



*This Christmas
Let Your Choice be a*



Pathephone



L

ET it be a Pathephone because the Pathephone has all the most desirable features possessed by other phonographs in addition to its exclusive improvements.

For instance, The Pathephone plays with a genuine polished Sapphire Ball which never requires changing, instead of a scratchy, scraping needle which has to be changed after every record. The Sapphire Ball is part of the Pathephone equipment. It never wears out and Pathe Records are guaranteed to play over 1000 times without wearing.

The Pathephone music is wonderfully full and clear and natural.

The Pathe cabinets are the most beautifully designed of any, and will be a splendid acquisition to the most exclusively furnished home.

Write to us at once for name of nearest dealer and get our free catalogue, splendidly illustrated, and also containing chats on Period Furniture.

Do You Know—

The Pathe Sapphire Ball replaces the old-time scratchy needle.

It produces better music.

The Pathephone plays all makes of records as well as Pathe records.

Pathe repertoire includes the cream of the world's best music.

The Pathephone is a combination of French inventive genius and Canadian manufacturing brains.

The Pathephone costs no more than ordinary phonographs.

The Pathe Freres Phonograph Company of Canada, Limited
4-6-8 Clifford Street, Toronto, Ontario

Territory open for live Agents. Progressive Merchants writing on their business letterhead will receive a confidential booklet on the possibilities of a Pathe Agency.

is based upon the sound psychological fact that sympathy is not pity; that out of love and understanding—and out of nothing else in the world—do human beings raise their hurt comrades from pain and defeat to human sanity and triumph. It is this theme which lifts the book from the conventionality of the incident to a place among novels that are not only readable, but worth reading.—S. B. Gundy; \$1.35.

Sherlock Holmes Returns

"HIS LAST BOW." By Conan Doyle.

THE tale which names this latest account of the adventures of the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, is perhaps the most interesting, dealing as it does with the foiling of the machinations of German spies in England. For some time before the war broke out the popular detective had been in retirement in his little cottage near Eastbourne, and had decided never to emerge from it. But he is a patriot; and when called to great service, he could but obey.

Our old friend, Dr. Watson, mystified, loyal and indefatigable as ever, appears in all the adventures, some of which go far back to the old days in Baker Street. One of the strangest of these is "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," showing a more than usually curious expedient used by the great Sherlock to detect his criminal.

No one hesitates to hope that after all this will not be the "last bow" of our old favorite; but that he will continue to help us win the war by the aid of his remarkable brain.—Hodder & Stoughton; \$1.35.

What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 19.)

"Man alive!" she mumbled. "Ye're for all this world and half the next like a human ghost. I never knew ye were so near transparent before."

"Madam," he said, with the voice of a prophet, "I perceive that you are not transparent. In fact, you are very substantial, if not quite thick. Nevertheless, as you appear to me now with that candle at your head you are in all respects a phantom and not a human body."

"Whisht!" she whistled. "Hoity-toity man!"

"Please go to bed, Mrs. Bartop. I shan't disturb you again. I am not crazy and I am not a ghost. I am quite well aware that no man could easily weigh less on the scales at my height than I do and still go about his labors. But I assure you I am not ill, that I never felt less sensation of fatigue. In fact I feel quite—"

He stepped to the door to close her out.

"Quite buoyant, Madam. And I wish you pleasant dreams."

Spookily attracted at that weird hour by the uncanny words and manner of this man, she was about to tell him the outlines of the dream from which she had arisen to come to his door. But he prevented her.

"Mrs. Bartop, life is properly all a dream, and we are all shadows of something which we call fate. Good-morning!"

(Continued next week.)

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Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.

"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.

WATCH CASES.

American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

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J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.