



Buy a Bed



You Can Be Proud Of

MADAM, you know that the attractiveness of any room depends solely upon the furniture.

How important it is then to possess a bedstead that is correct in style, one that will hold its finish and outward appearance as well as remain enduring, you know as well as anybody.

For, so long as the bed in the chamber bears an air of alluring charm and graceful symmetry, like Quality Beds, it will linger long in the memory of the visitor and lend an atmosphere to the home which you can be proud of

QUALITY
BRASS BED
No. 2363



Quality Beds

Guaranteed for five years

Are sold by leading dealers everywhere on 30 days' free trial.



This is for your protection. For many beds, of inferior quality, are now on sale. These beds are full of many faults and weaknesses that are hidden in the construction.

It is what you can't see in a bed that determines whether the bed will go to pieces in a short time or last forever. And, so that you can be on your guard, we have issued a

FREE BOOKLET—"BEDTIME"

which will be sent to any address upon request. This booklet contains pictures

of beds in many styles and finishes that will harmonize with any scheme of decoration or furniture.

It will enable you to make a wise selection and inform you how to detect the flaws and faults in all kinds of beds, which are inferior to Quality Beds.

BOOKLET SAVES YOU THE TROUBLE OF SHOPPING

With the FREE booklet, we will send you the name of the nearest dealer who is authorized to grant you a 30-days' preliminary trial of Quality Beds. Address Dept. 18



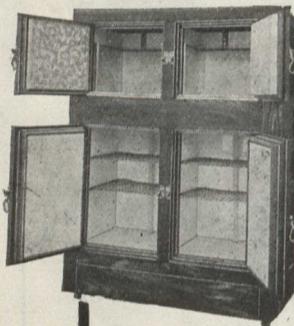
TRADE MARK

QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED
WELLAND, ONTARIO.



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GIVE THE BRIDE THE BEST REFRIGERATOR MADE IN CANADA!



The "ARCTIC"

"Twill last a lifetime and is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect.

Outside Cases are solidly and tightly framed oak.

Inside Linings of 1-16 white opal glass, all corners cemented glass to glass. No open cracks to collect dust, rust or corrode.

Floors are inlaid white tile.

Shelves are woven wire, one inch mesh, heavily and brightly tinned.

Guaranteed perfect circulation of cold dry air.

Moderately priced. Write for complete information at once to

JOHN HILLOCK & CO., Limited, - TORONTO, ONT.

EMBROIDERY OUTFIT FREE

Artistic letters for marking linens, 2 complete alphabets 1 in. and 2 1/4 ins. high, can be overlapped, forming monograms; Shirt Waist set, centre pieces, doilies, petticoat border, designs for towel ends, pillow scarfs—25 full size designs—poucette and stamping preparation included, given for one new subscription to Canadian Home Journal on our special offer of

7 MONTHS FOR 60c.

The 7 issues starting with June contain Mrs. Mackay's splendid novel, "The House of Windows."

The Secret of Conquering Fat

The ancient Greeks and Romans, notwithstanding their indolence and habits of luxury, never became fat. They knew how to avoid it, and they knew full well that fat is a foe to health and symmetry of form. But they did not take internal remedies. They knew a different process—a process that partook of the nature of the bath and that invigorated and built up the body while it kept the flesh hard and firm and healthful as it should be. Their secret has long been sought. Scientific men the world over have tried to find the formula used so successfully by the ancients, but they have failed. The result is that thousands of people who realize the danger of superfluous flesh, but know full well the penalty they must pay if they reduce it by dieting or the use of internal remedies, have preferred the flesh to the danger, with the result that they have lost all symmetry of form and the youthful, buoyant activity that belongs to those who are physically right.

But what scientific men have failed to do a girl who makes no pretensions to science has accom-

plished. She has succeeded in compounding a preparation that, applied externally to any part of the face or body, makes superfluous flesh disappear and leaves the skin smooth and firm and without wrinkles. It is pronounced by those who have used it successfully the most wonderful thing of its kind in the world. It can be used by any one without the knowledge of their most intimate friends and with little inconvenience and no loss of time. You eat what you please, drink what you please, pursue your habits of life in the usual way, but reduce your flesh rapidly, comfortably and surely.

Full information and a handsome descriptive booklet will be sent free to any fleshy person upon application to Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 193E, Rochester, N. Y.

In the past fleshy people have richly deserved the sympathy of their fellowmen; in the future if they continue to carry a burden of superfluous flesh after this wonderful discovery they deserve no sympathy and will get none.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

MR. DRAKE'S TREASURE

Continued from page 11

studded with rusty nails. This, with some difficulty, he opened, and putting the lantern into my hand, he motioned to me to go forward.

"The one at the end of the second shelf on your left," Mr. Drake whispered in my ear, and retreated to the door of the vault while I advanced.

Suddenly I stopped, while my heart gave a leap in my breast. I had heard distinctly the sound of a groan in the farther end of the vault.

"Is anyone there?" I called out in as manly a voice as I could muster.

The reply was another groan fainter than before.

"There's someone in there," I said to Mr. Drake, in a voice that I tried to keep free from tremor.

Without stopping to think what I was about to do, I set the lantern on the floor, took a few steps forward, and raised the hammer. At that moment the sound of groaning, now quite unmistakable, reached my ears. It seemed to come from the coffin which I was about to destroy.

I will not deny that I was horribly frightened. My muscles seemed to contract, and my hair to stiffen. But my terror came too late to spoil the force of the blow. The iron hammer was already in the air. It fell, almost of its own weight, on the foot of the coffin, and the decaying wood fell apart at once. Another groan, this time so faint that I could barely hear it, all but turned me from my purpose, but I caught sight of something dark just inside the footboard of the coffin, and with a spring I clutched it. It was a metal box about ten inches long by five in breadth, and perhaps three inches deep. Grasping it in my right hand I fairly ran out of the vault, which was already empty, for Mr. Drake had retreated to the other side of the door, taking the lantern with him.

In a second or two I was up the steps, and stood shivering by the yawning hole, while Mr. Drake waited to lock the vault door behind him. Soon he rejoined me, and we left the church together.

We opened it together in my bedroom when we got back to the inn, and such a blaze of color I had never seen in my life as that which the candlelight reflected from the interior of the box. All manner of precious stones seemed to be there—diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals, stones of all sizes, stones cut and uncut, besides strings of large pearls in cotton wool.

My memory of what happened next is dim and confused. I must have undressed somehow and got into bed, for I came to myself in the darkness, parched with thirst, yet unable to rise and find water on account of dreadful pains that racked every joint and limb.

Then I lost consciousness and knew nothing more for three days.

At the end of the third day I came to myself and found Mary bending over me. Her eyes were red with crying, but full of love and joy at seeing that I knew her.

"Where am I, darling?" I whispered, "and how did you come to be here?"

"They telegraphed for me, for in all your delirium you were always crying out for me, and they got an address from an old envelope in your pocket. The landlady has been extremely kind."

"And the money, Mary? How are we to pay the hotel bill?"

"I found a letter addressed to you. There was a five-pound note in it."

"Yes, I remember that Mr. Drake promised me five. But that won't be nearly enough."

It was nearly a fortnight before I was strong enough to attend to business; and then I learned to my astonishment that Mr. Drake had left the inn on the morning after our recovering the treasure. He had left a letter for me, or rather a few hasty lines scrawled at the moment of departure.

"Have just received wire sent on last night from London. Must leave for Holyhead and Dublin. Shall be away for some days. Please take the box with all its contents intact to my office in Little Britain as soon as possible. I enclose £5 as promised. Yours, J. D."

"Good gracious, Mary!" I exclaimed, "has that infernal box been here all this time?"

"There is a rusty tin box here," my wife answered, "the landlady told me your friend had left it for you."

"Why couldn't he have taken it with him to Dublin? What a responsibility!"

"A responsibility? What do you mean, Charlie?"

"Open it, dear, and you will see."

She did so, and drew back with a cry at the wealth it contained.

When we returned to London we took a cab at Waterloo and drove straight to Little Britain. With a good deal of pain and difficulty I climbed the long stairs.

Mr. Drake's office door was locked. I wanted to see him badly, for more reasons than one; and I knocked and kicked at the door in impotent rage.

The noise drew the attention of the caretaker, who came down the creaking stairs and confronted me.

"Do you know when this man, this Mr. Drake, will be back?" I cried.

"He won't be back no more," said the woman tranquilly. "He gave up his key and quit day afore yes'tiddy."

"But he can't have gone for good!" I cried. "Is the office empty?"

"As empty as my 'and, sir," said the woman, with a chuckle.

"What are we to do, Mary?" I asked, when we had reached our humble lodgings. "The man must be a lunatic. I never heard of such behavior in my life. And how are we to pay what we owe the landlady of the Red Cow?"

"Don't worry about that, Charlie," said Mary, firmly. "If you worry, you will be taken ill again."

An advertisement for Mr. Drake was inserted for three days in succession, but no result followed.

On the evening of the fourth day we had nothing in the house, and we were both faint from hunger.

"Give me that box, Mary!" I cried sternly.

"No, Charlie!—No!"

"Give me that box," I repeated.

Before she had time to answer, a knock came to the door, and the next moment Mr. Drake stood before us.

"Have you that box?" he cried. "Ah, it is there, I see! And the jewels—are they all there?"

"Every one of them, sir," cried Mary, before I could reply.

"And why did you not bring them to my office?" he demanded, sharply, turning to me.

"I did. I took them the first day I was able to travel. I had a bad attack of influenza, and lay at the Red Cow for more than a week."

"And in the first place let me tell you those jewels are all imitations."

"What! All of them?" cried Mary.

"Every single one of them."

"But how could sham jewels be found—where we found them?"

"Why not? I put them there myself, the night before."

"Listen to be, and I will explain," said Mr. Drake. "I am getting to be an old man. Nearly all my life I have lived in India, and I longed to come home and end my life among English meadows. But I could not leave India for good till I had found a man I could trust to act in my stead."

"My 'alter ego,' I told myself, must have three qualities. He must know the language; he must be impervious to superstitious fears, for the natives (most of them devil-worshippers or no better) are up to all sorts of tricks."

"Such as you practised on me, sir?" I put in.

"Oh, you mean the groaning. Yes; I flatter myself I am a very fair ventriloquist. Sounded quite dreadful, didn't it? And of course the third point was that my man must be scrupulously honest."

"But it was no easy task to find such a man. I took a couple of rooms as an office on purpose to have a place to interview applicants. I engaged several, one after another, and devised various expedients for testing their honesty. One after another succumbed; and I was not a bit surprised when you did not turn up with the jewels."

"Thank you very much, sir," I observed sarcastically.

"I didn't know you then, you see," said Mr. Drake tranquilly. "Now I do. Will you take the position of assistant manager of my plantations in Darjheeling—passage paid, five hundred rupees a month, and bungalow—to be manager next year with eight hundred a month? That suit you? That's settled, then. Here's ten pounds on account. Good-night."