



## Put Yourself in the Baby's Place!

When you reach home to-night, creep on your hands and knees with your open mouth six inches from the floor and breathe sharply.

Between coughs think of the adult shoes that have passed over that floor—and of where those adult shoes had been before they came into the house, and of what you are breathing.

Then remember that what you are doing for five minutes under protest your baby may do tomorrow for hours at a time, in ignorance.

When you've finished your experiment, you won't need any further argument for **SANITARY** floors.

Now one thought more—

A carpeted floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without taking the carpet up. A waxed floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without taking the wax off. An oiled floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without scraping the surface bare. An **ELASTICA** floor can be cleaned perfectly—in one minute with only a damp cloth as a tool and as easily as you would clean the hard, smooth surface of a plate glass mirror.

Ask your dealer or write us for booklet "THE RIGHT AND WRONG FINISH FOR FLOORS." Tells about

### ELASTICA FLOOR FINISH

## International Varnish Company, Limited

MAKERS OF FINE VARNISHES

TORONTO



## The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Limited

### PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

### FORGINGS

of every description  
High-Grade Bar Iron  
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Hamilton - Ontario

## CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

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250 rooms.

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.  
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.  
\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements.

### La Corona Hotel (The Home of the Epicure)

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### TORONTO HOTELS

#### King Edward Hotel —Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.  
American and European Plans.

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200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.  
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### CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor.



## Spend Your Vacation

in the wild lands of Picturesque Canada—just a few hours journey from your home—away from the heat, grime and dust of the city or the crowding and many discomforts of the seashore, and enjoy the cool and rejuvenating atmosphere peculiar to the high wooded lands surrounding

### LAKE TEMISKAMING

A beautiful stretch of water, studded with wooded islands of all sizes. Canoeing and fishing—the clear water of the lake abounding in choice specimens of the finny tribe—can be enjoyed by all at a very moderate cost—within the reach of all. Accommodation can be had with all the conveniences of New York City Hotel, from \$12.00 a week up, at

### "THE BELLEVUE" HOTEL

Charmingly situated, amid trees and shrubbery on the shore of the lake. Bowling on the green and alleys; Billiards; Dancing; Gasoline Launches for trips on the lakes; Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills; hot and cold water on all floors; sanitary conveniences; electric lighting; modern in every way; just the place to spend a delightful vacation. Pleased to send full information and booklet.

WRITE "THE MANAGER" TEMISKAMING P. O., QUE.

Open for season 1909—June 25th.

Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points.

(1593)

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Adds a delicious zest  
and piquancy to  
**SOUPS, FISH, MEATS,  
POULTRY, GAME.**

# SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

anything. I wish I was like you, going away to the cities where men and women really live. Oh, why am I not a man? If I were I would go with you."

Carl stepped closer and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Do you have to be a man to be able to go with me?" he asked.

"Won't you go with me as a woman?" he pleaded. "I will take good care of my Scottish maiden. Come, let me be your Lochinvar. Here is the horse, and yonder come the pursuers."

They listened intently. Far up the path the excited voices of men came to them borne by the wind, while only a short distance away the yelp of a dog on the trail was rapidly drawing nearer.

Carl untied the horse and led him to where the girl stood gazing fearfully up the path.

"They will be here in a minute" he said calmly. "Don't you think you can trust yourself with me? The lot of a traveller's wife is not a great inducement to offer you, I know, but I want you more than I've ever wanted anything in my life."

She looked into his eyes. "And you love me?" she whispered. "Me, a little country girl?"

The bushes parted to let the yelping canine through and he bit savagely at the heels of his quarry. Carl kicked him away mechanically.

"Yes," he replied, "I love you—you, a little country girl. Will you come?"

She held out her hand and he snatched his betrothal kiss as he lifted her into the waggon.

A smart cut with the whip and they were in the middle of the road, down which they tore, while round about the storm whipped and tore through the trees. One arm of the fugitive was around the girl, and, heedless of rain or wind, of thunder or lightning, he told once more the old sweet story of love.

"I'm glad you're not a wizard," she sighed contentedly after a while.

"But I am, little one," he replied. "I have spirited away the dearest little woman in the world."

"Then I am glad you are a wizard," she laughed as she snuggled closer in his protecting arm.

When the Douglasites and Cameronites reached the road naught was to be seen but a limping, whimpering dog licking with the healing tongue his wounded leg. No waggon tracks were discernible in the brook-like road down which a miniature mountain torrent was pouring, and not a sound of the distant wheels could be heard above the howlings of the storm.

They stood huddled together like sheep, gazing fearfully into each other's faces.

"I'm no' afraid o' man or beast" said the piper of Cameron with chattering teeth, "and I'm no afraid o' the elements, but I'll no chase yon illusive devil further. No doubt he's gone to his own by some o' his deal'ish tricks. And I'll no mix in witchcraft further. There'll be a curse on me an' mine if I do."

The others nodded assent, and with many a backward glance hastened to the village.

Even yet in Douglas, and in Cameron; in Roderick Centre and in McPherson's Hill they will tell you with shivering teeth of the time the Evil One came to them and spirited away the belle of the valley. And even yet the villager, who of necessity is obliged to take the path through the woods near nightfall, will quicken his steps, and glance furtively around, if he heard the forerunner of the storm-wind sigh through the pines and hemlocks, or sees the occasional, ever-brightening flash of light, dart from the billowing cloud in the west.