



## DAINTINESS IN HOSIERY!

Essential isn't it? Yet ideas of thrift urge one to have, as well, the dependable Penmans quality.

Now, buying of fine hose is simplified—wonderfully. Your natural preference for sheerness, coloring, shapeliness, soft texture may be satisfied, prudently, if you remember one thing—the name Penmans.

Daintiness is not extravagance when you buy Penmans.

# Penmans Hosiery

"THE STANDARD of EXCELLENCE"



rings with the Madonna and rings with many other saints graven on large heavy stones; rings French and Russian, Polish Italian, Spanish, Syrian. Some were many centuries old. In nine shallow metal trays they filled the safe in Roger's room. Although its money value was small, the Gale collection was well known to a scattered public of connoisseurs, and Roger took pride in showing it. But what had always appealed to him most was the romance, the mystery, stored up in these old talismans that had lived so many ages, travelled through so many lands, decked so many fingers. Roger had found every one of them in the pawnshops of New York. What new recruits to America had brought them here and pawned them? From what old cities had they come? What passions of love and jealousy, of hatred, faith, devotion were in this glittering array? Roger's own love affair had been deep, but quiet and even and happy. All the wild adventures, the night have-lorns, in his sex life, were gathered in these dust-trays with their richly colored glass of light.

Of the dog's ears, Laura had been the one. Interested in his times, and a he then he had found now as he placed in the safe, the dog's ears he had bought, the dog's ears he had bought, the dog's ears he had bought. But a vague memory of his father, for he knew, he had the same, and he for what dog's ears he had bought.

## The Spirit That Wins

Our advertisement, "Fit Our Fighters to Farm," was an appeal to the noble and generous sentiments of our best rural citizens. They are responding as we thought they would. A few extracts are culled from a sheaf of replies from widely-separated parts of Canada:

From Rocklyn, Ont.: "I would like to have one of the 'boys.' He would have a good comfortable home and be treated as one of the family."

From Killarney, Man.: "I wish to secure help for the winter, and would prefer a returned soldier. Could show him the practical side of stock feeding on a mixed farming plant."

From Watrous, Sask.: "I would be only too pleased to help you and a returned soldier."

There are many more like the above.

We have hundreds of returned soldiers who wish to gain experience this Winter and next Summer, so that they can take up farms of their own. Write the nearest District Office of the Board if you can assist.

District Offices at: Victoria and Vancouver, B.C.; Edmonton and Calgary, Alta.; Saskatoon, Regina and Prince Albert, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Toronto, London, Fort William and Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke, Que.; St. John, N.B.; Halifax, N.S.; Charlottetown, P.E.I.

## THE SOLDIER SETTLEMENT BOARD

W. J. BLACK, Chairman, Union Bank Building, Ottawa, Ont.

The old Galician jeweler had long been quite a friend of hers, she had often dropped in at his shop to ask him curious questions about his women patrons. And it was just this side of him that Roger did not care for. So many of those women were from a dubious glittering world, and the old Galician took a weird vicarious joy in many of the gay careers into which he sent his beloved rings, his brooches, earrings, necklaces, his clasps and diamond garters. And Laura loved to make him talk.

Yes, she was her father's child, a part of himself. He, too, had had his yearnings, his burning curiosities, his youthful ventures into the town. "You will live on in our children's lives." With her inheritance what would she do? Would she stop halfway as he had done, or would she throw all caution aside and let the flames within her rise?

He heard a step in the doorway, and Deborah stood there smiling.

"A new one?" she inquired. He nodded, and she bent over the tray. "Poor father," Deborah murmured. "I saw you eyeing Laura's engagement ring at dinner to-night. It wasn't like this one, was it?" He scowled.

"I don't like what I see ahead of her. Nor do you," he said. "Be honest." She looked at him perplexedly.

"We can't stop it, can we? And even if we could," she said, "I'm not quite sure I'd want to. It's her love affair, not yours or mine—grown out of a life she made for herself—curious, eager, thrilled by it all—and in the center of her soul the deep glad growing certainty 'I'm going to be a beautiful woman—I myself, I, Laura Gale! Oh, you don't know—nor do I. And so she felt her way along—eagerly, hungrily, making mistakes—and you and I left her to do it alone. I'm afraid we both rather neglected her, dad," Deborah ended sadly. "And all we can do now, I think, is to give her the kind of wedding she wants."

"What is it?" she inquired. "Queer," he answered gruffly, "how a man can neglect his children—as I have done, as I do still—when the one thing he wants most in life is to see each one of 'em happy."

## CHAPTER VI.

Roger soon grew accustomed to seeing young Sloane about the house. They could talk together more easily, and he began to call him Harold. Harold asked him with Laura to lunch at the Ritz to meet the aunt from Bridgeport, a lady excessively stout and profound. But that ended the formalities. It had all been so much easier than Roger had expected. So, in its calm sober fashion the old house took into its life this new member, these new plans, and the old seemed stronger for the new—for Laura and Edith and Deborah drew together closer than they had been in many years. But only because they felt themselves on the eve of a still deeper and more lasting separation, as the family of Roger Gale divided and went different ways. At times he noticed it sadly. Laura, who had scarcely ever been home for dinner, now spent many evenings here. She needed her home for her wedding, he thought. Each daughter needed it now and then. But as the years wore slowly on, the seasons when they needed it grew steadily wider and wider apart.

Early in May, when Roger came home from his office one night he found Edith's children in the house. From the hallway he could hear their gay excited voices, and going into the dining room he found them at their supper. Deborah was with them, and at once her father noticed how much younger she appeared—as she always did with these children who adored her so. She rose and followed him into the hall, and her quiet voice had a note of compassion.

"Edith's baby is coming," she said. "Good Lord. Is anything wrong?" he asked.

"No, no, it's all right—"

"But I thought the child wasn't due for three weeks."

"I know, and poor Edith is fearfully worried. It has upset all her plans. I'd go up and see her if I were you. Your supper is ready; and if you like you can have it with the children."

There followed a happy boisterous meal, with much expectant chatter about the long summer so soon to begin at the farm up in the mountains. George, whose hair was down over his eyes, rumbled it back absently as he told of a letter