



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, helio, 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, helio, 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, helio, 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

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40, Paris, Canada

The Circulation of the Courier

is constantly extending into new fields and there is work everywhere in building up a growing connection with new readers. Just at present we want particularly several responsible and able canvassers for work in Toronto and elsewhere.

CIRCULATION BUREAU: CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO

Champion Walker of America

By F. H. HURLEY

TO have reached the proud position of champion walker of America, if not indeed of the world, after but two years of spasmodic training, is surely an achievement of which any athlete might well be proud. The subject of our sketch has accomplished all that, and in so impressive a manner that no doubt can remain, in the minds of those who have seen him perform, that he is the greatest exponent of the heel and toe mode of progression that has as yet appeared.

Donning walking-pumps for the first time six months previous to the Olympic games of 1908, and making what progress he could in that limited period, he sailed for London as Canada's representative, and there, in competition with twenty-five of the best walkers in the world, succeeded in finishing in fifth place. Although, as it will appear, he did not on that occasion win many honours for himself or his country, his style, nevertheless, was favourably commented upon, and he learned much of the art that he has since turned to profitable account, so much so indeed that it has largely been instrumental in enabling him to beat the world's record for the mile (6.26 by G. E. Larner), although unfortunately the time he made—6.25 1-5—has not been accepted as a record, on account of a shortage in the track of a few feet.

When it is considered what limited opportunities he has had for development, chiefly because of the comparatively few athletic meetings held in Canada in the course of a year, it will be readily seen what possibilities the future has in store for him.

He is now twenty-five years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs, in athletic dress, 145 lbs.—an ideal build. He has always been strictly temperate in his habits, never

having used liquor or tobacco in any form, and he certainly considers that his regular life and common-sense methods of training, which he



George Goulding,
Champion Walker of America

has always endeavoured to have based on moderation, to be the chief elements in his success.

Hunting Men in No-Man's Land

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Fifty yards in the rear he stumbled across a body in the snow. A smiling whitened face was turned toward him.

"It's good-bye, Jim," said a weak voice. "It's good-bye for ever now. Tell them all—that freezing—freezing isn't so bad. And—Jim—keep on—keep on—you'll win out yet—my coat and gloves. Oh Jim. I'm so sleepy—so sleepy—"

Then there was silence, while despite the cold, despite the storm, Jim stood bareheaded. The face below him was whitened, frozen from forehead to chin, but he knew only too well the look that overspread it. It was death. Tearing off one glove he thrust his benumbed hand into the other's clothing to his breast. No. There was not a heart-beat.

"Dead. Paul, dead." Mechanically he dragged the body toward the sledge. Mechanically he marked a cross on a slab of wood from the supplies, and drove it into the snow at Paul's head. Then the thought of his being also dead in a few hours unless succor came, brought him to his senses. Hastily he removed the furs from the still form beneath him. Poor Paul would need them no more, and although they were a tight fit, the survivor managed to crawl inside.

"I must move," he muttered. "I must move or die." Still mechanically he gave the cry to mooch, and by force of habit compelled his tired limbs to carry him forward. Then the thought of Cormier came. Cormier the cause of it all. With a volley of oaths, the dogs forged ahead.

"To Cormier, Wolf," he cried. "On to Cormier or death."

The thermometer on the sledge reached 48 degrees below and burst.

Jim looked through half-closed eyelids across the room. He could see a portion of a rough cabin with furs drying on the walls. Steam from a boiling kettle eddied aloft and faded into nothingness. The aromatic odour of coffee and frying bacon blended together into a perfume delightful. Somewhere in the room a woman was humming a tune. He turned on his side, uttering a groan of pain as he did so. At the sound the woman turned and eyed him compassionately. "You feelin' better, Monsieur?" she questioned. "You feel lak yo' can eat?"

"Where am I and how did I get here?" he demanded. He shuddered as he thought of the snow, and listening intently he heard the howl of the wind outside.

"My man he pick yo' up last night in de snow," explained the woman. "You layin' down near froze, and when he pick yo' up yo' say 'Professor Somebody. Ha. Ha! Yo' no know you talk lak' that. My man he bring yo' here. Three dogs all froze dead he leave. The rest all came here. Big dog, so cross an' mad, he bark or my man no find yo'. We has to tie him up he so cross."

"That's Wolf, the old villain," murmured the man. "So he saved me, eh? Good old Wolf."

She only caught a word here and