

Gilbey's "INVALID" PORT

IS A GENUINE PURE
DOURO PORT WINE

Q The rare delicacy of bouquet which is found only in genuine Douro Port Wine, apart from its medicinal properties, makes it not only acceptable to the tired invalid but almost a necessity in private homes.

Q When ordering insist on having

Gilbey's Genuine "INVALID" PORT

Distributors:

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and others. 543

AN EASY VICTIM TO CONSUMPTION

The run down system is an inviting field for the germ of Tuberculosis. You cannot avoid breathing in the germs—they are everywhere—but a robust system is immune from their attacks. To rebuild a weakened system there is nothing that contains so much virtue as COD LIVER OIL, but the virtue is not in the grease. In fact the grease retards the beneficial action of the really valuable principles of the OIL by deranging the digestion.

In "BRICK'S TASTELESS" the grease is eliminated. It presents the valuable principles of COD LIVER OIL in a palatable form, combined with phosphorous in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, the nutritious Liquid Extract of Malt and the Bronchial Tonic and Sedative Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

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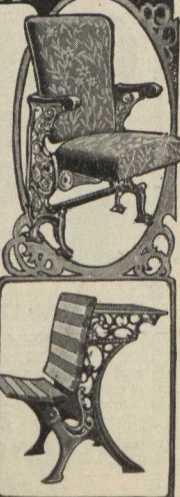
"BRICK'S TASTELESS" will build up the enervated system and will cure Bronchitis, Pulmonary Affections, and the deranged or disordered nervous system. Make your body healthy and you need have no fear of germs or diseases.

Read Brick's guarantee with each bottle.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" is put up in eight (8) ounce bottles, retail price fifty (50) cents, and in twenty (20) ounce bottles, retail price one (1) dollar.

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LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

(Continued from page 14)

amid which, here and there, a birch tree shook out its yellow tresses on a rowan flamed red.

Higher still, and the trees grew scant and stunted, the writhen, tortured branches, the grappling roots, and a riven trunk standing white and ghastly here and there, bearing witness to their struggle for existence when the winter storms were unleashed and careered snow-laden over these vast, shelterless spaces. But to-day the wind which sung over the rolling moors was still a summer breeze, though the brief purple glory of the heather had given place to the russet of the faded bracken.

A few steps more, and Lesley topped the first swell of the moor and paused to drink down a deep draught of the hill air, blowing clean and pure over unbroken miles of fern and gale and heather. Fronting her, and far to the north, rose the mighty peaks in whose rocky fastnesses the river had its birth. Stern, storm-riven giants, but to-day floating like an ethereal vision of pearly lights and shadows against the tender lilac haze into which the stainless blue of the upper heavens merged towards the horizon.

As she had expected, there was Adrian, lying a few paces off, flung full length upon the deep, springy heather, with its faint, dry, aromatic breath, the most restful couch to wearied brain as well as to tired body. His eyes were fixed on those far peaks, so serene, so infinitely remote from daily strife and tumult, as a man might gaze on the face of a long-unseen friend.

"I thought I should find you here!" exclaimed Lesley, her step unheard upon the hill grass and heather.

Adrian faced quickly round and sprang to his feet. In his eyes there was still a faint suggestion of that surprise which every fresh sight of his Cousin Lesley had still power to awaken, but that apart, her tall figure, standing out in its dead, heavy black with only the airy blue for a background, struck a note of startling effect amid the opulent autumn colouring.

"I must seem rather a deserter," said Adrian, smiling, "but I have promised my wife to take her on a tour of inspection in the afternoon. She is tired this morning after her journey, so I came up here—"

"To be alone," Lesley finished the sentence. "If you wanted to be quite safe, you shouldn't have chosen one of our old haunts. When I could not find you about the house, I felt pretty certain that you would be here. You see, I haven't forgotten," valiantly returning his smile.

Instinctively she felt that the only safe ground on which they could meet was that of the old easy, cousinly friendship, everywhere else pitfalls of embarrassment lurked. Although she was not looking at him, she felt that Adrian flushed when he spoke of his wife's journey, though from his tone her arrival might have been of the most everyday kind, fully expected and prepared for.

"You have a good successor to Coolin," said Adrian, as the collie, which had been ranging the moor in wide circles, came up panting, and, after warily sniffing at the stranger, apparently accepted him as a friend.

"You have a better memory for his name than for himself," said Lesley, stroking the smooth head thrust under her hand.

"Is it possible that that is Coolin?" exclaimed Adrian.

"Why not?" said Lesley. "He was quite a young dog when—I've had him a good many years," she hastily

amended her sentence. "He is getting an old dog now, more's the pity—eh, Coolin?" as the collie turned his beautiful, wistful brown eyes upon her face.

"It makes what seems a lifetime into a thing of yesterday," said Adrian abruptly, and for a moment there was silence, save for the whisper of the breeze through the sere bracken.

Lesley had sat down upon a ledge of granite cropping out through the heather, and busied herself removing the withered sprigs which had clung to her sweeping skirts.

"I wonder why it is that every possible occasion of sorrow or rejoicing in this life should, for us poor women, have some needless worry about clothes tacked on to it," she said with a slight laugh, and then added, "I am glad to hear that—Alys is resting. She was wise not to come down this morning, but there is no hurry for the tour of inspection. I hope she will have plenty of time to make acquaintance with Strode."

She got the name out with rather a rush, much as she might have taken a somewhat stiff fence.

Adrian flashed a look of pleased and grateful surprise at her, though his "You are very kind" was rather formal.

Lesley flung a little handful of dry sprigs to the passing breeze, and, leaning forward slightly, clasped her hands round her knees, an attitude which at once brought "Little Lesley" forcibly back to Adrian's mind.

"Adrian, we must understand each other, you and I," she said gravely. "I came up here hoping to find you, that we might have a talk over things. We were good friends, you and I, once," unconsciously falling back upon the words which had leaped to her lips the day before, "and, except that I am five years older, I am still pretty much the Lesley Home I was then. We can still be friends, I hope."

Adrian did not attempt to turn a phrase or to hint at the amazing change which in his eyes the years had wrought. Meeting the girl's candid gaze, he felt that she was right. In childlike sincerity and directness, in clear honesty of purpose, in frank generosity, Miss Home was the unspoiled girl, was "little Lesley" still. Time, which had brought so many new gifts, had taken nothing away.

"I should be proud to have such a friend, Lesley, and, better still—glad," he said, and voice and look gave value to the simple words.

Suddenly he rose and walked a few hasty steps away. He was in an intolerable position! To attempt to explain his boyish quixotry in leaving Strode, or to beg her forgiveness for his unwitting share in the wrong which had been done her, would be to insult this girl who had so bravely offered him her friendship, and to proclaim himself the veriest coxcomb. And yet to utter no word of all that was surging in his heart—He turned back and stood beside her.

"Lesley, from what you said yesterday, I guess what it is you have come to talk over, but I want you to put that out of your mind once and for all. There has been no injustice done to me. I was a hot-headed young fool when I left Strode, full of fine dreams and plans for which the workaday world has no need and no mercy, but whatever mistakes I made, I knew the risk I ran—that my cousin would never forgive me. I suppose I thought then that I could do without his forgiveness, or that I could compel it! Well," with a shrug which expressed much, "he did not relent—he did not forgive me. I do not complain."

(To be continued)



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