

The Farmer's Gun

For a few days
necessity,
many a real
gun
much regular
mingle good

It's made
and spring—
they can buy
balanced, with



DOM

Interests

alone, but
attractive
before the
should re-
consideration

NE
OURS
Stone

duce artis-
er before
or plaster
Fine for
durable
steam or
cleansed
tile soap,
use—takes
aluminum
ite.

Write
to us.

Inter
LIMITED
MAKERS

Money

How?
obligation
NION.

just like you've offered—lots of writing. I like writing."

From the vivacity with which he expressed this liking, Browning deduced that he would rather write than fish—which was indeed a saving grace.

"What do you think of him?" Clooney asked Browning at lunch.

"He's the biggest, loveliest, most ungainly rube that ever sat down at a desk but, believe me, he has the most exquisite pair of hands I ever looked at. Why, man, he's an artist! If such an expression as muscular elasticity describes those mittens he has the ideal baseball fist and no mistake. If he can twirl a ball with the ease and control with which he plays his pen, he's all you claimed for him, Clooney."

"Will he play?" was Clooney's natural inquiry.

"Not for a few days, Clooney. He's going to do it voluntarily if he does it at all. It's up to us to lead him gently to it. He's coming out to see the practice to-night."

But the practice passed without any such honor attending. Reuben Wiss went back to his desk at seven o'clock and Browning found him there at nine.

"Don't let that work interfere too much with your amusement," admonished Browning. "We expected to see you out at the park to-night."

Wiss smiled broadly. "I was outside the fence," he confessed.

"How do the sports show up?"

"Slow bunch—except Clooney."

Wiss could not be sourly critical. He stated unpleasant facts smiling. His big, round face was unmarred by the lines of petty passions; it beamed good nature all the time. Browning tried to repress a smile while Wiss laughed heartily at his own crude delineation. His language was limited to short phrases. What he could not express by choice of vocabulary was accompanied by such facial illustrations as would show that he meant to be pleasant however his sentences might be construed—and what he left unsaid was full of eloquence.

"So you think we've got a rum team?" hinted Browning after a pause.

"Yes," agreed Wiss, and broke again into laughter at his candor.

"I think you're right. We're losing ground every game. You probably know that we headed the league for four years and it's hitting our self-respect hard to get down so low."

"Best team'll win," prophesied Wiss.

"Then we've got to have the best team. I want a good pitcher and two outfielders."

"You don't need fielders with a good pitcher."

"Will you pitch for us?" If the question was staggering in its suddenness the answer was mortal.

"No!" said Wiss, and laughed with boyish heartiness.

Browning was too serious to be affected by this humorous outburst. For the first time Wiss' laughed nettled him. He spoke hastily: "Then I'll make Walker pitch a winning game or disband the team." It hurt Will to see him get up abruptly and leave the office.

Wiss did not leave until ten o'clock, and at that hour the "Imperial Limited" was due. He stepped down to the platform for a few minutes. The display of pastry in the restaurant proved irresistible, and he entered to have a piece of pie. There were two others then taking lunch at the end of the counter and Wiss crowded down beside them to make room for the rush of passengers. One of them he at once recognized at once as "Wistaria" Walker, whom he had guessed was the Sudsbury regular pitcher when he glimpsed at the practice game a few hours before.

The man who was with him was much older and Wiss saw him pass a ten dollar note to Walker, saying at the same time, "Remember, you don't know me when we meet again." He shook Walker's hand and withdrew hastily.

The incident started a hive of suspicions working in Wiss' ingenious brain. The next four days were full of the coming struggle between Sudsbury, the tail-enders, and Kipawa, the leaders, and Wiss was perhaps more anxious to see that game than he was to go fishing.

Browning and Clooney were in con-

ference at the grounds that eventful Saturday. Walker was trying his arm and pitching wonderfully. Batter after batter swung at the elusive sphere until Clooney could no longer maintain a glum countenance. He went to the bat cheerily and felt the wind of the ball for three wild swings and went back to Browning grinning.

"He's comin' back!" he announced in a loud whisper. "What dope have you been slingin' him?"

"Nothing has happened so far as I know," avowed Browning. "He's probably heard of the Onaping twirler and feels that he's being noticed. I've decided not to pamper Wiss though. If he wants to be stubborn about it we will not coax him into the game. He's a first-class man in the office and I'm glad you recommended him, but he'll not play ball and that settles that. Walker can put over a great game when he's fit—remember how he held down

the Mattawa's the last time we played them? Look at him now! If he treats the Kipawa's that way we'll march uphill shouting. Hello! Here comes Wiss."

The crowd was pouring into the grounds and with them came Reuben Wiss. He did not stop at the grand stand, however, but took a bee-line to where Browning and Clooney stood. At the same time the players came in off the field and grouped close by. Browning introduced Wiss to the players in turn. Walker shook his hand limply and averted his eyes. He glanced slyly across to where the Kipawa's were grouped and there Wiss looked wise. He saw the man who had given Walker the money.

He looked at Walker inquiringly, but Walker avoided his glance. Wiss knew enough about the baseball field to guess that the man who had given Walker the money was the manager of the Kipawa team, just as he had suspected. He

pretended to be sizing up the Kipawa crowd, but said nothing.

Walker felt that he must speak. "Guess we'll have to go some to lick that outfit!" he remarked.

Wiss smiled. "Don't give them a hit for five innings and they're yours," he said.

"Who can do that?" sneered Walker.

"Walker, of the Sudsbury's," declared Wiss.

"You've another guess," said Walker tartly. "You haven't seen those fellows at the bat."

"I've seen their manager." Their eyes met and straightway those of Walker fell.

"What's that to do with it?" he mumbled and slouched into the dressing room. Wiss had not changed a facial muscle—the same rotundity of cheek; the same clarity of eye—with the same propensity to grin.



Pen Angle Hosiery

Only SEAMLESS Hosiery Fits Right!

You should wear Pen-Angle Hosiery, and no other kind. For this is the only Canadian-made hosiery that is seamless AND priced moderately AND guaranteed. All three merits ought to be in your hosiery. Because no hosiery that is not SEAMLESS can be comfortable—and Pen-Angle machines are the only ones in Canada able to knit such hosiery, form-shaped to the leg and foot, instead of merely water-shrunk into shape. Thus, though priced reasonably, Pen-Angle Hosiery holds its shape indefinitely. And it is reinforced wherever wear falls.

To these merits add the GUARANTEE you read here—two pairs for one if Pen-Angle Hosiery disappoints. Note next the modest price you need pay to get all this—and then remember name and trademark when next you need hosiery.

PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, hello, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 3-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

PENMANS, LIMITED

Dept. 43
PARIS, CANADA

