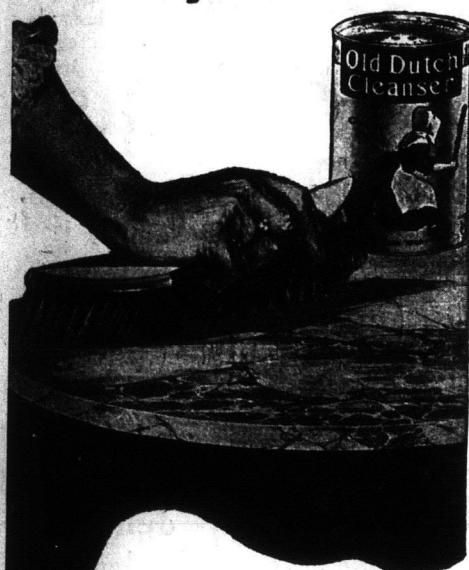


Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Is The ONLY Cleaner For

Marble
Tops,
Basins,
Columns,
Floors, Steps,
and Statues.

Because *nothing else* cleans marble without dis-coloring it. Old Dutch Cleanser not only pre-serves the whiteness and purity of marble, but also restores its original beauty when turned yellow from soap-cleaning.

Wet the marble and sprinkle on a little Cleanser, then rub over carefully with a cloth or brush, getting into every crev-ice. Then wash in clea warm water and wipe dry.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

The Lady Noggs.

By Edgar Jepson.



I T WOULD be absurd to say that the Lady Noggs looked her best on horseback, for she looked her best in so many costumes and circum-stances, but as she came trotting into Stonorill village in her violet habit and feathered picture-hat she looked, prob-ably, her most eighteenth century. At the first outlying cottage she suddenly reined in her pony Villikins with a look of dismay at the sight of the doctor com-ing down the garden path; for there dwelt the Cotterils, and ever since she had rescued William from the claws of the law she had taken the keen interest of a protector in them.

"What's the matter, Doctor Hamer-ton?" she cried. "Who's ill?"

"Mrs. Cotteril's baby. He's swallow-ed a pin, and it's stuck in his throat," said the doctor; and his cheery face was overcast and gloomy.

"Is he very ill?"

"I'm afraid there's no hope for him. I could get it out if I had the instru-ments but I haven't, and I know of

and the big tears ran down the cheeks of the Lady Noggs. Then there came again the choking cough and the moan. The Lady Noggs turned her eyes away from the baby; she could not bear the sight. They wandered round the room and rested on the red handkerchief knot-ted round William's throat. All those who have suffered know how in moments of painful emotion the mind will seize on some trivial object and busy itself with it to get away from the pain. So the mind of the Lady Noggs seized on the red handkerchief, started a re-lieving train of thought, and jumped by a natural association, seeing that she had been talking of the express, to the red flag of the railway guard.

Then came an idea so dazzling that she shut her eyes for twenty seconds to grapple with it, opened them and cried, "I'll stop the Northern Star!"

The Cotterils stared at her, bewildered; the sharpness of the cry roused even Mrs. Cotteril from her stupor; and Wil-liam said dully:

"You'll stop the Northern Star, your Ladyship?"

"Yes, I'll stop it in Chandler's Bury. How many of those red handkerchiefs



The Evening Meal.

none nearer than London. There every hospital has them."

"Then he must go to London!" cried the Lady Noggs.

"It can't be done. I've just worked it out. The pin must be extracted inside of four hours to save him. If we could have caught the Northern Star at Micklefield we could have got him to a hospital in plenty of time. But it's due at Micklefield in twenty minutes; and it's fifteen miles away. No: there's no hope for the poor little soul."

"Oh, what a pity! what a pity!" said the Lady Noggs with a sob.

"It is a pity; and that confounded ex-press runs through Chandler's Bury—only a mile and a half away!" And with a hopeless gesture the doctor raised his hat and went on into the village.

The Lady Noggs slipped off Villikins, threw the reins over the gate-post, and went softly in through the open door of the cottage. Mrs. Cotteril sat beside the fire, staring down with dazed eyes at the suffering mite on her lap; William sat just in front of her, all the ruddiness faded out of his face.

"I'm so sorry, Liza," said the Lady Noggs, coming in to her and touching her hand; and she looked at the child, which was shaken by a choking little cough and the most pitiful moanings.

Mrs. Cotteril's lips moved, but no sound came from them, and her eyes never moved from the little drawn face; but William said thickly:

"It's cool 'ard, your Ladyship, cool 'ard."

They were silent for a minute or two:

have you?" said the Lady Noggs with quick firmness.

"Three," said William, yet more be-wildered.

"Get them quick! We'll make a red flag, and wave it in front of the train, and stop it. Then Liza can get into it and take the baby to a London hospital."

A dull glimmer of understanding shone in William's eyes; and he rose.

"Be quick!" cried the Lady Noggs im-periously. "And — and — take that broomstick to tie them to! Put on your hat, Liza! Be quick!"

Her vehemence carried them away. William stumbled to the chest of drawers and took out two handkerchiefs. Mrs. Cotteril, a faint flush of hope on her cheeks, got on her hat somehow, and wrapped the baby in a shawl. She was half way out of the door when William said, "But what about the money for the tickets?"

"I never thought of that!" said the Lady Noggs, and her face fell. "We can't tell any one or they'll stop us."

She stood still, her quick little brain working swiftly; then she cried:

"I know! I can get it! You go on to the Bury, and I'll bring it!"

She ran down the path, mounted Villi-kins, and galloped off toward the castle. The Cotterils stared after her; then Wil-liam said:

"Come on, lass! It's the little 'un's only chance! Carry him soft!" And they set off at a run down the road.

Villikins galloped for all he was worth to the castle stables. The Lady Noggs jumped off him, cried to a groom to

Souvenirs

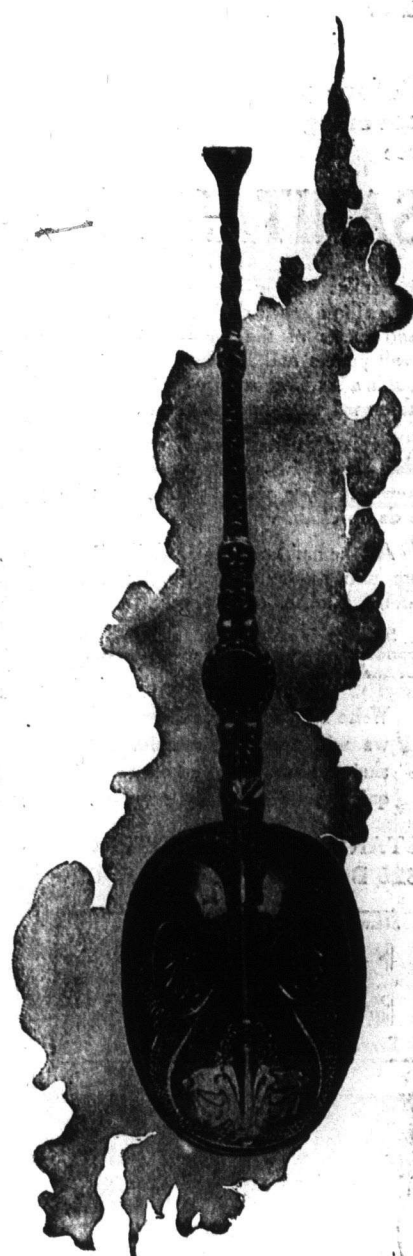
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