

# HORROCKSES'

## Longcloths, Sheetings, and Flannelettes

ARE THE VERY BEST "THE OLD COUNTRY" PRODUCES

Awarded the Certificate of  
The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.



See the Name  
**HORROCKSES'**  
on the selvedge  
every two yards

**Refuse  
Substitutes**

Obtainable from the lead-  
ing Stores in the Dominion

For information as to the nearest store  
where procurable apply to Agent: Mr  
JOHN E. RITCHIE, 417 King's Hall  
Chambers, St. Catherine St. West,  
Montreal.



## THE FINISH THAT ENDURES

Gives Color Harmony  
to your Furniture,  
Floors and Woodwork.

## FLOGLAZE

"The Finish That Endures"

If the colors of your woodwork, floors or furniture clash,  
renew them and bring them into pleasing harmony with  
**FLOGLAZE LAC SHADES.**

### USE FLOGLAZE LAC TO ADORN YOUR HOME

All you have to do to make it more attractive is to  
obtain **FLOGLAZE** at your dealers all ready for  
application and put up in convenient sized tins.  
Choose the shade you wish, open the tin and apply  
it with a brush according to directions on the label.

It will give any surface in your home a smooth,  
bright hard wearing artistic coat that will require very  
little attention in keeping clean and will not need  
renewal for ever so long. **FLOGLAZE ALSO PROTECTS.**  
It wears as well outdoors as in. 22 Solid Colors.  
8 Lac Shades. Send for our booklet, **KOZEE**  
**HOMES** telling fully all that Floglaze will do.

Floglaze is Made in Canada

by  
**IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO.**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER



at Oxford, but sticks to the old business."

Ivy heard not a word of it all, except  
the name Julius Cowan and it dawned  
upon her that her friend knew the owner  
of the ring.

She sat up and began to take notice.  
"Sally, have you known Mr. Cowan  
long?"

"A goodish time—don't scent romance.  
It's a false trail. Julius Cowan's wife is  
likely to be something wonderful anyway.  
He's wonderful, you should hear him play,  
it's great. Would you like to meet him?"

"He sounds interesting."  
"He is, intensely. I'll take you down  
to tea one day."

"Then it'll have to be soon. I—I may  
have to go away."

"All right, what about to-morrow?"

"Thanks." Her voice was deliberately  
careless, "I don't think I've anything on."

And when her visitor had gone she sat  
shivering over the fire, staring at the  
flames.

The next morning she visited the  
curiosity shop. A young man came for-  
ward to serve her, but not the most  
efficient young man she had ever seen.

"I pawned a ring, about two months  
ago for twenty pounds. It was an  
emerald. I—I wish to redeem it."

"Just so, madam, I guess the transaction  
was with my partner. I don't recall it."  
Her heart stood still. For a moment  
she felt sick with fear.

"But you wouldn't have parted with it.  
I—I have the ticket."

"I'll just call my partner madam, one  
instant."

He put his head into the back room.  
"Cowan, lady here after a ring with an  
emerald in it," he said in a low voice.

"Is she pretty?" was the reply.  
"You'd twist your eyes round, but  
without gasping."

"You stay here, then. I know all about  
the ring."

He drew it from his finger as he closed  
the door, and went to meet her.  
"Here is your ring, madam." The  
passionate relief in her face amazed him.

"Thank you, there is the twenty pounds  
and interest."

Something in his personality attracted  
her strongly.

"Did you always have this?" she asked  
with a comprehensive glance around.

"No, madam. Once I started on a  
heart breaking race after fame and  
romance."

"And then?"  
"Then one day I mercifully realized  
that I was not born a winner. This place  
was waiting for me, and contained all the  
romance and beauty I could desire. Isn't  
that worth while?"

"Yes," she said, "it is."  
He held the door open for her.

"Thank you," she said softly.  
On the stairs going to her studio, she  
met Sally.

"I wrote Julius Cowan asking if we  
could come to tea to-day. He'll be de-  
lighted. Shall I come for you, or will you  
come down for me?"

Ivy clutched a tiny box sealed with red  
sealing wax. "I'll—I'll come down for  
you, Sally."

It was a white and weary Ivy who  
appeared at Sally's room at four o'clock.

"I'll keep him from eating you," Sally  
assured her.

"Thanks," Ivy answered sincerely.

Ivy's first impression of the studio as  
she tremblingly entered was a soothing  
restfulness. She drew a long breath of  
pleasure, then turned to acknowledge the  
introduction to her host.

"Your choice of gown was an inspira-  
tion, Miss Latimer," said a curiously  
familiar voice.

She swung round, her face devoid of  
color, and found herself looking into the  
magnetic blue eyes of J. Cohen.

"Mr. Cowan," said Sally's casual voice,  
"my friend, Miss Latimer."

"I—I," Ivy whispered, "I—"

Sally was waltzing round peering into  
everything, she paused and taking a spray  
of lilac from a vase said: "Doesn't it  
smell ripping?"

"I bought it from the old flower seller  
at the corner. Fair stinks of the old  
home, don't it, sir?" was her comment when  
I took it."

During tea Julius Cowan and Sally  
chatted so continuously of old friends that  
Ivy's silence was unnoticed. But her  
dreaded moment came when Sally, gather-  
ing up the cups and saucers, remarked she  
was going to wash up.

"Would you like me to play?" he said  
gently, and she nodded.

The music was soft and wonderful. I  
gave her courage.

"May I talk?"  
"Please do!"

"It is about—your ring. Of course  
you knew that the girl you advanced the  
money to, and the girl at Number two  
were the same."

"There I had the advantage of you," he  
said gravely.

"I found your ring outside your door,"  
she said. "I was cold and hungry—and  
—I temporarily—stole it."

"I guessed how it was," he answered  
quickly.

"I have no excuse."  
"The offence—if it is that—needs none.  
I too have starved and frozen. Had a  
ring been dropped —"

"No you wouldn't," she flashed. "You  
wouldn't. Nobody decent would. But I  
did mean to return it—in the end."

"I know that. I knew it the moment  
I saw your face. That was why I said  
nothing."

"I did not know that Julius Cowan and  
J. Cohen were the same."

"Of course you didn't. My real name  
is Cowan. Oh, I understand all about it."

"I'm a failure," she said, "and nearly a  
thief."

"You could not be a thief. You are  
not even a failure, only you are off your  
own road."

"My own road?"  
"You stand just where I did five years  
ago. I learnt my lesson. I realized that  
I was none of the fine romantic things I  
had fancied. I stepped back into the  
dear, scented, sunny, ordinary road of life,  
and there I found the very things I had  
failed to find on the other road—romance,  
happiness and peace."

He looked into her eyes, and a sudden  
flash of sympathy passed.

"The ring is very old, Miss Latimer,"  
he went on. "My grandfather called it  
the magic ring. He said if one put it on,  
and wished, the wish came true. Won't  
you put it on and wish?"

"I would wish that you forgive me, Mr.  
Cowan, and that I may forget."

"And I keep my wish for a better thing.  
My wish," he said quietly, "is a very  
presumptuous, a very precious one. It is  
that one day I may have the right to  
walk beside you in the new road, to kick  
away the stones from beneath your feet,  
to guard you from thorns, to pluck for  
you the flowers. Will you give me this  
chance? The future teems with wonder-  
ful possibilities. I cannot let them die."

She lifted her eyes and looked into his,  
conscious of a new thrill.

"Why let them die," she whispered,  
"when they were surely meant to—live?"

### A GOOD THING

When It Comes Along Don't Let It Get  
Away From You

"I really feel that it is barely pos-  
sible to say too much in favor of Grape-  
Nuts as a health food," writes a lady.

"For 9 or 10 years I had suffered  
from indigestion and chronic constipa-  
tion, caused by the continued use of  
coffee and rich, heavy foods. My ail-  
ments made my life so wretched that I  
was eager to try anything that held out  
a promise of help. And that is how I  
happened to buy a package of Grape-  
Nuts food last spring."

"That ended my experiments. For  
in Grape-Nuts I found exactly what I  
wanted and needed. From the day I  
began to use it I noticed an improve-  
ment and in a very few weeks I found  
my health was being restored."

"My digestive apparatus now works  
perfectly and chronic constipation has  
been entirely relieved. I have gained  
in weight materially, and life is a very  
pleasant thing to me so long as I use  
Grape-Nuts once or twice a day. I have  
found by experiment that if I leave it  
off for a few days my health suffers."

"A physician in our town has great  
success in treating stomach troubles,  
and the secret of it is that he puts his  
patient on Grape-Nuts food—it always  
brings back the power of digestion."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co.,  
Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to  
Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-  
son."

Ever read the above letter? A new  
one appears from time to time. They  
are genuine, true and full of human in-  
terest.