

Get These Hose!

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months Save Money!



who are wearing darned hose are undergoing needless discomfort. Here are hose that are soft, lightweight and close-fitting, made with the costliest

Holeproof Hose are the world's finest. They are worn every day by more than a million MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. They cost 25c to 50c a pair in boxes of six pairs, guaranteed six months. Everybody can now buy their hose by the year instead of by the pair. Every stitch, every thread of "Holeproof" is protected, not just the heels and toes. If a thread "runs" or breaks anywhere, you get a new pair free. The lightest weights in the cotton hose are guaranteed the full six months. The silk "Holeproof" for men and women now make silk hose an actual economy, for they last longer than common hose made from inferior cotton. Three pairs of silk are guaranteed three months. Three pairs of men's cost \$2, women's \$3.

End Darning Now!

You women who darn are wasting your time since there are hose like these. You men

yarn produced. We pay an average price for it of 70 cents per pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is long fibre, soft but strong. That's why we can guarantee the hose. We can sell these hose at the prices of common kinds because we make so many pairs.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



Send Trial Order

Send the coupon below with a trial order for six pairs of cotton hose today. Mark plainly the color, size, weight and grade. Send the money in any convenient way. Money back, always, if not satisfied. We have sent out, in this way, millions of pairs. You are perfectly safe in ordering from this advertisement. Our 13 years of selling "Holeproof" and our 39 years' experience in the hosiery business are a guarantee in themselves. We are known the world over. (379)

Are Your Hose Insured?

Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
70 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Weight..... (medium or light). Size..... Color..... (check the color in list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

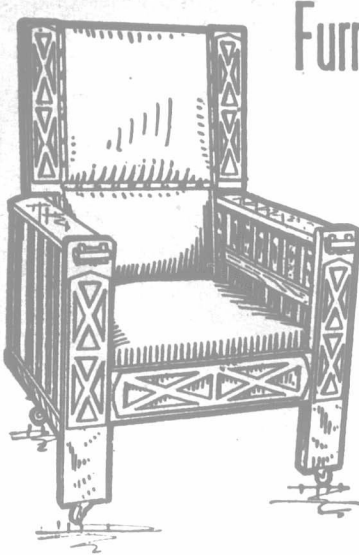
Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

LIST OF COLORS
For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.

For Children—Black and Tan only; medium wt. only.



Furniture at Factory Prices

Write us to-day for our large illustrated Catalogue 7 containing hundreds of photographic cuts of the greatest values in furniture and other home things you've ever had presented to you. Here is one example of what this catalogue contains:

THIS SPLENDID MORRIS CHAIR - \$9.45

A new and distinctly mission design, frame of selected oak with raised ornamental panels; seat and back is upholstered in Morocco leather—an imitation leather that wears and looks almost equal to the genuine—newspaper and magazine rack in each arm. This handsome chair is easily worth \$15.00. Order to-day.

We pay freight charges to any station in Ontario.

THE ADAMS FURNITURE Co., Limited

Canada's Largest Housefurnishers.

TORONTO, ONT.

Happy, Healthy, Hustling Hens

produce the eggs and bring in the money. Health is more than freedom from disease. It means perfect digestion and good circulation: abounding strength and vigor.

Pratt's Poultry Regulator

puts and keeps hens in this condition.

25c, 50c, \$1, 25-100. Pall, \$2.50

Prevent and cure roup, colds, catarrh, with

Pratt's Roup Cure

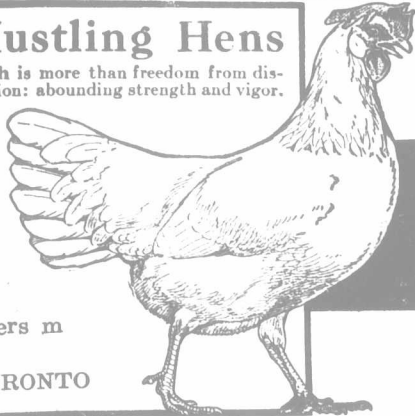
25c, 50c, \$1.

"Your money back if it fails."

Our products are sold by dealers in

everywhere, or

PRATT FOOD CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



pay a little more mortgage. Miss Dearborn asked us what is the object of education and I said the object of mine was to help pay off the mortgage. She told Aunt M. and I had to sew extra for punishment because she says a mortgage is disgrace like stealing or smallpox and it will be all over town that we have one on our farm. Emma Jane is not mortgaged nor Richard Carter nor Dr. Winship but the Simpsons are.

Rise my soul, strain every nerve,
Thy mortgage to remove,
Gain thy mother's heartfelt thanks
Thy family's grateful love.
Pronounce family quickly or it won't sound right.

Your loving little friend

Rebecca.

Dear John,—You remember when we tide the new dog in the barn how he bit the rope and howled. I am just like him only the brick house is the barn and I can not bite Aunt M. because I must be grateful and education is going to be the making of me and help pay off the mortgage when we grow up.

Your loving

Becky.

(To be continued.)

The Big Wind.

By Zona Gale.

On a day when the spring, hardly awake, had yet a manner of smiling in her sleep, Calliope Marsh told me the story. We sat for a while, resting from a racing walk up the hillside where the squat brick Leading Church of Friendship Village overlooks the valley pastures and the town. Calliope, who is sixty and more, walks like a girl, and with our haste and the keen air her wrinkled cheeks were as rosy as youth.

"Don't seem like March was a real spring month up north here," she had said. "Seems like a extry month that sort o' whims along doin' as it please—sometimes buds an' sometimes snow. But when it's snowin' an' a-blowin' the expression off our face it's still spring inside, kind o' hid, secret an' holy. That's the way with lots o' things, ain't it? That's the way," she added thoughtfully, "Abel feels about the Lord, I guess. Abel Halsey—you know him?"

I knew him well—Abel Halsey, that young itinerant preacher who had been ordained a minister of God but never installed pastor of any church. He was a devout man, but the love of far places was upon him, and he lived what Friendship called "a-gypsying" off in the hills, now to visit a sick man, now to preach in a country school-house, now to marry or to bury, or to help with the threshing. These lonely rides among the hills were the sole gratification of his Wanderlust—save, indeed, that when he could he would always watch a train come in or rush by, savoring the moment of some silent familiarity with distance. Perhaps, too, his little skill at the organ gave him, now and then, an hour resembling a journey.

"You wasn't here when the new church was built," said Calliope, looking up at the building lovingly. "That was the time I mean about Abel. You know before it was built we'd had church in the hall over the Gekkerjacks' drug-store; an' because it was his hall, Hiram Gekkerjack, he just about run the church—picked out the wall-paper, forbid 'em to set the heft of an organ on the floor, an' wouldn't leave his wife give the new hymnals without we'd have a mortar an' pestle stamped on the covers. It was this last made Abel Halsey—him an' Timothy Toplady an' Eppeley Holcomb an' Postmaster Sykes, the three elders—set to to build a church. An' they done it, too. An' to them four I declare it seemed like the buildin' was a body waitin' for its soul to be born. From the minute the sod was scraped off they watched every stick that went into it. An' by November it was all done an' plastered an' waitin' its pews. It was a-goin' to be dedicated with special doin's—music from the city and strange ministers. An' I guess Abel an' the elders had tacked printed invites to half the barns in the country.

"I recollect it was o' Wednesday, the one next before the dedication, an' windy-cold an' wintry. I'd be'n havin' a walk that day, an' 'long about five o'clock, right about here where we are,

I'd stood watchin' the sunset over the Pump pasture there till I was chilled through. The smoke was rollin' out the church chimney because they was dryin' the plaster, an' I run in there to get my hands warm an' see how the plaster was doin'. An' inside was the three elders, 'walkin' round, layin' a finger on a sash an' a post—the kind o' odd, knowledgeable way men has with new buildin's. The Ladies' Aid had got the floor broom-clean an' the lamp-chandelier filled an' ready; an' the foreign pipe-organ that the Proudfts'd sent from Europe was in an' in workin' order, little lookin'-glass over the keyboard an' all. It seemed real homelike, with the two big stoves a-goin', an' the floor back of 'em piled up with chunks. Everything was all redded up, waitin' for the pews.

"Timothy Toplady was puttin' out his middle finger stiff here an' there on the plaster.

"It's dry as a bone," he says, 'but what I say is this: Let's leave a fire burn here all night to-night, so's to be sure.'

"I recollect Eppeley Holcomb looked up sort o' dreamy—Eppeley always goes round like he swallowed his last night's sleep.

"The house o' God," he says over. 'Ain't that curious? Nothin' about it to indicate it's the house o' God but the shape—no more'n if 'twas a place where the Holy Spirit never come near. An' yet right here in this place we'll mebbe feel the big wind an' speak with Pentecostal tongues.'

"Seems like," says Postmaster Sykes, thoughtful—don't you always think he acts like he was weighin' his remarks for first-class postage?—"seems like we'd ought to hev a little meetin' o' thanks here o' Sat'day night—little informal praise-meetin' or somethin'."

"Timothy shakes his head decided.

"Silas Sykes, what you talkin'?" he says. 'Why, the church ain't dedicated yet. A house o' God, s'e, 'can't be used for no purpose whatsoever without it's been dedicated.'

"So it can't, so it can't," says the postmaster, apologetic, knowin' he was in politics an' what the brethren was watchin' him, cat to mouse, fer slips.

"I s'pose that's so," says Eppeley, doubtful. But he was one o' them that sort o' ducks under situations to see if they're alike on both sides, an' if they ain't he up an' questions 'em. Timothy, though, he was differ'n't. Timothy was always goin' on about constituted authority, an' to him the thing was the thing, even if it was another thing.

"That's right," he insists, his lips disappearin' with certainty. I s'pose we hadn't really ought even to come in here an' stan' around, like we are."

"He looks sidlin' over toward me, warmin' my hands real secular by the church stove. An' I felt like I'd be'n spoke up for when somebody says from the door:

"You better jus' bar out the carpenters of this world, brethren, an' done with it."

"It was Abel Halsey, standin' in the entry, lookin' as handsome as the law allows. An' I see he happened to be there because the through express was about due, an' you can always get a good view of it from this slope here. You know how Abel never misses watchin' a fast train go 'long, if he can help himself.

"What's the i-dea?" Abel says. 'How can you pray at all in closets an' places that ain't been dedicated? I shouldn't think they'd be holy enough, s'e."

"That," says the postmaster, sure o' support, 'ain't the question.'

"I thought it couldn't be," says Abel, amiable. 'Well, what is the question? Whether prayer is prayer, no matter where you're prayin'?'

"Oh, no," says Eppeley Holcomb, soothing. 'It ain't that.'

"I thought it couldn't be that," says Abel. 'Is it whether the Lord is in dedicated spots an' nowhere else?'

"Abel Halsey," Timothy tarts up, 'you needn't be sacrilegious.'

"But," says Abel, 'the question is whether you're sacrilegious to deny a prayer-meetin' or any other good use to the church or to any other place, dedicated or not. Well, Timothy, I think you are.'

"Timothy clears his throat an' dabs at the corner of his hand with his other

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