



**First, a healthy skin—
then a beautiful complexion**

A healthy skin must come first. Keeping it clean is not enough—it must be protected. Lifebuoy Health Soap, as its name shows, contains an antiseptic which purifies and protects the skin, and thus promotes its health and beauty.

Let us send you this charming picture—

This beautiful picture by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a reproduction of which is shown above, was painted for the purpose of showing the typical "Lifebuoy complexion."

It proved to be such a charming, lifelike picture that we have had it reproduced in full colors, 11½ x 17 inches, on heavy antique paper, worthy of a handsome frame. There are no advertising marks on it whatever—charming for boudoir or den.

Send us 12 cents in stamps to cover postage and we will send you the picture and two big full size cakes of Lifebuoy Soap Free. Clip out the Coupon below, fill it in and mail today.

LIFEBUOY 5c
HEALTH SOAP

**This
Coupon
Worth 10c**

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
Eastern Avenue, Toronto

66

I enclose 12 cents in stamps to cover postage, for which please send me a free copy of the Stanlaws picture, suitable for framing, and two full size cakes of Lifebuoy, free.

Name

Address



Mason & Risch Pianos

"FROM FACTORY TO HOME"

17 WESTERN BRANCH STORES

The Mason & Risch Piano is an instrument which embodies in surpassing measure all of those qualities which make the possession of a high-grade Piano desirable. "To own a Mason & Risch Piano is to Possess The Best Piano Built." It is a compliment to your good judgment, and a dividend to your pocketbook, for it is sold to you at the LOWEST price it CAN be sold, direct from Factory to Home.

Write for Catalogue to-day!

MASON & RISCH LIMITED
WINNIPEG

On Sleeping Outdoors

By H. Hesson.

And to the end of every advertisement is appended these magic words, "with screened sleeping porch" and nightly grows the cult of those who sleep outdoors.

Are you one of the great majority who leave their Ostermoors to woo the balm of sleep on one of those rest-no-more's, a porch couch? If so, lend ear I pray thee to the sad tale I have to tell. Being a cliff dweller on the third roost of an apartment house my bedroom space is limited and a shopping-visitor drove me from my bed to the joys of sleeping on the porch. The vehicle of my adventures was a common or garden stretcher with a sandwich-thin mattress, reinforced with various travelling rugs and wedged into a corner under a stone window ledge. An improvised screen of a clothes horse covered with a curtain at the foot was to serve the double purpose of modesty and protection from the early sun. About 12.30 I slid gingerly in and settled down in the customary sag in the centre and contemplated the scurrying rain-laden clouds with forebodings. Scarcely five minutes elapsed when a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the scene and

the tender mercies of a park bench, although right at my own doorstep. I called frantically to my brother who arrived at the door in his pyjamas and a wild burst of mirth, and with our united efforts we moved all the furniture on the porch, which was some, and got the stretcher as far from the open walls as possible, then I spread a large waterproof coat over the bed, put up an umbrella and promptly had hysterics of joy—slightly incongruous at 3.30 a.m. when you have been dumped, bored, rained on and generally maltreated all night, but there are some occasions when the only thing left to do is to laugh or to cry and the former seemed better under the circumstances. Before I finally fell exhaustedly asleep under my umbrella about a million and a half birds had begun to twitter and call as only about that many birds can twitter and call just at daybreak. Somewhere on the wrong side of six o'clock the sun came up as brilliantly as if there had never been rain in the world. The improvised screen was as little good for a sun shield as for an umbrella, and the long hot sun fingers came stealing in and it was little sleep was left for me. My first experience of sleeping outdoors netted me approximately: Three and one-half hours sleep; tender spots in both sides and my back; stiff joints from the dampness; straight hair from the



Showing nice stretch of breaking on farm of Mr. Paige.

simultaneously with the thunder clap the legs of my stretcher collapsed and deposited me with no uncertain thump on the floor, the sudden jerk upset the screen which promptly smothered me in the folds of a woolly red curtain. Rising phoenix-like from the debris, I scurried around in the decidedly damp atmosphere to find a substitute for the stretcher's weak legs. Nothing was available of the right height but a white enamel pail with which I finally bolstered up the head of my faltering couch. By the time I had returned to try and woo the fickle goddess of sleep the rain was coming down in sheets, fortunately not into the balcony directly but making everything of a dampness decidedly unpleasant. Trying to settle again into the "sag," my non-too-well covered rib bones encountered the edge of the pail through the springs and the apology mattress. Turn as I would, some tender spot was discovered in my anatomy by that two-edged pail and then my brother came out. His stretcher in an opposite corner of the porch had received a shower bath on the pillows and in great disgust he moved all the clothing into a leather-covered couch in the sitting room. Agonized by the pail, I finally transferred my bedding on to his forsaken stretcher and moved it into the middle of the floor, put the clothes-horse screen around the head and settled down again. This time no weak joints collapsed and no pails arose below me like jagged mountain peaks. But suddenly, with no warning at all, the wind changed, and with swishes of joy the rain fell right across and over me. Turned out of my room, with not even a leather couch left now, here was I as forlorn as I had left to

dampness; that tired feeling; eyes like burned holes in a blanket; a bad temper. Can you beat it?

No Place for the Cow

A young woman of great, perhaps too great, sensibility begged to be excused from visiting an aunt who lived in an old fashioned house, where pictures of a certain period were in evidence. "There is an engraving of a blacksmith's shop in the dining-room?" said she, hysterically. "You can't expect me to eat my dinner there. I smell the hoofs."

A similar criticism came from one who suffered not from overrefinement, but from something quite different. She was a woman of recently acquired wealth who, says the New York Tribune, went into an art gallery and asked for a painting of a certain size.

"I have just what you want," said the dealer.

He showed her a beautiful animal painting, but she looked at it for a few minutes, and then shook her head.

"It won't do," she said. "I want this picture for my drawing-room."

"But it's a beautiful thing," ventured the dealer.

"Not for a drawing-room," announced the woman, conclusively. "You couldn't have a cow in a drawing-room."

Tramp (while the young magistrate helplessly turns over the pages of his law book)—"Please allow me to assist you, page 317, the third section from the bottom."