



CHALLENGE

WATERPROOF

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For several days he lingered in the vicinity, hoping she might return him but as time passeo and she did not come he sought for her in the deep woods, and wandered further and further afield.

Winter set in cold and pitiless, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Food alone was of importance now, and it taxed him sorely to find sufficient. Nothing was obtainable but the tens of the young birches, and to get these he was driven into the burnt country where second growth was plentiful. At nights he wandered down into the muskegs to gain shelter from the bitter winds tat swept roaring across the upland heights when the Arctic blizzard blew. There, in the thicket, lonely and cold, he slept, among the sombre spruces. His former life became to him but a dim memory, an almost for o en past.

Then came summer, and he revelled in the cool lakes and drew up the lily pade from the soft mud. He was almost full-grown now, a great, long-legged creature, active and powerful, carrying on his massive head a pair of rapidly developing horns.

One moonlit October night, while wandering restlessly through the woods, he came out on what had once been a large clearing. Half hidden in the rank growth of grass and young trees stood a little row of empty log cabins. Something strangely familiar in the scene awoke a sleeping chord in his memory. Pausing, he rubbel his horns against the corner of one of the shacks, and strove vaguely to recall the past. Below him lay the still lake, gleaming white and peaceful in the moonlight. On the far-ther shore the forest rose gloomy and impenetrable, its giant spruces standing out sharply against the sky-line like teeth of a gigantic saw. Suddenly floating clear and distinct on the stillness came a long plaintive call.

The bull stood spellbound, trembling in every fibre of his being. His big, sensitive ears slanted forward, listening eagerly for a repetition of the sound

Again it came, a low, mellow grunt, intensely appealing in its tone. It was like no other sound on earth. It was the love call. It appealed to the primal instinct of his nature, and his whole body thrilled in response to it.

Everything was clear to him now. In a flash came back the old days at the camp—happy days—days when he had a playmate. What if it should be she calling now? With a rush he was in the lake, and the water flew flashing in the moonlight before his swinging stride. Soon he was out of his depth, and swimming towards the spot from which the call came. His great body cutting through the calm water left two long lines of silver ripples widening in his

Would she call again? Yes; once more came the inviting note, urging him to greater speed. Presently he reached the dim shadow cast by the bush, and found footing. Here he paused, standing belly deep in the water, with the light playing softly on his huge wet body An indefinable fear assailed him. He stood irresolute, sniffing the air.

Suddenly from the darkness in front came a blinding flash, and a heavy missile struck him with the stunning force of a sledge-hammer. He was dimly conscious of a loud report, and the excited cry of human voices. Then he stumbled, bruising his knees on the rock bottom. Rising, he plunged blindly forward a few paces and fell face forward among the rushes. Sport had triumphed and wild love lay dead for

The Keeping of a Queen's Wardrobe

From the days of fairy stories up to the time of old age there is a peculiar fascination for women in the way queens dress, from whom they purchase their gowns, and how they look in them, but perhaps, even more interesting, because so little known, is the manner in which the wardrobe of a queen is taken

While Queen Mary of England is said to be rather a dowdily dressed personage, and not at all modish in appearance, being rather wedded to old fashioned notions in regard to personal adornment, yet she bas a most extensive wardrobe of all sorts of state and ordinary gowns and wraps and their accessories, all of which are kept in Buckingham Palace, London.

The robe room, as the apartment containing the queen's wardrobe is called. is one of a suite of rooms situated immediately over the dressing rooms occupied by the queen's dressing maids, and is in charge of the chief dressing maid.

It is a very large apartment, the walls of which are lined with big mahogany wardrobes and drawers, that hold a full length skirt. Altogether, there are ten large wardrobes, and in the three largest are kept the queen's state robes and gowns, and in the others her ordinary evening, afternoon, street and house dresses

Several maids keep these dresses in repair and in perfect condition, and, overnight, the chief dresser is informed by the queen's secretary, mistress of the robes, or some other personal attendant, which dresses the queen will require the following day, and the time which she will need them. The first gown to be worn is taken to the queen's dressing room by one of the maids, who goes with the chief dresser to assist in the toilet. The next dress is then taken to the dressing room at the hour the chief dresser has been instructed to have it ready, and so on. during each part of the day.

There is a perfect system, too, for keeping the gowns, hats and wraps, for each gown and its accessories are placed together, and each bears a number, and this number and particulars of the gown as to trimmings, time of purchase, .ker, and so on, are entered in a book, which is kept in charge by the chief dresser, who can, at an instant's notice, turn to this book to find out just when the dress was purchased, and from whom.

Queen Mary is rather economical in regard to her clothes, and it is said five or six thousand dollars a year will cover her expenditure, not only for her ordinary gowns, but for her state gowns as well, and many of her walking dresses have not cost more than 30 dollars, while many an evening gown has not exceeded one hundred dollars. Her state gowns and robes necessarily cost much more, but even at that the queen does

SCHOOL TEACHERS Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I had used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher. (Tea is just as harmful because it contains caffeine. the same drug found in coffee.)
"Ten years ago I was obliged to give

up my much-loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general "gone" feeling, with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years back I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Soon I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Write for a copy of "The

Road to Wellville." Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.