



When you can buy Guaranteed Hosiery

YOU need not wear any more darned or uncomfortable hosiery. The day of the darning needle and mending yarn with its perpetual drudgery is at an end. Instead of the ordinary kind which you have been wearing, buy

NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

6 Pairs for \$2.00

Guaranteed Holeproof for 6 Months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for 6 months.

You see **NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF HOSIERY** is not the kind of hosiery that you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn.

It is made of specially prepared mace and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. We could use the cheaper single ply yarn, but we couldn't guarantee the hosiery for six months, because the cheaper yarns, being short fibred, are weak—break and split and cannot resist washing or wearing.

Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery making it *extraordinarily durable*—but not heavy—and *very soft and easy on the feet*. The heels and toes are *doubly reinforced* so as to resist wear where the wear comes.

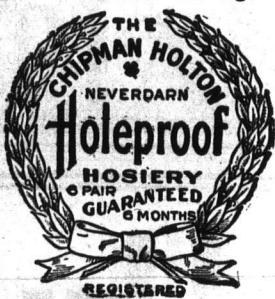
Our new process of dyeing renders the Holeproof fabric as *clean, soft, comfortable and strong as undyed hosiery*. The colors are absolutely fast, and positively will not rub off or discolor the feet.

Neverdarn Holeproof is the most clean and sanitary hosiery you can buy.

Read This Guarantee

If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good"



This is the guarantee that goes with every box containing six pairs of Holeproof Hosiery.

The guarantee means exactly what it says.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Holeproof, we will supply you direct. Send \$2.00 money order or bills and dispense with darning drudgery right away.

State size and color, whether black or tan. Only one size in box of Holeproof Hosiery.

In response to numerous inquiries we are making Girls' and Boys' stockings in all sizes of the same quality and under the same form of guarantee for months—sold in boxes containing 3 pairs—\$1.00.

CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO. LIMITED

118 St. Mary Street
Hamilton, Can. 1645

You won't dread Wash Days after your husband buys a

"Puritan"

Reacting Washing Machine

It runs so easily—does the washing so quickly—that you will marvel how you ever put up with the back-breaking rub of the tub.

One of the children can easily do the washing with the "Puritan"—the only washing machine in Canada with improved roller gear.

Write us for booklet; if your dealer can't show you the "Puritan"

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, St. Mary's, Ont.



Ned and the conviction made his heart sink.

The influence that he gained over the boy became patent to everyone through the youngster's habit of constantly quoting his uncle. Every normal boy must have at least one hero, and he can be constructed out of the least promising material. Mrs. Meredith did not hesitate to voice her alarm at the condition of affairs.

"They are together all the time," she said to her husband when he came down for the usual week-end, "and Ned seems to have more respect for Jack's opinion than for mine. He is taking my boy away from me, and I don't think Jack's example is good for the child. You know his habits—"

"I don't think Jack will demoralize the little chap," returned the father with one of his slow smiles. "It looks to me as if they were doing each other good. Ned is stronger and healthier, and so is Jack. I would not worry about it, little woman."

"I can't help being anxious," Mrs. Meredith went on. "Such a change has come over Ned. He is protesting against the beautiful clothes I design for him; he says they make him look like a girl. Today he actually asked me if he could not have his lovely curls cut off short! I am sure it is all Jack's doing. I am so afraid he will make a coarse, noisy, vulgar, careless boy of Ned, and I've tried so hard to keep him from anything of that sort."

"Jack isn't coarse and vulgar," said Horace Meredith rather dryly.

After the family returned to town Mrs. Meredith did her best to keep her son and her brother-in-law apart, and John often missed Ned. One day when he was told that the boy was walking in the park with the governess, the man decided to wait his return. When Ned appeared it was with his fine raiment begrimed and tattered, and his face swollen and blood-stained. The youngster's physical ills were nothing compared with his rage and mortification. It appeared that a band of youthful, ragged adventurers, led by one, "Red" Leary had teased him into striking one of them with a toy cane, and then "Red" Leary had thrashed Edmund Devereaux Meredith conscientiously and thoroughly. John discreetly remained in the background while Mrs. Meredith wept over her son and inveighed against his assailants. The governess went to even greater lengths.

Ned soon sought his uncle to discuss the fray. John inquired into the facts.

"What did you do after—that what did you say his name was? 'Red' Leary? What did you do after he struck you?"

"It hurt me so, and I had to cry; I just tried to keep him away from me."

"Oh!" said John.

"What could I do? I can't fight with coarse, vulgar boys like that. I hope 'Red' Leary drops dead in his tracks!"

"So you put your hands to your face and cried while he beat you," pursued John.

"I don't like you," exclaimed the boy. "I won't talk to you any more. I hate you."

"I don't like you very well just now," returned his uncle gravely.

They did not see each other for three days, and John prayed that heaven was doing its work. When he received a message from Ned he responded joyously.

"Jack, is it wrong to fight?" asked the boy.

"Not always, Buster; why?"

"Mamma says it is wicked and evil. She says it is the worst thing a boy can do except lie and steal."

"Sometimes it is, but not always. Mothers don't always understand those things. Fighting is men's work, and women can't know all about it. If a boy starts a fight because he thinks he can whip the other fellow, or just to show off, he is a coward and a bully, and that is almost as bad as being a liar. Generally it is better to run away than to fight, but sometimes you cannot run

if you want to, and sometimes you should not run, but stand up and fight the best you know how. If you are whipped, it doesn't matter so much if you have done the best you can."

Ned pondered. Presently: "Then I ought to have fought 'Red' Leary the other day?"

"I think so."

"But I don't know how. Mamma has always told me never, never to fight."

"I know she has. In everything else, Buster, do just as she tells you, but a woman doesn't know about fighting. She cannot understand that men, that you and I, must fight sometimes for mothers and sisters, and we ought to know how."

"Did you ever fight, Jack?"

"Yes, but not very well. I didn't learn until it was too late, and generally I have been beaten."

The boy touched his uncle's arm; he still felt the smart of his own humiliation.

"And papa, did he ever fight?"

"Your father is a grand, good fighter," replied John, brightening, "a ripping good fighter. He hasn't been licked very often."

Again, Ned's deeply wrinkled brow indicated that he was thinking.

"Jack, will you teach me how to fight—when I have to?"

"Indeed I will, Buster."

And he did, keeping ever before the boy the chivalry of the game; he was learning to fight in order to be his mother's protector. This gave him a sense of responsibility that was manifested in greater consideration and gentleness. Ned realized that it was a fine thing to be strong. Your normal man has more vanity in his muscles than has a woman in her beauty.

Mrs. Meredith felt the change. She rejoiced in her son's new vigor and manliness, yet was she more miserably unhappy than in his weakling days. She was fighting one of the old, old battles that are the result of the irreconcilable man and woman point of view. She could not understand that because he was a man-child, Ned must enter a realm where she could not follow, must look upon things with eyes different from hers. She was supremely conscious of the bitter fact that he was going away from her, that she no longer filled his whole horizon. She could not grasp the truth that a man may have closer sympathy with certain workings of a boy's mind than even his mother. Eunice Meredith felt that John was to blame for all the change and she was filled with deep resentment. She hoped that Elizabeth Pollock would marry him and save her boy.

Miss Pollock had seen much of John of late—it was largely of her arranging—and Mrs. Meredith looked for a great deal from the renewed intercourse. So did Miss Pollock. The human mania for reforming our brother is most strongly developed in the feminine half of humanity and the dissipated man exercises a powerful fascination over a good woman, who loves self-sacrifice, as most of her sex love weeping for its own sake. If Elizabeth Pollock had been Ned's mother, she would have been frantic over the man's influence upon the boy; as it was, she had the clearest perception of the good in John. She felt it her mission to reform him. And, more important than these general considerations, she loved him, although she would not admit that even to herself. If she had, John would not have believed it. He thought she was merely sorry for him and that there must be in her feeling for him something of contempt which would destroy the pity that is said to be akin to love.

John was aware of the attitude of his sister-in-law toward him; he knew he was on mined ground and that the explosion might occur at any moment. He did not suppose that Miss Pollock would have anything to do with it when it came, but as it turned out, she really set the train, although in perfect innocence. She had planned one of those painful assaults known as "an appeal to one's