

McLAUGHLIN

LADIES WHO DRIVE

—are unanimous in their endorsement of McLaughlin Motor Cars.

The new clutch on the larger McLaughlin models is extremely easy, responding to the gentle touch of the lady's foot.

The starting pedal, accelerator and service brake are readily accessible.

The seats are comfortable and every feature regarding control has been designed for ease and safety.

Order now as the demand will be greater than the supply.

THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

OSHAWA, ONT.

Branches in Leading Cities. Dealers Everywhere



See the McLaughlin Line at the Local Showrooms

Best Farm Shoe on Earth

I Built this Shoe for Farm Wear!

I know the requirements of a farm work shoe as well as any man living, because I was brought up on the farm and worked from early morning till late at night just like every other farmer has to do. For that reason I know just what I am saying when I tell you that this is the **BEST FARM SHOE ON EARTH**. It is built especially to meet the requirements of farm life—on the fields—around the barn or in the barn acids. No matter how hard you may be on your shoes, or to what test you may put this shoe, I personally guarantee that it will stand up and give you all the wear you could possibly expect.

Read this Description—You Never Wore as Good a Shoe

The uppers are made of heavy tan or black Oil Grain leather of finest quality; the heavy half-double soles are of solid leather, as are also the 3-lifts of heels. The shoe has a solid and substantial leather back-strap, which gives great strength to the whole shoe. The vamp runs right through to the sole with the heavy toe-cap covering, which means double the ordinary shoe strength at the toes. It is strongly made and nicely finished on a wide and roomy last that will give greatest comfort.

Here are My Prices—Order Direct from this Advertisement, or Send for My Complete Shoe Catalogue

12H100—Dark Tan, Sizes 6 to 11. Price Post Paid... **\$4.65** 12H101—Black, Sizes 6 to 11. Price Post Paid... **\$4.65**

Remember you are perfectly safe and will save time by ordering direct from this advertisement, because I guarantee the shoe in every particular, and will promptly refund your money if you are not in every way more than satisfied.

Send for My Big Free Shoe Catalogue

It tells all about this and hundreds of other high quality shoes for Men, Women, and Children. All the latest styles and varieties of shoe for everybody, and all at prices that mean a big saving to you.

The Wm. Galloway Co. of Canada Ltd.
11 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

Perfect Satisfaction or Your Money Back



WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

The Double-Walled Secret

Continued from Page 4

checked the impulse. In moving his feet to the floor he saw that his shoes had been removed, and he wondered if this were the first step in his weird incarceration. He smiled mirthlessly at the thought. He was sitting on the edge of the couch, his throbbing temples pressed between right thumb and fingers, elbow resting on his knee, when the girl came in to him.

"You didn't convince father," she said. "He's gone ten miles to the nearest telephone to disprove your prevarications."

Kelsey said listlessly: "Let him. What do I care?"

She stood with her back to a heavy oak table, her hands resting lightly on the edge, her compelling eyes on him curiously, speculatively. He noticed that she had changed to a house dress of Nile green silk and foamy lace, and a trifle later it came over him that she was one of the most striking girls he had ever seen—and quite the most unusual.

"Did you follow my instructions?" she asked.

"Not all of them. I had't time."

He looked up, met her eyes. I'm tired of guessing at puzzles," he said. "Won't you clear things up for me, please?"

Again he saw that troubled expression on her piquant face. She hesitated momentarily, then walked over and sat down near him.

"Did you ever," she asked, looking at him, "hear of Redmond Stryker?"

And when he shook his head: "He's my father—the man who was here a little while ago. When I was three months old he was arrested for murder. He was innocent, but the evidence against him was strong and—he was sent to prison for fifteen years. It killed mother. He left the penitentiary after serving ten years. And he was a different man." She paused and sat staring broodingly at the rug, her chin cupped in her palm.

After a pause he asked: "Didn't they ever find the right man?"

She answered with an almost imperceptible shake of her head. Sitting beside her, regarding her bowed head and girlish figure, outlined slenderly in the gathering dusk, young Kelsey mused upon what she had told him: the tragedy of a lifetime compressed in a few brief sentences.

But the thought of his own predicament soon drove all others from mind. "I'm still in the dark," he protested. "Why should your father feel savage toward me?"

She glanced up swiftly, her blue eyes kindling. "Why shouldn't he?" she flared. "You are a member of the society, civilization—call it what you will—which made those barbarous laws that sent him to prison. Why shouldn't he hate you? Why shouldn't he?" She leaned toward him, fists clenched, eyes blazing: "In that instant he thought her superb."

"And you?" he countered, striving to speak lightly. "Aren't you also a member of that society?"

"No!" And she struck her little fist into the leather seat. "I am on father's side, now and always! I am opposed to the law and all it stands for. It is rotten to the core, unjust, heinous! And you—" She checked her runaway tongue and drew slightly away. She was breathing rather more rapidly than normal, for she had spoken fiercely, and her mounting emotion had sent an excess of blood to her cheeks, richly flushing her fine-grained skin.

"Well?" bantered he, trying to fancy her in his mother's living-room. "What's to be done with me? Am I to be decapitated?"

She did not respond to his smile. Instead, she stared at him silently, and he noticed that her bosom was rising and falling less tempestuously now.

"I think I told you," she said presently, "that your arrival marked a precedent."

"Then my punishment is premeditated?"

She nodded unsmiling acquiescence. "I can only throw myself on your mercy," he said, leaning back in his corner of the couch and studying her. He was beginning to enjoy his adven-

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