

Send for Hose That Last Six Months

A Million People Wear Them

In the United States and Canada

Six pairs of Cashmere Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear six months! If one or all pairs wear out or break a thread you get new pairs F-R-E-E!

A Guarantee Ticket with six coupons attached goes with every box of six pairs. If a pair wears out, send it back with one coupon. If two pairs wear out, send two coupons, etc.

24,700,000 Pairs

All six pairs will probably outlast the guarantee. 95% of our total output for the past thirteen years has worn longer than six months. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs!

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send Trial Order

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. Note their convenience. "Holeproof" are made in two grades for men, in black, tan and navy blue. Medium at \$2 for six pairs and fine at \$3 for six pairs. Women's Cashmere Holeproof Stockings (black or tan) \$3 for six pairs. Children's Holeproof Stockings, 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00. Only one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire. Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1908
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
278 Bond St., London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

A Wonderful Yarn

We pay the top market price for the yarn used in Holeproof Hose. But our hose wear as no others do. We could buy common yarn for less than half what we pay, but our wear is our feature. We would not dare lessen it.

\$60,000 a Year for Inspection

We spend \$60,000 a year just to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection, for we cannot afford to replace many pairs. The million people who wear "Holeproof" are used to a wonderful quality. We cannot chance disappointing them.

The figures above refer to the entire Holeproof business, both in the States and Canada.

Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
278 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof

Hose for..... (state whether for men,

women or children). Size.....

Color..... Weight.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....

(405)

He Found Something Unusual

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Aubrey Fullerton

SINCE noon Alan Mowbray had followed a winding trail through the woods, and as yet it gave no sign of ending. It had not been a way of his own choosing. Back at the little Round Lake store and post office, where he had stopped to ask for information about the country and its more peculiar points of interest, the merchant-postmaster had told him that if he turned off the main road below the lake and took the forest trail for ten miles, he would find what possibly would satisfy his desire for something different and unusual. What it was the old man refused to say: it was ten miles further on, and the trail was easy.

And so Mowbray had come the unknown way, half-wondering at his own folly. It had been pleasant enough, to be sure, for the woods were cool and fragrant, and the pony had brought him through at a comfortable and leisurely gait that fitted very well with his own mood. Only once had he seen or heard signs of human presence. That was a mile or two from the start when the trail had led into a small farm clearing and bush-encircled homestead. Three rude little boys had there run after him, crying in shrill derision:

of life, and the place seemed half uncanny. The house, however, fronted the lake, and passing around to that side he came suddenly upon two persons seated on rough chairs in the light of the waning sun.

A man of middle age, somewhat bent and frail, was the nearer of the two. The other was a young woman. Mowbray's approach startled them both, and the man, turning to him, but not rising, spoke gruffly.

"What do you want?"

It was not a promising welcome, and Mowbray was a bit nonplussed.

"I'm just looking around, sir."

"What are you looking for?" still harshly, and in a strange uneven tone.

Mowbray answered unawares. "Why, I'm looking for—something unusual."

Instantly the man rose to his feet, and with blanched face looked searchingly at him for a moment, then turned and went quickly into the house.

The girl followed, but paused at the door, facing Mowbray in what he fancied to be reproach. He, too, had moved forward, and in a low voice and with evident concern she spoke to him. "Don't come."

"Is he ill?" asked Mowbray.



The Children of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous Explorer

"Goin' up to Norton's, mister? Oh, I say, he's goin' to Norton's!"

Till then Mowbray had not been quite sure that his ride was leading to any definite place or person, and with the satisfaction of even this slight and doubtful information he had kept on through the woods till the sun began to cast long slanting shadows among the poplars.

A glimpse of water through the thinning trees gave the first hint of another clearing. The woods ended abruptly, leading out upon a stretch of natural meadow, from which could be seen, some distance beyond, a small lake. Across this meadow the trail led to a grove of balm-trees, and to their right were a log shack and a sod-roofed stable. Mowbray rode up slowly and watchfully, but no sound reached him, and no evidence of life appeared. He dismounted, tied the pony, and walked to the front of the shack. The door stood open, and at a glance he saw that the house was empty and unused. Abandonment marked also the yard and the stable.

But the trail went on. A hundred feet beyond the shack it brought him to the verge of a gently sloping hillside, which fell to a lower level along the lakeshore. A small farm-clearing stretched out from the foot of the hill, and half way to the water was a house. This must be Norton's.

Mowbray, unhesitating, went down the hill path. There were still no signs

"No. Don't come, but I would be glad if you would stay near by."

"Where?"

"In the shack on the hill," she said, with a moment's hesitation, then hurried indoors.

Mowbray went back to the deserted shack, which he had left scarcely twenty minutes before, in perplexity of mind. Something about this man and woman—in manner, look, or voice—had laid strange hold upon him; but how or why he knew not. Perhaps, after all, it was nothing. And yet what had the old storekeeper meant? Those boys, too—what had they meant?

At any rate, he would sleep over it. The day was too far done to go further or to go back; and besides, he didn't want to do either; he had been invited to stay the night. For which good reasons he fed and stabled the pony, ate his own portable lunch of biscuits and meat, and made up a bed of hay in the inner room of the shack. He had camped far less comfortably than this in the past few weeks; but the background was unique.

At dusk there came a lad of ten, or thereabouts, bringing a small dinner-pail. This he cautiously set within the door and at once withdrew, tarrying not in the way of the stranger.

Mowbray lifted the pail with somewhat the air of a juror taking up an exhibit at court. It held something to eat, he saw, done up as only a woman could do it, but on the top was a piece



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