

ACETYLENE

Gives You More Light For Your Money

It's a fact that Acetylene, the softest, whitest, most agreeable light known, actually costs less than light from coal oil lamps! A good-sized lamp, giving 24 candle power, burns a gallon (20c. worth) of coal oil in 20 hours. That's a cent an hour.

A 24 candle power Acetylene light burns $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot of Acetylene per hour, costing just half a cent.



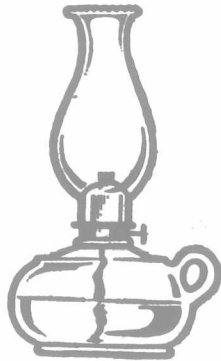
5c. per hour.

So you see Acetylene is only about half as expensive as coal oil lamps for an equal illumination.

Yet it is a bigger improvement over lamps than they are over the old-time candle. The light is whiter—better to read by—easier on the eyes.

Then there are no lamps to clean, no chimneys to break, no oil to pour, no dirty wicks to trim, none of the nuisances you have had to put up with, and many advantages you have never enjoyed.

We'll be glad to tell you just what it costs to put in and run an Acetylene lighting system, and how to go about it. Write us.



1c. per hour.

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED

604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.
Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver.

Trial Box
\$1.50

6 Pairs Holeproof Hosiery (25c per Pair)

Guaranteed Against Holes
for 6 Months. Send Coupon

A MILLION PEOPLE

are wearing Holeproof Hosiery! We have sold 24,006,034 pairs! Guaranteeing six pairs six months plus the quality of "Holeproof" is the reason "Holeproof" sells so many. These people get comfort from "Holeproof" and save darning. You'll do the same. Order a box today. Send coupon.



Note the Guarantee Ticket

This ticket comes to you in each box. If any or all pairs wear out in six months, return the worn pairs with a coupon for each and we'll send you new hose FREE. But "Holeproof" is so good that you probably won't have to send any back.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fuschl

We pay top market price for 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island yarn—the finest available. We could buy yarn for 30c, but it would be cumbersome, coarse and 2-ply. Our yarn, which is lighter but stronger, enables us to make a lighter and stronger hosiery. Thus we can guarantee a light hosiery. We also make heavy weights.

Saves Darning, Discomfort and Expense

Write for List of Sizes, Colors and Grades. Men need not any longer wear socks with holes in them. Children may now always wear neat-looking stockings. WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING! Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and \$1.50 now, while you think of it. (Don't forget to send \$2 if you want them for women or children.) Remit in any convenient way.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
155 Bond Street, London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

None Genuine Without Signature, "Carl Fuschl"

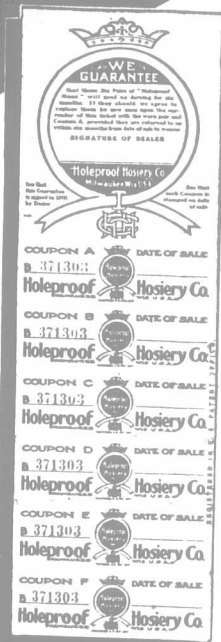
Trial Box Order Coupon

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
155 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.50 (\$2.00 for women's or children's), for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight..... (medium or light?) Size..... Color (check the colors on list below). Any six 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; and medium weight only.



Everyone in the coffee-room heard it and paused, instinctively listening to it for a moment. Sally was holding the candles by the opposite door, which led to the bedrooms upstairs, and the Comtesse was in the act of beating a hasty retreat before that enemy who owned such a sweet musical voice; Suzanne reluctantly was preparing to follow her mother, whilst casting regretful glances towards the door, where she hoped still to see her dearly-beloved, erstwhile school-fellow.

Then Jellyband threw open the door, still stupidly and blindly hoping to avert the catastrophe, which he felt was in the air, and the same low, musical voice said, with a merry laugh and mock consternation,—

"B-r-r-r! I am as wet as a heron! Dieu! has anyone ever seen such a contemptible climate?"

"Suzanne, come with me at once—I wish it," said the Comtesse, peremptorily.

"Oh! Mama!" pleaded Suzanne.

"My lady... er... h'm!... my lady!..." came in feeble accents from Jellyband, who stood clumsily trying to bar the way.

"Pardieu, my good man," said Lady Blakeney, with some impatience, "what are you standing in my way for, dancing about like a turkey with a sore foot? Let me get to the fire, I am perished with the cold."

And the next moment Lady Blakeney, gently pushing mine host on one side, had swept into the coffee-room.

There are many portraits and miniatures extant of Marguerite St. Just—Lady Blakeney as she was then—but it is doubtful if any of these really do her singular beauty justice. Tall, above the average, with magnificent presence and regal figure, it is small wonder that even the Comtesse paused for a moment in involuntary admiration before turning her back on so fascinating an apparition.

Marguerite Blakeney was then scarcely five and twenty, and her beauty was at its most dazzling stage. The large hat, with its undulating and waving plumes, threw a soft shadow across the classic brow with the aureole of auburn hair—free at the moment from any powder; the sweet, almost childlike mouth, the straight chiselled nose, round chin, and delicate throat, all seemed set off by the picturesque costume of the period. The rich blue velvet robe moulded in its every line the graceful contour of the figure, whilst one tiny hand held, with a dignity all its own, the tall stick adorned with a large bunch of ribbons which fashionable ladies of the period had taken to carrying recently.

With a quick glance all round the room, Marguerite Blakeney had taken stock of every one there. She nodded pleasantly to Sir Andrew Foulkes, whilst extending a hand to Lord Antony.

"Hello! my Lord Tony, why—what are you doing here in Dover?" she said merrily.

Then, without waiting for a reply, she turned and faced the Comtesse and Suzanne. Her whole face lighted up with additional brightness, as she stretched out both arms towards the young girl.

"Why! if that isn't my little Suzanne over there. Pardieu, little citizeness, how came you to be in England! And Madame too!"

She went up effusively to them both, with not a single touch of embarrassment in her manner or in her smile. Lord Tony and Sir Andrew watched the little scene with eager apprehension. English though they were, they had often been in France, and had mixed sufficiently with the French, to realize the unbending hauteur, the bitter hatred with which the old noblesse of France viewed all those who had helped to contribute to their downfall. Armand St. Just, the brother of beautiful Lady Blakeney—though known to hold moderate and conciliatory views—was an ardent republican; his feud with the ancient family of St. Cyr—the rights and wrongs of which no outsider ever knew had culminated in the downfall, the almost total extinction, of the latter. In France, St. Just and his party had triumphed, and here in England, too, he faced with their country, flying for their lives, heretofore all which centuries of history had given them, there stood a few strag-

gled of those same republican families which had hurled down a throne, and uprooted an aristocracy whose origin was lost in the dim and distant vista of bygone centuries.

She stood there before them, in all the unconscious insolence of beauty, and stretched out her dainty hand to them, as if she would, by that one act, bridge over the conflict and bloodshed of the past decade.

"Suzanne, I forbid you to speak to that woman," said the Comtesse, sternly, as she placed a restraining hand upon her daughter's arm.

She had spoken in English, so that all might hear and understand; the two young English gentlemen as well as the common innkeeper and his daughter. The latter literally gasped with horror at this foreign insolence, this impudence before her ladyship—who was English, now that she was Sir Percy's wife, and a friend of the Princess of Wales to boot.

As for Lord Antony and Sir Andrew Foulkes, their very hearts seemed to stand still with horror at this gratuitous insult. One of them uttered an exclamation of appeal, the other one of warning, and instinctively both glanced hurriedly towards the door, whence a slow, drawly, not unpleasant voice, had already been heard.

Alone among those present Marguerite Blakeney and the Comtesse de Tournay had remained seemingly unmoved. The latter, rigid, erect and defiant, with one hand still upon her daughter's arm, seemed the very personification of unbending pride. For the moment Marguerite's sweet face had become as white as the soft fichu which swathed her throat, and a very keen observer might have noted that the hand which held the tall, beribboned stick was clenched, and trembled somewhat.

But this was only momentary; the next instant the delicate eyebrows were raised slightly, the lips curved sarcastically upwards, the clear blue eyes looked straight at the rigid Comtesse, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders—

"Hoity-toity, citizeness," she said gaily, "what fly stings you, pray?"

"We are in England now, Madame," rejoined the Comtesse, coldly, "and I am at liberty to forbid my daughter to touch your hand in friendship. Come, Suzanne."

She beckoned to her daughter, and without another look at Marguerite Blakeney, but with a deep, old-fashioned courtesy to the two young men, she sailed majestically out of the room.

There was silence in the old inn parlour for a moment, as the rustle of the Comtesse's skirts died away down the passage. Marguerite, rigid as a statue, followed with hard, set eyes the upright figure, as it disappeared through the doorway—but as little Suzanne, humble and obedient, was about to follow her mother, the hard, set expression suddenly vanished, and a wistful, almost pathetic and childlike look stole into Lady Blakeney's eyes.

Little Suzanne caught that look; the child's sweet nature went out to the beautiful woman, scarce older than herself; filial obedience vanished before girlish sympathy; at the door she turned, ran back to Marguerite, and putting her arms around her, kissed her effusively; then only did she follow her mother, Sally bringing up the rear, with a pleasant smile on her dimpled face, and with a final courtesy to my lady.

Suzanne's sweet and dainty impulse had relieved the unpleasant tension. Sir Andrew's eyes followed the pretty little figure, until it had quite disappeared, then they met Lady Blakeney's with unassumed merriment.

Marguerite, with dainty affectation, had kissed her hand to the ladies, as they disappeared through the door, then a humorous smile began hovering round the corners of her mouth.

"So that's it, is it?" she said gaily. "La! Sir Andrew, did you ever see such an unpleasant person? I hope when I grow old I sha'n't look like that."

She gathered up her skirts, and assuming a majestic gait, stalked towards the fireplace.

"Suzanne," she said, mimicking the Comtesse's voice, "I forbid you to speak to that woman!"

The laugh, which accompanied this odd, rounded perhaps a trifle forced and odd, neither Sir Andrew nor Lord Tony were very keen observers. The picture was so perfect, the tone of the

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W. C. STERLING & SON COMPANY

Oldest Cedar Pole Firm in Business

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1880

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