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Paroid Lasts Longest

BUY one lot of Paroid; open it; inspect it; apply it to your roof, and if then you are not satisfied that you have the best ready roofing made, send us your name and address, and we will send you a check for the full cost of the roofing including the cost of applying it.

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rust-proof caps—water proofed on both sides—the only caps that will not rust, work loose and cause leaks. These are some of the reasons why we can give Paroid so strong a guaranty—why it lasts so long—why it is largely used by the U. S. Gov't., railways, factories and farmers everywhere. All we ask is that you try it, on our money-back guaranty. If your dealer cannot supply you, don't take a substitute but send for samples and prices.

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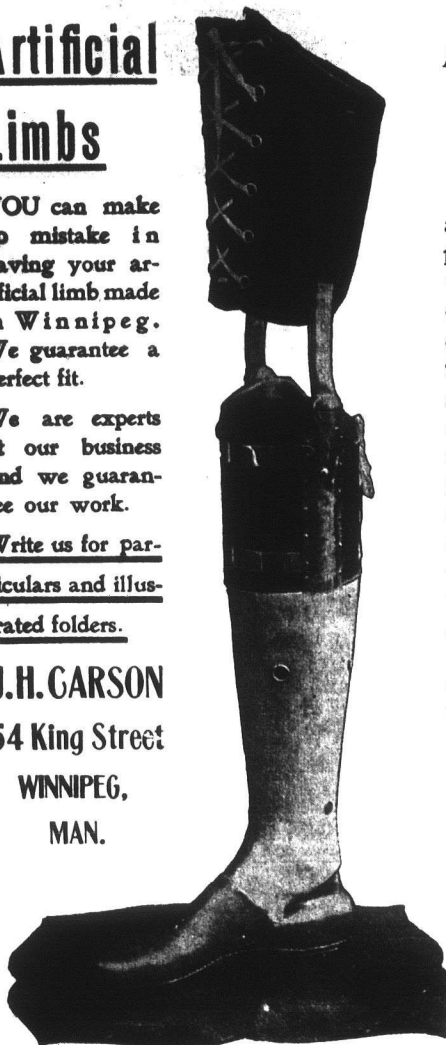
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J. H. CARSON

54 King Street

WINNIPEG,
MAN.



The following is from the Winnipeg Daily Free Press of July 26th, 1906.

J. H. CARSON.

This skilful artist in the designing and construction of orthopedic appliances, artificial limbs, trusses, etc., will find a warm place in the appreciation of many, who either by heredity or accident are deprived of the full enjoyment of limb, or suffer in almost any respect from physical defect. His exhibition is one that at once arrests the attention, and is an impressive exposition of what human skill can perform, to the accommodation of a natural deformity or weakness. Mr. Carson's work is a finished example of extreme delicacy, and absolute fitness applied to this wonderful department of mechanical science. It may possibly occur to the casual visitor, who walks through the building, hale and strong, that it might in the course of an uncertain future be his misfortune to require the aid of just such a helper as Mr. Carson can be to him, so that no one can be said to be devoid of a deep interest in knowing all that can be ascertained of what he has to impart. His city address is 54 King street.

The Lost Diamond.

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

"That is a valuable diamond and a very beautiful one," said my brother John, holding the ring in different lights after the manner of connoisseurs. "It must be worth at least two hundred pounds. You ought to be proud, Alice, of such a present. Let me put it on your finger."

My sister-in-law held out her hand—a very pretty one, by the way, white and tapering, with little rose-tipped fingers—and her husband placed the ring upon her finger. The diamond showed to advantage; it gleamed and glittered, throwing out rays of light and color that were brighter than flame. It was evidently a gem of the first water, and we were proportionately proud of it.

"Now, Alsie," said my brother, "take great care of that ring, not only for its value, but because it is my uncle's first present to you. I cannot tell you how relieved I feel. He is a dear, good old man, after all, and I am glad he is not vexed. Treasure that ring, love—it means a great deal."

"I never had a diamond in my life, before," said Alice. "You always gave me pearls, John."

"Yes, because they are more like you, for one thing," was the gallant reply; "and then they cost less, you know. You will have diamonds in abundance if ever you become Lady Temple; and I must confess that ring promises well."

"I shall lock it up in my jewel-box," said my sister-in-law, "and wear it on state occasions. See, John, how it flashes in the light."

My brother drew a long sigh of relief as his beautiful young wife quitted the room with her treasure.

"I am so glad, Charlie," he said, turning to me. "I would not make Alice miserable with my doubts, but I had begun to feel that my uncle was offended."

We Temples depended in a great measure upon our rich uncle, Sir Vernon Temple, of Fosbroke Hall. He was very wealthy, and had never married. The fine estate of Fosbroke was not entailed. Sir Vernon could leave it to any one he chose; but he had always called my elder brother, John Temple, his heir. John and I were alone in the world, for our father, Sir Vernon's young brother, was killed in the Indian Mutiny, and we had made our home at Fosbroke since our mother's death. She did not long survive that brave and noble husband, who died sword in hand, pierced with a rebel's dagger, and calling his men to go forward as he fell. She never rallied after the letter came telling her she was a widow and her children fatherless. Broken hearts are very rare; perhaps few people believe in them; but my mother died of one if ever woman did.

My uncle, Sir Vernon Temple, then sent for us to the Hall. He had never been married. Some people said that in his early manhood he had loved and lost; others said that he had been deceived by the lady to whom he was engaged; and others, again, were confident that Sir Vernon had never cared for any one in his life, and never would. He acted like a good father to us, and sent us to Eton and Oxford. He gave John a liberal allowance, and me my choice of a profession. I preferred the bar (I had no love for a military life), and at the time my story opens I had begun to practice, and was considered everywhere as "a rising young man." John had a regular allowance of five hundred per annum. I had only a pittance; but then I lived with my brother, and I had already begun to make money by my profession. Although John was treated in every way as my uncle's heir, still, strange to say, he would not allow him to live at Fosbroke. He said he was growing old and the society of young people did not suit him. Every Christmas we went down for a few weeks. He was very kind to us, and

would give my brother many directions as to what he must do when his turn came to reign over the broad acres of Fosbroke; but he never pressed us to stay—he never delayed the time of our departure by one hour. When he shook hands with me he invariably left in my palm a thin piece of paper, very valuable and useful in my eyes. Both my brother and myself were honestly and warmly attached to the good old man, who had never said an unkind word to us.

John, although a bachelor, had a very nice house in a good part of London. Sir Vernon had furnished it handsomely for him, and arranged for me to make my home there. He had a great prejudice against young men living in lodgings. It gave them, he was wont to disclose, "no stability of character."

The world went on merrily for John and me; we had no care or trouble. A brilliant future lay before him. I liked my prospect even better than his. I had grand ideas in those days of the dignity of labor.

One morning a slight cloud arose. There came a long letter from my uncle. His epistles were generally of the shortest and vaguest description; this consisted of several sheets closely written.

"What in the world can all that be about?" cried John, with a smile. But as he read the contents the smile died away, and a look of perplexity came over his face.

"I am in a mess now, Charlie," he cried. "Read that."

It was a long and most affectionate letter, saying how the writer had always loved John as his own son, and how all that he had in this world, houses, lands and money, would come to my brother at his death. He reminded him that he had never crossed his wishes, never refused anything he had asked; and now, in return for his love and kindness, he was going to urge one desire upon his boy. Years and years ago he said he had known the lady who was now Lady Clare Roulston. She was a widow, with one daughter, a pretty, innocent young girl, resembling her mother as he had known her so long ago. This one wish he entertained was that John would make the acquaintance of these ladies, and secure the young one for his wife.

"The early part of my life," wrote the old man, "is a sealed book. I never look into it myself. I could not open it, John, not even for you; but I should be happier if I knew that Clare Roulston would be Lady Temple. She is so young and fair that you cannot help loving her. I will increase your allowance to two thousand per annum, and I will make a handsome settlement upon your wife. Will you do this to please me, John, who have known so few joys in life? I do not command, I do not insist, but I hope and pray that you will love and marry Clare Roulston."

"Well," I said, throwing down the letter, "there is nothing so very terrible in that. Tell me, why can you not oblige dear old uncle and marry Miss Clare?"

"Simply because I asked Alice Poyntz yesterday to be my wife, and she assented," replied my brother.

"That alters the case, certainly," I assented. And then my brother and I fell into fits of musing.

It was certainly a complication. There was no knowing how Sir Vernon would take the refusal. After all, the estate not being entailed, he might leave it to the young lady in whom he showed so much interest, and no one could blame him or interfere.

"Even if he had not wished for this marriage," I said, "he would hardly approve of your making Alice Poyntz your wife."

"I suppose not," sighed John. "Yet she is the most beautiful and lovable girl in the world, and I love her so dearly, Charlie, that I would not care to live without her. But if you look at this matter from a