

Mail this Coupon To-day

MESSRS. CATESBYS LTD. (of London.)
Dept. "A," 119 West Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.:

Please send me your new season's Style Book and 72 pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit-overcoat.*

Full Name

Full Address

*If you only want overcoat patterns, cross out the word "suit." If you only want suitings, cross out "overcoat."
London "Farmer's Advocate." Coupon No. 2.

A Plain Talk to Men Who Read The Farmer's Advocate

Now is the time when every dollar counts. A dollar saved now means an extra dollar for the wife and children. Or, if you are not married, a dollar to put by "against a rainy day."

Why, therefore, should you pay a big price for your fall or winter suit and overcoat, when you can buy them from us at about one-half what you would ordinarily pay.

You've heard that clothing is cheaper and better in England, and you certainly know that English fabrics are the finest in the world.

Think, then, of the advantage of securing a suit made of the best English woollens, cut in the latest Canadian, New York, or London style (whichever you prefer), and tailored to your individual measure, delivered to your door all duty and carriage charges prepaid, for only one half what you would pay if you bought in Canada.

GET OUR PATTERNS AND BE CONVINCED

Now to prove to you that this is so we will, upon receipt of the above coupon, properly filled out, send you our Style Book, 72 pattern pieces of English suitings, and a letter which explains all about our system of doing business.

When we tell you that in the past six years we have made nearly 10,000 suits for Canadian customers, who are ordering from us year by year, you will realize that we must be giving exceptional value or we couldn't be doing such a big business.

Sit down right now; fill out the coupon above, mail it to us, and we will send you the patterns by return, so that you can judge of the values offered for yourself.

If you don't want to cut this paper, send a post card or letter, asking for suit or overcoat patterns, or both, and we will send them right away. But to get them, you must mention the London "Farmer's Advocate."

CATESBYS Ltd.

(Of Tottenham Court Road, London, Eng.)

DEPT. A.

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Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial I will let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me:

I. D. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Company
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that Ruth had any troubles. The facts were that he had given her all his heart and had been ready to lay himself at her feet, that being the accepted term in his mental vocabulary—and she would have none of him. She had let him understand so—rebuffed him—not once, but every time he had tried to broach the subject of his devotion;—once in the Genesee arbor, and again on that morning when he had really crawled to her side because he could no longer live without seeing her. The manly thing to do now was to accept the situation: to do his work; look after his employer's interests, read, study, run over whenever he could to see Peter—and these were never-to-be-forgotten cases in the desert of his despair—and above all never to forget that he owed a duty to Miss Ruth in which no personal wish of his own could ever find a place. She was alone and without an escort except her father, who was often so absorbed in his work, or so tired at night, as to be of little help to her. Moreover, his Chief had, in a way, added his daughter's care to his other duties. "Can't you take Ruth to-night?" or "I wish you'd meet her at the ferry." or "If you are going to that dinner in New York, at so-and-so's, would you mind calling for her?" etc., etc. Don't start, dear reader. These two came of a breed where the night key and the daughter go together and where a chaperon would be as useless as a policeman locked inside a bank vault.

And so the boy struggled on, growing in bodily strength and mental experience, still the hero among the men for his heroic rescue of the "Boss"—a reputation which he never lost; making friends every day both in the village and in New York and keeping them; absorbed in his slender library, and living within his means, which small as they were, now gave him two rooms at Mrs. Hick's,—one of which he had fitted up as a little sitting-room and in which Ruth had poured the first cup of tea, her father and some of the village people being guests.

His one secret—and it was his only one—he kept locked in his heart, even from Peter. Why worry the dear old fellow, he had said to himself a dozen times, since nothing would ever come of it.

While all this had been going on in the house of MacFarlane, much more astonishing things had been developing in the house of Breen.

The second Mukton Lode scoop,—the one so deftly handled the night of Arthur Breen's dinner to the directors,—had somehow struck a snag in the scooping with the result that most of the "scoopings" had been spilled over the edge there to be gathered up by the gamins of the Street, instead of being hived in the strong boxes of the scoopers. Some of the habitués in the orchestra chairs in Breen's office had cursed loud and deep when they saw their margins melt away; and one or two of the directors had broken into open revolt, charging Breen with the fiasco, but most of the others had held their peace. It was better to crawl away into the tall grass there to nurse their wounds than to give the enemy a list of the killed and wounded. Now and then an outsider—one who had watched the battle from afar—saw more of the fight than the contestants themselves. Among them was Garry Minett. "You heard how Mason, the Chicago man, cussed the Mukton gang, didn't you?" he had shouted to a friend one night at the Magnolia—"Oh, listen! boys. They set up a jab on him,—he's a countryman, you know a poor little countryman—from a small village called Chicago—he's got three millions, remember, all in hard cash. Nice quiet motherly old gentleman is Mr. Mason,—but he wouldn't melt in his mouth. Went into Mukton with every dollar he had—so kind of Mr. Breen to let him in,—yes, put him down for 2,000 shares more. Then Breen & Co. began to hoist her up—five points—ten points—twenty points. At the end of the week they had without knowing it, bought every share of Mason's stock." Here Garry roared, as did the others within hearing. "And they've got it yet. Next day the bottom dropped out. Some of them heard Mason laugh all the way to the bank. He's cleaned up half a million and gone back home—so afraid his mother would spank him for being out late o' nights without his nurse," and



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