



How are you fixed when goods arrive?

DOES your shipping room present a scene of noisy, bustling disorder? Are you compelled to clog or temporarily paralyse the running of your business by shorthanding your various departments in order to accommodate fresh shipments as they arrive? Or, is it possible for one or two men to take hold and expeditiously, economically and safely—without waste of time or energy—dispose of the goods systematically and in proper arrangement. Your answer depends upon whether or not you use

OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

In point of utility, convenience and economical efficiency, your Otis-Fensom Elevator bears the same indispensable relation to modern business as the telephone, typewriter and electric light. It makes for decidedly improved business conditions. It saves labor—it saves time—it saves calling clerks, salesmen or other employees from their regular duties in the store or office. It enables you to keep your ground floor clean and inviting, and to use all of the ground floor space for salesmanship and display. It does away with expensive hand labor and substitutes mechanical facilities that keep pace with the increasing demands of your business.

Send for "Freight Elevators and their Uses."

The Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Limited
Traders Bank Building : : : Toronto



BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind, and Hard Water. It not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of "LA-ROLA" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, and Irritation, Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTEMHAM, ENG.

Get this Course in Physical Culture

Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, the Foremost Authority in Health and Body Building.

To every person sending us \$1.00 for an eight months' trial subscription to the

PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE

we're going to give, absolutely without cost, a complete course of lessons in physical culture. These have been written by Mr. Macfadden personally, and represent the most effective body-building course ever compiled, and reflect the knowledge gained in the treatment of Patients at his immense Healthatorium, 42nd Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Equal of many courses sold at from \$15.00 to \$50.00.

We make this unusual offer as an inducement for you to get acquainted with the Physical Culture Magazine—the most needed periodical in the field of literature.

Here is an opportunity to get rid of doctors and medicines. Just enclose \$1.00 and say, "Send me your Free Course and enter my name for an eight months' subscription to Physical Culture." We will cheerfully return your money if you are not satisfied.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO., 1405 Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK CITY

her money by settlement when his Lordship dies. But when there's so much more—and everybody knows that there is—lots of treasures his Lordship has collected, as well as money he's saved of late years while he's been living so quietly, it's but natural she should think she ought to come into something more. And she such a fine woman, who does such credit to jewels and handsome things as she does!"

It was not a very pleasant picture thus presented, Edna thought, of the lady who amused herself in her own way from year's end to year's end, and "swooped down upon" her husband when she feared there was a chance of his giving anything away. After a few moments' thought, however, she began to laugh.

"And do you think," she said, holding up her cameo ring and looking at it in the light of the fire, "that Lady Lockington would begrudge me my pretty ring?"

The housekeeper looked shocked. "Of course not," she said, quickly, as if rather displeased by the importation into such a serious discussion of a tone of levity. "But the ring and the dress are only the thin end of the wedge. When Lord Lockington takes a fancy into his head, as he has for your playing and singing, he rides it to death. Depend upon it, you'll be overwhelmed with presents, and if my Lady hears of it, not only you will get in for it with her, but I shall too, for bringing you here."

Edna looked frightened. "It doesn't show a very nice disposition," she said, mutinously, "to begrudge her husband the pleasure singing can give him, or the singer any presents it may please him to give."

"Well, there, there, I've said what I had to say, and it's not for us to criticize our betters. All I want you to understand is, that you may suddenly find yourself in a difficult position, if Lady Lockington were to appear here suddenly, and were to find that my Lord had been giving you handsome presents. And that is why, contrary to my own feeling, and I'm sure to yours, I'm obliged to say: 'Be cautious, and keep the gifts you get as quiet as you can.'"

Edna felt greatly distressed by these warnings, which were wholly unexpected. Believing, as she still did, that it was the Viscount himself who had talked to her in the shut-up drawing-rooms, she felt quite confident that the stories told about him were untrue, and that he was, as she would ingenuously have expressed it, "good and kind." She was already up in arms against the wife who, to her thinking, was greedy and selfish and neglectful, and ready to die in defence of the husband, who was generous and delicate in his generosity.

"Well," she said, presently, when she had considered the matter in silence which the housekeeper did not attempt to break, "I hope Lord Lockington won't give me anything more. If he does, I shall have to go away, for I can't ask him not to, and I can't refuse, and I can't prevent people knowing what he does. I suppose," she went on, glancing at the table where she had left the Viscount's note, "that it was Revesby who brought his note and the ring?"

The housekeeper said nothing, and Edna wondered, with rather an eerie feeling, whether the Viscount himself had brought them while he knew her to be absent at the vicarage.

(To be continued.)

The Stuff of Heroes

(Continued from page 10.)

cast of his features, his colouring, the texture of his skin, a certain wistfulness in the lines of his mouth, Duboff decided to be Slavic.

When at last the stranger awoke it was to an obstinate silence, apparently to no more than a semiconsciousness. Duboff spoke to him in English, French, German, Norwegian, Polish, and lastly Russian; but obtained not so much as the flicker of an eyelid to show that he was understood. From this state of collapse, so unlike the indomitable force he had displayed on the day of the wreck, the stranger passed into violent pneumonia.

For days he hung between life and death, as precariously balanced, there in the guarded quiet of the doctor's room, as on the reeling fragment of wreck amid the thunder of the hurricane. But sleepless care and devotion pulled him through. There was Duboff's boy to help in the struggle, a vigilant and thoughtful watcher by the bedside. There was Duboff's old housekeeper, Mrs. McGarrigle, to take her turn at the task. And Duboff wrestled with death for him as he himself had wrestled with the surges for the stricken sailor.

THERE came a morning when the sick man opened sane, inquiring eyes, and stared about the clean homely little room with its one window wide open to the sharp sea air. For some minutes they were obviously puzzled. The unplastered walls, decorated with prints from illustrated journals, the sturdy, serviceable furniture, most of it obviously homemade, the spotless, coarse linen, the bright coverlet of patchwork, all were scrutinized in turn. And then the low ceiling, of light, clean spruce, traversed by sawed and planed scantlings.

At last memory came back into the questioning eyes, and the man realized that he must be in some remote fishing village of the Labrador Coast. Laboriously, step by step, he groped his way through the storm, the wreck, the desperate struggle, up to the moment when he had let himself drop with his burden from the sloping mast, and been grasped, in the suffocating vortex of those green surges, by some strong swimmer who had come miraculously to save him.

The door opened. A short, broad built old woman in blue-gray homespun stepped softly but briskly into the room,

and approached the bedside with a cup and a spoon in her hand. Her eyes met his, and at the new look in them she gave a little exclamation of delight. He spoke to her; but it was in a tongue she could not understand, and her wrinkled, ruddy old face clouded again, as she jumped to the conclusion that his mind was wandering.

"Arrah, now," she answered crooningly, as to a baby, "be aisy wid ye, an' don't tr-ry to talk. Take this, now, loike a little man." And, seating herself on the chair by the bedside, she attempted to give him something from the cup.

But the sick man pushed her hand aside, abruptly, as the sick will. "What place is this? Where am I?" he demanded in clear English.

Mrs. McGarrigle looked surprised. "Why, sure, ye're at Pratts Harbour," she replied. "An' where else would ye be, if not at the bottom o' the say?"

The stranger mused a moment, still motioning away the cup. "And whose house is this?" he asked.

"The docthor's av coorse!" came the answer.

"What doctor's?" went on the stranger.

Mrs. McGarrigle's face showed a degree of astonishment that was not far from disapproval. The idea of any human being having to ask what doctor's! "Why, Docthor Peter's,—whose else's could it be?—what hauled ye out o' the say?"

"Ah, yes," murmured the stranger, remembering that grip of salvation. "But who is Dr. Peter?"

Mrs. McGarrigle was grieved at such ignorance. A sudden sound of loud sizzling from the kitchen. She jumped up, set down the cup and spoon on the chair, and exclaimed warmly, "Sure an' he's an Angel o' light, that's what he is, an' ye'd ought to know it, Sorr. An' there's the pot a' billin' over!"

She bustled from the room, closing the door behind her; and the sick man lay back with his eyes upon the ceiling, pondering. It troubled him that the man's name should be Peter.

Some five minutes later the door opened again. This time the visitor was a bright faced, slim boy, with large gray eyes and longish, tumbled, yellow-brown hair. He beamed frankly on the sick man, seated himself on the edge of the bed with a businesslike air, and announced, "You're better. I'm so glad!"