

Nothing else gives such life and staying quality to a roofing as Trinidad Lake asphalt.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt and gives lasting resistance to sun, air, rain, heat, cold, and fire. It is mighty important to know what your roofing is made of.

Be sure you see the Genasco trademark and get the roofing with a thirty-two million-dollar guarantee. Mineral and smooth surface. Write for the Good Roof Guide Book and samples.

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The Whole Day Long

The goodness of ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR is proverbial; it gives "every man's wife" the opportunity to make good bread. This, of course, means larger consumption, but you don't mind that, and your children will not be running Across the Way for "a piece"; they will stay right at home THE WHOLE DAY LONG.

Manfd. by

Leitch Brothers Flour Mills
OAK LAKE, MANITOBA



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MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

ing; it's like she's a little child, who talks in her sleep before she awakes. "We all listen; but on'y me can understand. For with her first breath come the thoughts that's always with her, waking or asleep. An' her arms move an' reach out, hongry. And, so soft you can just hear, she whisper, whisper, that old song;

"Quiet, my wood-pigeon, shut thy eyes;
Hush, my wilful one, still thy cries."

An' then her voice sink, like she's too tired to say more.

"But soon she begin again. And it is like she dreams the life of her boy. She tells over all her memories of him; it is as if she tell the beads upon her rosary.

"Ah, do not rejoice so in him, Philippe, my heart," she beg. "He is given us but as comfort in our old age. We dare not be proud, we dare not love him too dearly, or, like the others, he will be taken away. But how splendid he is, my Philippe? Regard that arm, that neck, that forehead of a king! Mary Mother! Look upon him! Had ever woman so glorious a child!"

"He will possess all things," she say again. For he himself, baby that he is, has learned to give. And only to those who love and serve with the open heart are the mighty treasures intrusted. All the great stars were lighted for thee, little Son. Never let them be darkened and ashamed for thee!"

"... He is so little," she say. And her hands grope and cling. "He must not go in the boat with thee, mon ami. Stay with thy mother, beloved. Stay with thy mother, little Son."

"Then a long time she's silent; yet her lips smile, like she dream. At last she whispers that song again,

very softly; and she sings it through, only the last lines. There her voice waits, and wanders, and searches; but the words always slip away.

"I look at the others. The one nurse, she's leaned forward, like she longs to help Marcelite remember; the other, she's put up her hand to hide the tears.

"Then I look at the doctor. And my heart stops in my breast.

"He stands there by her bed, his head up, his body straight's a young tree. He not move, he not breathe; but the sweat is gray on his mouth, and his eyes are wide and black, and the veins stand out on his forehead, like he row for life against a mighty wind.

"Once more Marcelite try. Once more the words slip away, and her voice fails for weariness.

"Then the doctor, he leans to her close; and his eyes are blazing, yet his hands open and shut, like he's in pain that cuts him through. And, softer than her own breath, he whispers those last words, he finishes out her song:

"Then little Son, thou must wake, must wake!
Dream, little Son, whilst thou may."

"Then at last she opens her eyes, and turns her face, like the white candle-flame, to him. And she look, look. And you see the light lift up on her face like some light on the sea at dawn.

"An' what you think she say to him, Madame? Him, so strong, so wise, so grand? She look at him as he kneels there, his arms around her, big's a young tree, with his splendid body, his face of a king, she whispers it over and over, so sweet, so soft, so glad:

"You, mon petit! You, my wood-pigeon, my only one! Come to Mother, heart of my heart! Come to Mother, little Son!"

SALVATION.

The sound of Salvation is heard in the land,
Salvation so full and so free,
'Tis the love-voice of Jesus, poor sorrowing one,
And it speaks in its sweetness to thee.

It tells of forgiveness, and mercy, and peace,
Because He has died on the tree,
And it offers a service of glorious love!
And a life from the power of sin—free.

God so loved the world that he spared not His Son
From the terrible death on the tree,
And now all He asks you, poor sin-stricken one,
Is that Jesus your Savior may be.

Yield up now the struggle; come, battle no more,
With yearnings, and lovings, and fears,
Surrender at once to His wondrous love,
And he will dry up all your tears.

Oh! hear now the message, so wondrous, so true,
That Jesus, your life-friend will be,
Will walk by your side all this life's journey through,
And still at its close with you be.

If dark be the path through this valley you tread,
His arm all supporting shall be,
If sorrow and trouble pass over your head,
His love is sufficient for thee.

Your sins though as scarlet they seem to you now,
Though crimson their color may be,
As far as the east from the west is removed,
So far from your soul shall they be.

If only your heart to the Savior you give,
His peace shall be given to thee,
And though dark be the past with the burden of sin,
The future all brightness shall be.

—Chas. D. Powell.



Horseless Carriage in active daily service at Lacombe, Alberta.