

CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.



For Perfect Satisfaction

2 oz. Tin Costs25c
 4 oz. Tin Costs40c
 8 oz. Tin Costs75c
 16 oz. Tin Costs ...\$1.50

You must come to me. I can't live without you any more; not since I've seen you, any way—it was bad enough before. Are you offended with me, dear little girl?"

He had risen to his feet; he bent over her, and tried to see her face. "Monica! Speak to me!" he said, hoarsely.

"Oh! let me go; please let me go," she whispered, struggling to release her hands from his grip.

With a hard sigh he loosed the two small hands he had been holding, and flung himself down on the sofa once more, feeling faint and sick.

He buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud. "You must think me such a cad to take advantage of you like this," he said, thickly, his eyes on the carpet. "You don't understand—no woman could—how I love you, how I reverence you—you—my ideal of all a woman should be. Oh! Monica, my darling!—and now I have spoilt it all with my headlong folly. I suppose you will never speak to me again?" he asked, roughly.

There was no answer, and wearily he raised his haggard face. In the gathering gloom he saw her standing by the window, holding the curtain aside and gazing out, her back towards him.

"Am I to be put for ever on your black list?" he asked again.

Still no answer came from the slim figure at the window, only a long, deep sigh.

He got up and walked slowly towards her.

"I have never heard you called anything but Monica," he said, abruptly. "I do not know what your other name is. I do not care—you will always be Monica to me. It was the case with me of love at first sight, but I know it will last till I go down to my grave." He broke off, and laughed a hard, mirthless laugh. "Of course, you do not care—why should you? Women are so accustomed to see men suffer on their account—they think nothing of it—they don't understand all it means—to us. Perhaps I might have made you listen after all if I had not behaved like a fool. You shouldn't have come near me; it was that made me lose my head. Oh! my darling, may you never know suffering as I am knowing it now!"

He turned round hopelessly, staggered blindly to the sofa, and buried his head once more in his hands. There was a soft swishing of skirts across the room, a gentle, timid touch was laid on his bent head.

"Bobby!" said a low, quivering voice; "oh, Bobby, look up! It's just the same with me. dear. Directly I entered this room and saw you kissing my picture—I knew. You looked so devoted, and I simply loved you for it. Yes, I saw you kissing it," she said, her head hidden on his shoulder, "and, of course, if I had been a really nice girl I should have gone at once—but I stayed, dear—I couldn't go and leave you, though I knew I ought to; and when your face touched mine, I felt as if someone had put their hand upon my naked heart and stopped it beating. You are very violent for an invalid, Bobby; I do not know what Lucy will say. She'll think we ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum together! When I saw you kissing my picture, Bobby," she whispered low—so low that he could hardly hear—"I thought what a sinful waste. You won't waste any more on it, will you, Bobby? You will give them all to me—your little sweetheart!"

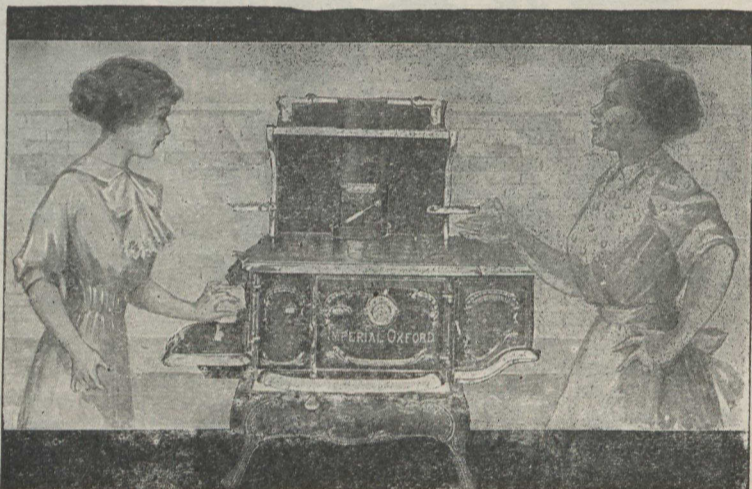
Such a Difference.—"You say Garston made a complete confession? What did he get—five years?"

"No, fifty dollars. He confessed to the magazines."—Puck.

Effective.—At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the lad's behaviour.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran, "Duncan's weel threatened afore he gangs in."



"I hope, Miss, that one of your wedding presents will be a Gurney-Oxford Stove like mine."

NOTHING is so certain to make the honeymoon last; nothing will add so much to the happiness of the household and smooth running of the new home as a Gurney-Oxford Range. The most inexperienced housewife, as well as the wisest cook, will find the Gurney-Oxford easy to manage, reliable and perfect in result.

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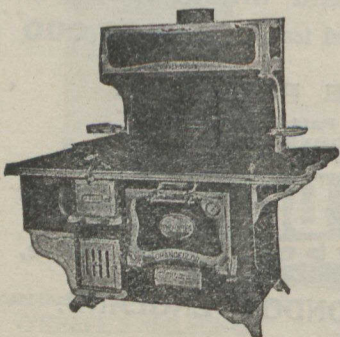


the heat, with a saving of 20% in fuel, and if "the good man" likes cabbage and onions, he may have them without telling the neighbors. The Economizer takes all the odors up the flue, and it is wonderful with what neatness and despatch clinkers are reduced to ashes by the strong interlocking teeth of the Reversible Grate.

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