

## We'll Pay

for your worn-out hose, if those hose are "Holeproof," by replacing worn pairs free if any pairs wear out in six months. Send for six pairs and try them. With every six pairs you get six guarantee coupons.

### More Than a Million People

in the States and Canada now buy their hosiery this way—a million regular customers. For every pair they wear out within six months of the day they buy them, we pay them back with a new pair free. But we don't have to replace many pairs. In all of our thirteen years of "Holeproof," 95 per cent of the output has outlasted the guarantee. That means

**24,700,000 Pairs**

Think what a wonderful record. Send for six pairs of our Cashmere "Holeproof" and see how they'll wear for you. They are made from the finest yarn in existence, for which we pay the top market price. They are warm and soft, without being heavy. You can wear them six months or longer without ever having to darn them. Think of the work that saves. Think of the convenience.

We are making this year 9,000,000 pairs to meet the demand for "Holeproof." Don't you want some of them?

**We Spend \$60,000**

just to inspect "Holeproof." Our inspectors' salaries cost that every year. But every pair is twice closely examined before it is sent out. That means perfect hosiery—no disappointment when the six pairs are received.

It means, in all probability, that the hose will last longer than six months. We cannot afford to let poor hose go out, for we have a great reputa-



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1908  
Eastonville

tion at stake. These statements refer to our entire business, in United States and Canada.

#### Order on the Coupon

or write us a letter. There are two grades of Cashmere "Holeproof" for men: Medium, \$2 for six pairs; Fine, \$3 for six pairs. Six pairs for women cost \$3. Every six pairs are guaranteed six months. Colors for men are black, tan, and navy blue—for women, black and tan. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, \$1.

Fill in what you want on the coupon, post card or letter and mail it today. See what a wonderful saving in comfort and money you can make with Holeproof Hose. We have sold hose this way for the past 13 years. We guarantee satisfaction as well as wear.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.  
190 Bond Street, London, Canada

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. (418)  
190 Bond Street, London, Canada

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.....

*"Wear Holeproof Hose and Find the Mend"*



### FLOWERING BULBS GLADIOLUS

These are most effective in the garden, the colors are magnificent and they are easily grown. We offer:

Choice Mixed—10 for 30c.; 25 for 65c.; \$2.25 per 100—postpaid.

Groff's Hybrid Seedling, Mixed—10 for 40c.; 25 for 75c.; \$2.50 per 100—postpaid.

Bruce's White and Light Shades—10 for 50c.; 25 for \$1.00; \$3.50 per 100—postpaid.

Childs Mixed—10 for 60c.; 25 for \$1.25; \$4.25 per 100—postpaid.

Bruce's Superb Mixed, made up by ourselves from all varieties—the best—10 for 60c.; 25 for \$1.35; \$5.00 per 100—postpaid.

Named Varieties, any color (see catalogue) 10c. to 50c. each—postpaid.

### DAHLIAS

Splendid named sorts, all colors, 22c. each; \$2.20 per doz.—postpaid.

Ordinary varieties, mixed, 12c. each; \$1.20 per doz.—postpaid.

**FREE**—Our handsomely illustrated 112-page Catalogue of Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc. Write for it. 135

**John A. Bruce & Co. Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario**  
Seed Merchants  
Established 1850



**LUMBER AT WHOLESALE**  
DIRECT FROM MILL TO YOUR NEAREST STATION.

Send us your list for figures—we can save you money.

**CONSUMERS LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.**

51 MERCHANTS BANK - WINNIPEG - MAN.

## King Lear's Daughter

A Footlight Fragment

By Eileen Edgar.

HE was just eighteen. Every evening, Sundays excepted, precisely at eight o'clock, in the very scant quantity of silk known as tights, and an immoderate amount of breastplate and helmet, she descended the four flights of winding stairs leading from her dressing room among the flies, avoiding the dangerous pitfalls of each landing with surety born of long experience, and steering her course deftly between the set market place of Padua and the unset palace of Prince Popalanni, in Central Africa, emerged in due course upon the stage to the placid delight of the baldheaded contingent of the front row and the speechless admiration of its neighbor, the younger and more innocuous dude.

King Lear's daughter was a chorus girl.

Viewed from before the footlights, Cordelia was a lithe, erect young creature of a hundred evolutions and a thousand corruscations; the possessor of a superb figure that focussed the opera glass of every male critic of form in the house, and won the unwilling envy of every lady of fashion noting the same. Viewed from that vantage

girl's superb figure and dark beauty were rightfully hers by inheritance. At such times, too, a look, half tenderness, half shamed pride and appeal, would cross his face when she would appear, glance quickly, wistfully into his face, and, laying her hand on his arm, walk away by his side. She never failed to give this quick, wistful look, pathetic in its meaning, into his face. If she met the glance of pride and tenderness she would press his arm closer and smile happily. More often, however, the figure, bent and shrunken, shambled forth from the doorway, muttering incoherent reproaches at her delay and whining forth concerning its hard lot in having to wait in all sorts of weather, a poor, helpless old man, and giving forth a pungent odor of stale tobacco and cheap whisky. At such times she never took his arm, but walked in proud, uncomplaining silence beside him. Sometimes the old man never came at all.

This was old King Lear, father of Cordelia, who in his time had been tragedian and gentleman, and now in his declining years alternated the roles of helpless, repentant old man and hopeless, besotted drunkard.



First Call for Lunch

ground of Johnnie and Chollie—the stage door—she was seen to be a tall, graceful girl, young still, with glorious limbs, concealed by a black cashmere gown decidedly the worse for wear, while a modest coat and small black hat replaced the resplendent armor and magnificent casque.

Even thus transformed, and, as it were, fallen from her high estate, she won the undisguised admiration of Johnnie and Chollie as she brushed past them nightly, paying no more heed to their small selves than if they were so much nebulae in space, and compelling a certain respect that forbade them to thrust themselves within the focus of those beautiful, disdaining eyes.

"B'gad, y' know," said Johnnie to Chollie, watching the slim, erect figure, with its proud, graceful step, disappear down the street, "doosed fine filly, but steps too high. Gives you a chill, b'gad. Sooperb, but not my style, don't y' know." And they pounced with relief upon Tottie and Trixie, emerging, blonde and saucy, and with a healthy appetite for oysters and champagne.

There was an old man with a mass of silver hair and a splendid head, like a lion's, who in the shadow of a convenient doorway, was often seen waiting for the nightly appearance, or more properly speaking, the exit, of Cordelia. There was a vast difference in the nightly appearance of this old man. At times he would stand tall and erect, and it was then seen that he had been a handsome man in his day, and that the

On this night in November—a cold, blustery night, with Johnnie and Chollie shivering furtively, awaiting the coming of Tottie and Trixie—the old man was not there at all. She had not expected him. For three nights now she had not expected him. Yet she glanced, hoping against hope, to the place where he was wont to be, and caught her breath a little sharply seeing it vacant. She paused a moment, too, leaning against the door, and Chollie, with chaotic hopes of capitulation, and ready to abandon Trixie to her fate started forward, with carefully rehearsed formulae bubbling upon his lips. Ere the overflow, however, some one, whistling merrily and melodiously, pulled open the door from within averting the resultant catastrophe only by promptly catching the black-robed figure as it swayed backward.

"Oh, Miss Cordelia," exclaimed he of the tuneful melody. "Excuse me. I didn't hurt you, did I?" And the culprit, a handsome enough young sinner, anxiously looked his anxiety and contrition.

He had held her but the fraction of a second. She had steadied herself immediately. But a faint rose color had crept over her face and a startled light, not born of fear, flamed for a moment in her eyes. The merciful darkness, however, hid this.

"No; oh no," she murmured, hurriedly. "I—I felt tired for a moment. I was leaning against the door, so it