

## SEND for Hosiery Made with Seventy-Cent Yarn! Guaranteed Six Months 25¢ to 50¢ a Pair



### A Million People.

—men, women and children—are wearing Holeproof Hosiery! 26,000,000 pairs have been sold on the six-months guarantee! Think how good these hose must be to please so many wearers. Send for six pairs and try them. They save wearing darned hose and they save all the darning. If any of the six in the box wears out within six months you get a new pair free. But we don't protect just the heels and toes. Every stitch is guaranteed. If a thread breaks the pair is considered worn out, you get a new pair free.



**FAMOUS  
Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

### Our Wonderful Yarn

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, the finest yarn that money can buy. Seventy cents is the top market price. We could buy common yarn for thirty cents. But such yarn is 2-ply, heavy and coarse. Ours is 3-ply, light weight and long fibre. We make heavier weights in this 3-ply, soft yarn, but you

### Are Your Hose Insured?

can get the lightest weights if you want them.

### Our Thirteenth Year

This is our thirteenth year with "Holeproof." It now commands the largest sale of any brand of hosiery sold, because of the satisfaction to users. Hose that wear out in two weeks are a bother, no matter how comfortable they may be. "Holeproof," the most comfortable hose in existence, last twelve times as long—guaranteed. Can there be any question between the two kinds?

### Send Trial Order Now

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. See what a saving. Note their convenience. You'll never wear common kinds once you know these advantages. They are made for men, women and children. Get list of sizes, colors and prices. Only six pairs of one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire.

Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.  
101 Bond St., London, Canada

### Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.  
101 Bond St., London, Can.  
Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hosiery for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Weight..... (medium or light). Size..... Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and size.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... Province.....

**LIST OF COLORS**  
For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.  
For Children—Black and Tan only—medium weight only.

come and offer thy gift." Once a Christian was expecting to die as a martyr for his faith. The night before his death he dreamed that he was in Paradise. Everyone he saw was pure as the clearest crystal; but they all shrank from him in horror. Looking at himself, he saw that he also was as clear as crystal, except for a dreadful stain in his heart. He tried to cover the spot with his hands, but they also were like glass, and the spot showed through. He woke, and remembered that he was bearing a grudge against a fellow-Christian, so sent for him and asked his pardon humbly. He had been ready to give his body to be burned for Christ's sake, and yet had not charity. We may be summoned any moment, and even here we cannot afford to stain and poison our own souls by cutting ourselves off from Him Who is the Life. Light and darkness cannot reign together. If we live in darkness, and fasten the door of our hearts against love, we dare not seek a meeting with the King of Love. Instead, like Adam, we shall try to hide when we hear His voice; or fill our days so full of earthly interests—work or pleasure—that His Presence is forgotten.

"The things of earth have filled our thought,  
And trifles of the passing hour.  
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,  
And make us wise in knowing Thee."

DORA FARNCOMB.

### Star-Led to the Heights

A Christmas story, by Dora Farncomb, author of "Hope's Quiet Hour" and "The Vision of His Face." Price 35 cents, postpaid (or three copies for a dollar). The William Weld Co., London, Canada.

### Some Old-Time Echoes.

ON TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL.  
XIV.

I have been challenged as to the accuracy of a statement made in my last Echo, that tigers were to be met with in the wilder parts of South Africa. "Why," said the voice through the telephone, "there are no tigers in South Africa at all." This was, of course, somewhat disconcerting, and all for want of an explanatory word. The animal mentioned in my Log, and known in the then local parlance of the Transvaal as the tiger, was, perhaps, more accurately speaking, the "Cape leopard," of which there are two distinct species.

I can recall one morning very clearly when John said, "Good job missus didn't go outside last night, for there were tigers prowling round the mine. Look, Missus, there's their spoor in the sand. Wherever there are baboons," he added, "there's sure to be tigers, and there's plenty baboons around Eersteling, as Missus knows."

The term "Felis leopardus" was utterly unknown amongst the primitive folks in the wilds of South Africa, but the simple word "tigers" was explanatory enough when the best wisdom of those for whom the excitement of the chase had no charms, was to keep in safe hiding until the danger of a nocturnal visit was over.

### SPORT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Sport in plenty there was, and probably is still in South Africa—no battles, no "dilly, dilly, come and be killed" style of fun, but an exciting hunt, narrow escapes, sudden surprises, etc., requiring keen sight, steady aim, and an A1 rifle. Add to these good powers of endurance, an appetite above squeamishness, which can even swallow uncooked food at a pinch, unlimited climbing and walking capabilities, and an honest, whole-hearted love for an adventurous life, and what more can your thorough sportsman require?

On the 8th of July, my notes say, "This is our last day out, and as we wend our way through Kafr gardens and meadow grounds and realize that one long trek more will bring us to Eersteling, the center of the mining operations which my husband has been deputed to inspect, it seems almost too good to be true."

It appears that the etiquette of travelling in South Africa demands that you should outspan for the last night out,

very near the goal to which you have been so wearily journeying, so as to arrive with a flourish, as it were, in the morning. But to this proposal I make a vigorous objection. We cannot have bath, bed, and a roof over our heads too soon. My companions applaud my resolution, and uphold me in carrying it out, therefore in the dim twilight, so nearly dark that the glimmer of lamp and candle from the windows of the houses in the little mining settlement we enter, seems as a welcome, we, weary wanderers that we are, reach the "haven where we would be," and sink to sleep, oh! so thankfully, oh! so restfully, with our heads upon the real pillows, and our bodies between the real sheets, which had been thoughtfully and kindly provided for us at the Company's house, the headquarters of the manager of the mine.

### AT EERSTELING.

I suppose, before closing my somewhat overlong story, I should add a few descriptive words as to the goal we had reached at last.

On the 20th of July, 1875, the Log says: "We have now been a fortnight at Eersteling, and its natural beauties grow upon us daily. Hills are around and about us everywhere, some in ranges, with here and there a gap between, or alone, standing out boldly with grand outlines, and with smaller kopjes high at hand, bearing a fantastic resemblance to an old hen with her brood of overgrown chickens fossilized for their greediness in the very act of meddling with man's own particular right in South Africa to scratch and grub for the gold which mother earth so cunningly hides, and yet sometimes so unexpectedly reveals."

It gives one a curious sensation, at least while the novelty lasts, to think of the untold treasures one may at the very moment be tramping under foot.

Though its gullies and spruils have been the home of many a nugget, and possibly hold the secret of many more, yet Eersteling has more of reef than alluvial gold.

Do any of you picture us sauntering under our broad, flapping hats, or big, white, but color-lined umbrellas, picking up here a nugget and there a "nobby bit" of stone flecker with yellow, putting them into our pockets as one does when gathering pebbles or shells upon the sea shore? Not so, oh, Enquirer; gold is not to be had for the bare stooping for it, although you may pick up a bit of quartz and cast it away as valueless, all unknowing in your inexperience that a tiny speck was there, nevertheless. As cart after cart passes and repasses us, we know that the big stamps will have to pound away upon tons' weight of the burden each carries, to produce, at the end of the several careful processes yet to be gone through, one of those handsome-looking cakes much about the size, and of much the same appearance, as the slabs of golden gingerbread so dear to the school-boy heart. One of these was handed to me once with the somewhat late caution, as my hand nearly dropped it from its unexpected weight, "Look out, it is heavier than it appears!" And, truly, who could have thought so small a thing could have been so weighty or have cost so much time and labor to produce?

That there was gold and to spare in the Transvaal no one could doubt, but the necessary outlay, for the conveyance of heavy machinery, for the salaries of competent men to work it, with their travelling expenses from Cornwall, England, to the Transvaal, etc., made expenditures outweigh profits, consequently it did not take long to discover that the sooner the enterprise was discontinued the better for the shareholders of the Company which my husband represented.

Perhaps these difficulties might have been in some measure overcome under other conditions, but the outbreak of the Kafr War and the disturbing influences incident to it, put the final quietus to any further efforts in that direction. The three hundred or more Kafrs of different tribes, who, in separate gangs worked the mine, under the skilled direction of the thirty or forty Cornishmen, were constantly being summoned by mysterious messengers to prepare for battle, thus depleting the working power upon which so much depended.



## RAW FURS

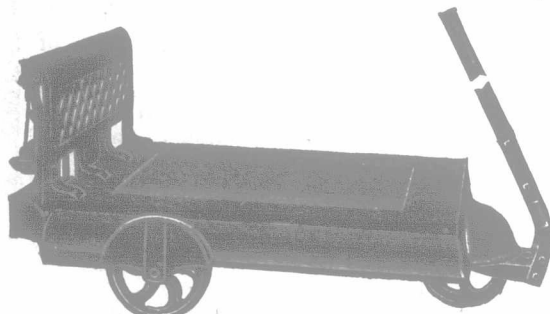
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### WAGON AND STOCK SCALE a Money-saver to You Mr. Farmer



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Write to-day for our illustrated catalogue, telling you about the Three-wheeled Wagon and Stock Scale. Capacity, 2,000 lbs. All material and workmanship first-class and guaranteed.

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