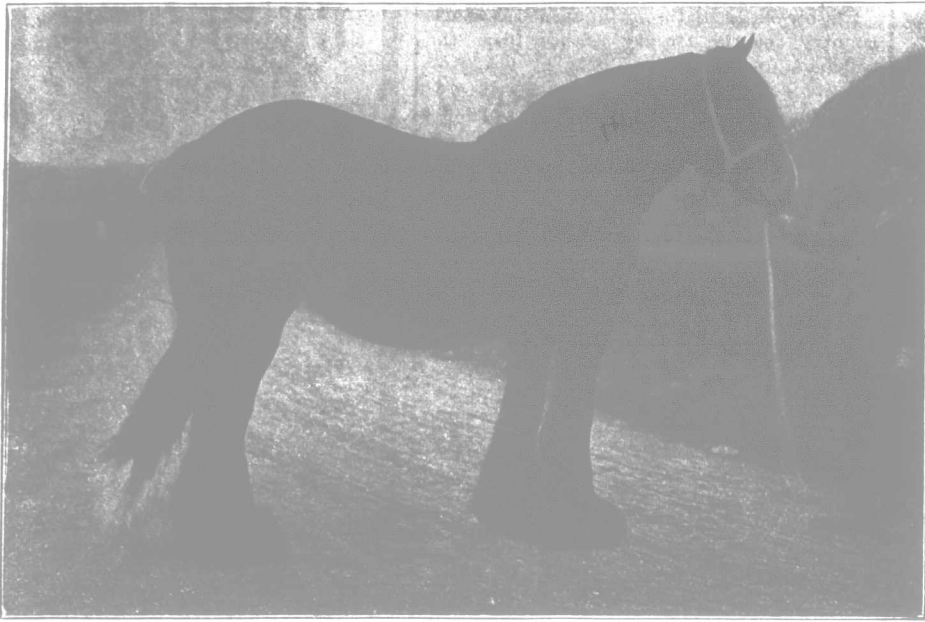




BREEDERS !

Insure your mares and foals against risk of death during foaling. Why take a chance of loss of a valuable mare when a policy in

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is known. Barbara felt that she might have borne anything, could she only have known something definite. Almost the worst feature of the case was her rebellion against Divine Providence. How could her Heavenly Father let her suffer so? What disaster had befallen Evan Sinclair?

One morning in October, a sunny morning, when the air was amber and the hills were opal, and a sweet Indian-summer warmth enfolded the old-fashioned gardens, Dr. Foss drew rein at Barbara's gate. The old doctor moved with deliberation, but he had no need to tie his old brown pony. It was accustomed to stand at any door in a circuit of miles, so long as it pleased Dr. Foss to linger indoors with a patient. He walked up the little path to the door, lifted the iron knocker, and gave a gentle tap; then opened the door and entered the room.

"You did not send for me, Miss Barbara," he said, "but here I am. Your doctor in town has written to me and has given you in my charge. What have you been doing all summer?"

"Nothing," answered Barbara, with a wan smile. "Nothing except thinking and thinking all day long."

"I see," said the doctor. "I see. Taking no exercise, living on starvation diet and sleeping very badly. My dear child, this will not do. Tell me the trouble. I am an old hand at the business. Perhaps I can help you."

There was something sympathetic and magnetic about the good physician who had spent forty years healing every sort of ills in a community widely scattered. He ministered to the mind as well as to the body.

"Miss Barbara," said the doctor, after a while, "you have stayed here as long as you ought. It is my duty to tell you that it will soon be cold and dreary, and that you must collect your forces and go back to your work. You will never get strong here. You brood too much."

"I don't know that I want to get strong. I don't mind growing weaker."

"This," said the doctor, "is the declaration of a coward, and I don't believe you are really a coward. Besides, who knows but there may be some reason of which you have not dreamed why you ought to go back to your own place? I understand that you had given up hope about the friend you have lost, yet it is not in the least impossible that at this very hour he may be alive and may be crossing the ocean with the purpose in his heart to go straight to you."

The color suddenly surged to Barbara's cheek, fixing on it an almost scarlet stain. "Why, doctor," she exclaimed, "how could that be?"

"Of course," he added, "it may not be. Yet men have lost themselves in strange lands, have lost their own identity by some turn of fate, or untoward accident, and after a long absence have been found in a hospital or asylum or in the street or a workshop, or have had a slight operation, and the past has rolled away, and they have come back to their world. Very few mysterious disappearances continue always unsolved mysteries. For

Amatite ROOFING

A Frank Statement

HOW many manufacturers of ready roofing will tell you frankly how their goods are made?

Mighty few.

They will talk about "secret formulas," "special waterproofing compounds," etc.—all nonsense.

They don't tell you what the goods are made of because they don't dare.

From the start we have never hesitated to tell the buying public just what Amatite is made of and just what it will do.

How Amatite is Made

Amatite is made of two layers of *Coal Tar Pitch*—the greatest waterproofing material known.

Alternating with these two layers of pitch are two layers of coal-tar-saturated *wool felt* to give it tensile strength.

On top of these four layers is a *real mineral surface*—five layers of protection.

The mineral surface is permanent, fireproof, and absolutely requires no painting.

It Needs No Painting

Roofings that require painting are a worry and an expense. Every year or two you have to climb up and give them a coating with some special compound sold by the manufacturers, or you are pretty sure to have a leaky roof.

Amatite is Making Good

We are constantly receiving letters from customers telling us how satisfied they are with Amatite—how much better it is than the old-fashioned roofing.

Year after year, in all weather, Amatite will give perfect service without any painting or attention of any kind.

Surely this is the kind of service that wins and keeps customers.

Free Sample

Before you go to your dealer and buy a roofing, we should be very glad to send you a sample, so that you can see for yourself just what we are talking about—what a solid, substantial, reliable roofing we are offering to the public.

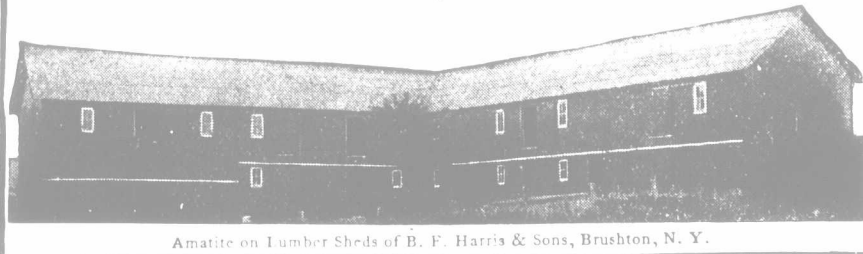
Something Back of It

Remember, in this connection, that Amatite is made by the *largest manufacturers of roofing materials* in the world, and that when you buy this roofing there is something behind it. We stand back of every roll. We know we are offering the best and the most economical ready roofing on the market.

For the sample and booklet address our nearest office.

The PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.

Toronto. Montreal.
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Amatite on Lumber Sheds of B. F. Harris & Sons, Brushton, N. Y.

aught that you or I can tell, Evan Sinclair may be on this earth. If he is on the earth, when he comes to himself, he will return at once to the old home. If he is not on the earth, but is living in heaven, what do you suppose he thinks of you throwing away your youthful life and strength on hopeless grief? We are not here to be happy merely, we are here to do our work, and my message to you to-day is to drop the apathy that is veiling you like a shadowy cloak and go back to your work. No, I am not prescribing drugs, nor tonics, aside from a brave resolution and prayer to God."

After the doctor had gone, Barbara wrapped a shawl about her, for the air began to grow chill, and walking through the little garden she gazed at the opal

hills and took deep drafts of the crystal air. A text or two that she had forgotten was suddenly audible in her soul. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," "God is our refuge and strength," "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble."

She went back to the house and packed her trunk. Next morning she gave the key to a neighbor, and twenty-four hours afterward was in her studio. Beginning work again was not easy, but Barbara had an ally in her new endeavor. Though still aware of her weakness, she had not now to fight with torpor and inertia. She accepted suspense as the burden she had to carry, but half consciously she leaned on a hope the doctor had given her, and almost imperceptibly the hope

changed to anticipation. Thus she was not greatly surprised one day in November, when the postman in the morning mail handed her a foreign letter. It bore a French postmark. She turned dizzy and faint as she saw the writing, and fell, gasping, into a chair. But joy does not kill. When she felt the touch of the paper in her hand, her pulse steadied, her eyes brightened, and dashing away sudden tears, she read the words that Evan Sinclair's hand had penned.

The story that the letter told was of an attack, a robbery, and long aberration due to a blow on the head. In some way, to be explained later, Evan had found himself in France, his case had attracted the attention of a surgeon, there had been an operation just as Dr. Foss had suggested as possible, and, in brief, he was coming home to gather up the threads of his life; he was coming home to his family and the girl he loved, and to whatever work he could find to do.

It may well be imagined how the tide turned. The first thing Barbara did was to thank God. The next, only a woman can understand. She went to her dressing-room and took off the ashen-gray gown that had expressed the state of her mind when she dwelt under a gray cloud.

"I shall never wear that again," she said. In the corner of her wardrobe hung a soft robe of warm crimson, a dress that Evan had liked. She put it on and looked at herself in the glass. Already it seemed to her that her youth was flooding in again as if it were spring instead of autumn. Then she put on her hat and went to see Janet to tell the good news. Together they went to Evan's mother and found her transfigured with joy. The mother's grief had been as deep as Barbara's, but she had borne it with a larger patience.

It was a beautiful Thanksgiving which they all kept, when Evan came home—American Messenger.

Work with the Hands.

Work with the hands! Let others toil With magic pen and mighty brain. But you and I, let's till the soil And plant bright roses on the plain. Let genius dwell on peak in cloud, But in the sunlit lower lands Tasks wait for us that call aloud Work with the hands!

Let's rise at dawn, then morn is young— Let's do that thing that we should do. Out of each task is triumph wrung. Out of pain is the soul made new. Let's use our common tools with pride, Let's join the strong heroic bands That answer to the summons wide— Work with the hands!

Sweet peace shall light our days with cheer, And gladness crown us like a sun. We shall have conquest of our fear From sorrow and from travail won. As Christ of Nazareth toiled with art Obeying all the Lord's commands, So shall we give Him with rapt heart Work with the hands!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.