



## Guaranteed to Wear Longer or you get 2 pairs free

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Let us again remind you that we guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to outwear others. That means the best wearing hosiery sold anywhere.

The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

### They're Seamless

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate your feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these machines increase the wear resistance of Pen-Angle Hosiery and at the same time make them more comfortable—your ideal hosiery.

Make up your mind right now that you will never again buy hosiery with horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery.

### For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black.

light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, hello, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

### Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors.

# Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE HOSIERY

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 43 Paris, Canada

## LIFE IN THE WOODS

This is a very useful book, being a guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of all kinds of animals. It tells how to fish; it gives the right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait traps for minks, weasels, skunks, hawks, owls, gophers, birds, squirrels, muskrats, foxes, rabbits, raccoons, etc., how to make and use bird lime. How to catch alive all kinds of birds; how to tell the true value of skins; how to skin all animals, deodorize, stretch and cure them; how to dress and tan skins, furs and leather; to tan with or without wool or hair; to skin and stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; how to fish successfully without nets, spears, snares, "bobs" or bait (a great secret); how to choose and clean guns; how to breed minks for skins. We have a limited number of these valuable books on hand, and as long as the supply lasts we will sell them for 15 cents each postpaid.

HELFRICH & CO., 2559 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## The Rebellion of M'lindy Ann.

By JULIAN BISHOP.

I.



WHEN Eli Barrows was fairly set in at his work, he was an adept at hectoring; and it was his pleasure to hector on this occasion. "Yes," he declared loftily to M'lindy Ann as he hitched up; "I've sold the hill place for three thousand dollars—three thousand—do ye take that in? I've got the whole pile in my satchel in there, an' I'm goin' to ketch the eight o'clock train for the city an' put it in bank. No, you can't go along. It's just a matter of business, anyway? I reckon I know how 'his money's come—by good, hard licks—an' I've been a good part of my life makin' it, so it stan's to reason I'd know how to take keer of it."

"I've worked pretty hard for it, myself," said Mrs. Barrows, meekly. She was a little woman with iron-gray hair, and her voice was soft and plaintive.

Eli laughed, throwing back his head. "Well, I call that good!" he said jeeringly. "What does any woman know? Always in the house, havin' an easy time, while men's out in the weather, tolin' for all they're worth. I b'lieve you'd complain if you was in Paradise, M'lindy Ann. You don't know when you're well off—a good home, an' little to do, an' a chance to go to church every other Sunday, besides the political speakin'!"

M'lindy Ann did not reply. She turned resignedly, went into the house, and devoted herself to the "little to do" which Eli had mentioned. The broom was going swiftly and steadily when her lord came in and took up the leather satchel from the table.

"I'll be home in the mornin' on that early train," he said condescendingly, for he was always ready to forgive M'lindy Ann for her shortcomings, and took credit to himself therefor, as being "easy to get along with." "You can wait breakfast—I'll be pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Buy a roun'-trip ticket, Eli," suggested M'lindy Ann mildly. But there could not have been any ulterior motive in her suggestion, for she added under his frowning glance: "They're cheaper in the long run, ye know."

"You talk like you travelled for a livin'" muttered Eli as he went out to the buggy; and the broom swept steadily on, through one room and into another.

One could live with M'lindy Ann in comparative comfort. She never talked back.

"I wisht ye had some new clothes, Eli," she called after him as he sat in the buggy, his knotted hands with the reins in them resting on the knees of his baggy old trousers.

"If my clothes suits me, there ain't nobody else got anything to do with 'em," he proclaimed testily. "If anybody wants to laugh at my clothes, let 'em laugh. They'd laugh on the other side o' their mouths if they knowed I had three thousand dollars in that little ol' grip!"

And Eli drove away, well satisfied with himself. Reaching town, he stabled his horse near the station and bought a round-trip ticket. He was going to do that anyhow, of course. M'lindy's suggestion had nothing to do with it. Women were always giving advice where it wasn't really needed.

Eli's trip to the city was not dull or monotonous in the least. It chanced that the car was somewhat crowded, and a gentleman asked permission to share his seat. He was a well-dressed gentleman with kid gloves, yet he did not hesitate to speak pleasantly to a homely old farmer like Eli Barrows, commenting on the perfect winter weather, and

asking after the last summer's crops with the greatest interest. It turned out that he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, on a little tour for health and pleasure, and Eli cheerfully gave him a great deal of information concerning the country in which he lived.

"You know, I always feel at home among the farmers," said the gentleman from Missouri. "Of course a large number of my constituents are farmers, and whenever I can get away I go down among them for an outing. Such good country fare as they give me! Such fried chicken—such butter and milk—there's nothing at the Waldorf-Astoria can compare with it!"

"I wisht ye'd call in on me as you're goin' back," said Eli, warmed to the heart. "We've got a pretty prosperous place—I'm jes' takin' three thousand up to the city now, to put it in bank."

The member of the Missouri Legislature looked alarmed.

"Hush! Don't tell that to every one," he whispered. "Have you friends in the city? Do you know where you are going to put up?"

"I don't know yet," said Eli, visibly swelling; "but I reckon I'll strike one of the big hotels for dinner—somethin' along about forty or fifty cents—I don't mind expenses, this trip. An' there can't no confidence man git the better o' me. I read the papers, I do—an' the first one that comes up an' calls me his long-lost uncle is goin' to get pasted over the head with this here umbrella!"

"But sometimes there are several of them, working together," said the gentleman from Missouri with deep concern. "Let's see—a friend of mine gave me the address of a place he always goes to—if I haven't lost it—ah, here it is! He says it is a very plain place, but the meals are fine. Suppose we both go there; and I'll keep you in sight after dinner till you get your money banked. Really, Mr. Barrows, after the interesting conversation we have had this morning, I shall not feel safe until you get that money into the bank."

And they reached the city, and Eli Barrows, smiling and grip-laden, went off in a cab with the member of the Missouri Legislature, and was lost in the crowd.

II.

M'lindy Ann had heard the distant rumble of the early-morning train as it crossed the valley at the back of the field and sped away to the little town, two miles further on. Breakfast was ready, and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove.

The entire house was speckless and in its best Sunday clothes; and, strange to relate, so was M'lindy Ann. Her worn black dress was brushed to the last degree, and showed its threadbareness forlornly. Her shabby old bonnet was waiting her pleasure on the bedroom mantel; her rusty black cape hung over a chair, ready for use at a moment's notice.

She was at the door, watching the bend of the road. Her face was colorless, even to the lips. Unconsciously her fingers plucked and twisted the ends of the ribbon bow at her throat into little black spirals. M'lindy Ann was plainly much disturbed.

When a little cloud of dust came crawling around the bend of the road, M'lindy Ann bestirred herself and set the breakfast on the table. Everything was ready when Eli stepped in at the door, and M'lindy Ann looked up, pretending not to notice that he was trembling from head to foot, and that he leaned against the door for support. What she really did notice was the other fact that his clothes were muddy, that his coat was torn, and that his hat had been crushed almost beyond recognition.