



## Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

### 2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

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.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

#### Exclusive Process

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to 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 form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

#### Reinforced Feet

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 wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

#### 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. 1770.—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.—Mercurized. 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

PENMANS, LIMITED, DEPT. 43 PARIS, CANADA

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

idea was in telling him I was in when I'd told her to say I was out. She said, 'Sir, I will not tell lies.' That was enough to make a man blue."

"But is it really necessary, Frank—to tell fibs?"

"It would have saved a lot of trouble in this case." He felt that he was bungling his affair and making it more difficult.

"What else?" she asked. "Well, for one thing, shrewd Aunt Trotman took the memoranda of the new deal that I had given her and sent it down to Dickson at Joplin to ask him whether he thought it was a good thing. Naturally, Dickson felt so sure of it that he jumped right in and bought up the claims under our noses and knocked our deal into a cocked hat. That happened to-day."

He paused and rubbed his brow. "I tell you all this, Nell, so you can understand that I was irritated and all out of temper this afternoon. I don't know whether you ever knew Fred Brewster?"

"I think not."

"Well, his wife—his widow—is bringing out the Lazarus mine, offering the stock for public subscription and using an old statement of mine in the prospectus."

He told her hurriedly of his talk with Mrs. Brewster.

"She was Fanny Putnam, wasn't she?" Mrs. Street asked coolly. Her grasp of his hand had relaxed.

"Yes. Did you know her—I'd forgotten."

"I knew her slightly, I think." She was looking at the wall, her head high. "I came across some letters from you to her a little while ago, when I was going through that old secretary. You seemed to have got them back."

"Yes, I got them back. Well, I went over to the office and set to work on the prospectus," he kept on rapidly. "It wasn't easy, but I got something up and had it printed and sent it over. Then this afternoon, when Aunt Trotman came in again, I found that she'd spoiled my deal and put her thousand dollars into the Lazarus because it looked so much more promising and I recommended it. She had a prospectus with her that she'd got that day. They were using the old one with my statement; not the new one. I told Aunt Trotman she'd probably lost her money, and she went out accusing me and dabbling her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief. I felt pretty savage, and I called up Mrs. Brewster. I didn't speak roughly to her, but I said I saw she was using the old prospectus. She said they were, because she had looked over the new one and consulted a friend and decided it wasn't so attractive as the old. I just said that I'd have to file a bill for an injunction to prevent her using my name, and that would get into the newspapers and stop the sale of stock. Then I hung up."

"Have you filed the bill?" she asked calmly.

"No! And I can't. That's just the trouble. I can't attack her. I can't file a bill to tell her and her children that her husband was a rascal. This mine is all she's got. I traded it to Brewster. Of course, it was just dog-eat-dog between us and there wasn't any deceit on either side. It was like two horse-sharks swapping horses to see which can beat the other. I don't suppose she could understand it that way, and even if she did there she is with the mine and my statement about it and what her husband told her about its value. I can't attack her."

"Will it hurt you—your business and standing?"

"About as much as being caught selling counterfeit money would," he replied gloomily.

"Why don't you protect yourself, then?" she demanded with spirit. "Surely you are entitled to protect your reputation. What woman has any right to injure that?"

"Oh, I don't know that it's a matter of right, exactly," he replied unhappily. The hand that had lain in his with a relaxing grasp was withdrawn to busy itself a moment at a strand of hair, then drop into her lap. "It seems to be more a question of feeling," she suggested with a slight smile that did not encourage him.

"Perhaps," he muttered. "You were engaged, were you not?" She said it with something the air of lifting a dirty rag.

"No," he hastened to say—"that is, not exactly engaged. We were together a good deal. I suppose there was a kind of understanding—before I met you, you know," he added, but he saw this littlest ailment nothing.

Mrs. Street smoothed down a fold of her skirt. Then she looked at him steadily from a far distance. "And she preferred Brewster."

He felt utterly ignominious. "Yes, she did prefer Brewster," he said doggedly. There was a little pause and he said, as though that might reconcile her, "Of course, Nellie, I was fond of her then."

She arose. "You must have been, to let her ruin your reputation and business now."

He stared at her, thoroughly miserable, across the great distance. But there seemed nothing to say that would improve the situation, so he clumped gloomily upstairs to prepare for dinner.

He felt mightily abused, too. This was the worst of all, he told himself. Because he had once been in love with Fanny his wife would not be just to her or to him. As though their having been in love was a crime, the wife demanded the sacrifice of this other woman—all the more because she had thrown him over for another man. It was the everlasting plague of women. His last refuge was full of thorns sharper than any of the others.

The dinner was not inspiring, although Mrs. Street talked calmly of various incidental things.

Afterwards she sat down at the piano as though she thought herself alone and began playing a little, aimlessly. She asked him over her shoulder whether he had remembered about the repairs for the furnace. He answered absently.

"Frank"—she stopped but did not look around—"you did get the better of Brewster in that trade, didn't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so. The mine he traded me certainly turned out better than Lazarus."

She played aimlessly again for a moment, then turned on the stool, slipped swiftly over and knelt beside his chair, pushing aside the newspaper and looking up into his face.

"Dear, I'll tell you what to do, what you must do, the only way," she spoke breathlessly. "You must buy her mine from her. It was twenty-five thousand, you said. You must buy it. We can stand it. I have some money, you know. You can take that if you like. It's the only way out of it." She gathered his hand to her breast. "You mustn't attack her. You must help her. You loved her once. It did hurt, dear, when I ran across those letters. I made up my mind never to mention it or think of it again. But it was something that hurt; and now, to-night, it hurt again. But it ought not to. I know that. She must have been nice or you wouldn't have loved her. She must be nice now, or you wouldn't care." Her eyes shone with tears. "You did love her. How much that is! I wouldn't have you be anything but generous and fine to her. If you were not I couldn't bear it—afterward."

"Nellie, there's nobody but you! Nobody but you!"

"I know! I know that!" Her lips were so near his face by now that she kissed him often. "That's just another reason, dear, why you must be generous and fine to her. It belongs to both of us to be generous to her. Don't you see it's right?"

"Why," he stammered, "of course; I'd thought of that. But it seemed—well, sort of foolish and sentimental to go dumping twenty-five thousand dollars into a hole in the ground for an old married man—and, after all, on account of a woman who is not your wife."

"No! It isn't foolish!" She hugged his hand. You know, you men are so afraid of being sentimental that when you are a little it startles us women so we don't know what to make of it. You're doing this for me as well as for her. It's the only way, dear, that will restore us. This woman whom you once loved has come up, and unless we are fine and generous to her she'd be a bit of a ghost, wouldn't she?"

"Why, that's right, Nellie—if you can see it that way."

"Of course, I see it that way," she declared, and kissed him again, while he marveled at her magnanimity which so far exceeded his. Before her woman's height he felt poor.

He would have gone on humbly to tell