistress who used to guess at the contents of rural letters by noticing whose handwriting was on the envelope, has been strategically beaten by the lady who got from the Dominion Government the contract

suffragettes, tried to kill the industry of letter-writing by pouring carbolic acid into letter-boxes. Most of the world's greatest letters have been either written to or written by women. Letters have been stolen by women, intercepted by women and inspired by women. But the lady who got the post-box and stamp-machine contract from either the former P.M.G. of Canada or from Mr. Pelletier, and sold it for \$100,000 is entitled to the tacit admiration of her entire sex.

No doubt the device in itself is a good one. Any mere man who has found himself late at night or on Sunday with a bundle of letters to post and no stamps, when all the postoffices and stamp counters are closed, will realize the advantage of this machine which not only receives the letters, but stamps them at the same time, and also advertises by a rotary sign at the top the newest make of hosiery or style in breakfast foods.

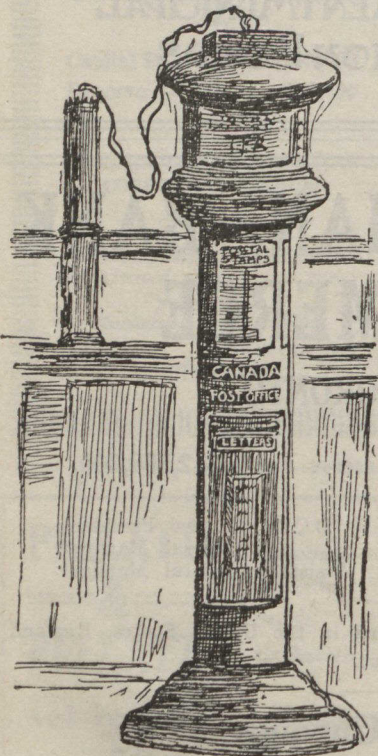
It was Uncle in "The Old Homestead," who visiting a city for the first time, fearfully dropped a letter into a red letter box and said:

"By gum! I s'pose that letter's got to its destination 'ready."

He had a sublime and simple faith in the red box and the government that put it there. But the simple, abiding faith of somebody in the clever woman that got the contract for these new post-boxes, is to Uncle's in "The Old Homestead" as wine unto water. The contract is good for ten years. The rum-pus it kicked up in the House of Commons must have provided much merriment to all the suffragettes, and to all men who think they are too clever to be beguiled by women.

Very Awkward.—Baker—"I hate to be an outsider at a family reunion. They're awfully trying."

Barker—"Yes, you never know whether the shabbily dressed old lady is a poor relation or a rich one."—Life.



This is a Picture of the Street Corner Letter-box and Stamping Machine That Netted a Clever Woman \$100,000.

for the new automatic stamp machines and sold it to a company for \$100,000. Women have always been much mixed up in the art of letter-writing. In fact, a very large percentage of the postal revenues comes from women. Not long ago "lovely woman," represented by the

Sherry, Sir?

BRISTOL MILK

Obtainable at the HOTEL MOSSOP.

HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY

\$13.25 per doz.

Delivered at Residence,
Toronto

John Harvey & Sons

Limited
BRISTOL, ENG.

R.S.V.P.



"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find

"A DESK-ROOM OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH"

a very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point."
12mo, cloth, 240 pages. \$1.00 post-paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.