

When you buy Socks or Stockings see the name **Jason** on the foot. Then you know you have the best that can be made.

For **Jason** are all pure wool, absolutely unshrinkable, and as soft as silk. The all-wool texture keeps the feet snug and warm in the coldest weather and gives you the greatest possible comfort. And because of their silky softness they cannot irritate.

Jason Socks and Stockings are made in a 1 style, and weights:

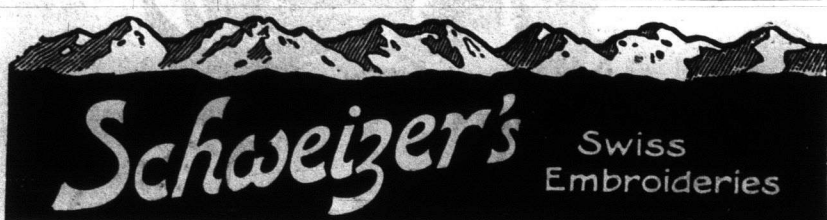
Men's Half-hose: ribbed, plain, and in vertical stripes and silk.

Ladies' Hose: ribbed, plain, lace silk and fancy.

Children's Three-quarter-hose and Socks: ribbed, turnover tops, plain and lace.

Your Stores will supply **Jason** if you ask for them by name.

In case of difficulty, write **JASON HOSIERY CO., Leicester, Eng.**



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Waists - - from 70c
Babies' Dresses " \$1.20
Girls' Dresses " \$2.10
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Delivered free of postage.

All our embroideries are unmade, but we deliver paper patterns for all our styles to order.

Write to-day for complete catalogue G of our famous Swiss Embroideries on batiste, voile, crêpe, linen, and all the latest silk materials with finest Paris fashion plates sent free on request.

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Part of a ten-cent bottle of
MAYPOLE STRAW HAT POLISH

brushed evenly over that soiled old shape will give you a hat that's just as fresh and pretty as new, in almost any color you fancy. Dries in a few minutes, and makes a lasting, protective finish for the straw.

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FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., LIMITED,

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10¢



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stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

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veteran a new lease of life. But for some reason his big fingers were in the way. He was getting warm, but for no evident reason. He gave the stiff wire a lusty jerk, the plyers lost their hold, and the poor fellow's hand flew backward, striking the edge of a ploughshare lying on the porch.

"Miriam!" was all the helpless Crockett could cry. At the sight of the blood issuing from the wound he groaned pitiously.

Miss Cartwright took full charge of the patient. She now acknowledged the wisdom of a practical mother, who had taught her the rudiments of nursing. The wound, though not dangerous, was carefully dressed, the young nurse ordering a two days' rest. The horny, old farmer at first flatly refused, but when he was told that blood poison might set in, he yielded like a child.

A new atmosphere pervaded the home of Old Charley Crockett that evening. Miss Cartwright instantly won her way into the hearts of the whole family. And what a magnificent supper they had that night! Never had the snow-white tablecloth looked so spotlessly clean and attractive, nor the dishes glistened so brightly, nor the roast pork and the squash pie tasted so delicious. Never had the rosy cheeks of the little Crocketts beamed so joyously, or the plain yet attractive features of Thomas William and the thin, languid face of Miriam shone with such a warm, hopeful light as they did that September evening.

Even the stern, flinty sire arrayed him-

to the group on the rustic porch. To make our story complete we are constrained to add another incident. It was on the twelfth day of last June when the social columns of Toronto's papers reported the most charming wedding of the season. Smiling serenely from a bulwark of type was the picture of the bride, Miss Phyllis Cartwright, President of the Women's Press Club, and beside it was the features of the young husband, James Wallace McDonald, managing editor of the "Daily Express." Following a marvellous flow of exquisite descriptive rhetoric, of which society editors have such a remarkable command, was the following paragraph:

"Among the most highly-prized favors to the bride was a beautiful painting 'The Sunset,' the gift of the promising Canadian artist, William Crockett, who is now in Rome studying his art in the studios of that classic city. It is said that it was Mrs. McDonald who discovered this gifted, young painter, a boy on his father's farm in the West."

A Practical Puzzle

There is still something for the husband and father to do aboard the family ship. Mr. Glidingberry, who figures in a dialogue in Judge, understood his duty.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Glidingberry said proudly to the newcomer in town, "I guess I've got one of the intellectualist



A Fine Field of Lettuce.

self in a clean shirt, and chatted familiarly with one of them "good-for-nothin' Eastern females." That night the hogs, horses and cattle rejoiced over additional rations, and Miss Cartwright's pony was treated to a generous feed of Old Crockett's specially selected oats, fed only to "Prince Napoleon," his fine, imported Percheron stallion.

That night, grouped on the porch, was Old Crockett, seated in his great arm-chair, his good wife, wearing on her cheeks a little color for the first time in months. Thomas William planted on a wooden stool, the little ones sitting in divers places and divers positions, and in their midst Miss Cartwright, in grandmother Crockett's ancient English rocker, teaching them, as only a woman of culture can, the lesson of life—the love of the higher, the nobler, the godlier things in human existence.

Their eyes followed hers to the west. The sun was setting, its golden shafts immersing the plains in a flood of light, and painting in the skies a picture of divine loveliness. A thousand colors, tints known only to celestial artists, blended in perfect harmony and proper intensity, the whole, set in the pale, blue vaults of heaven, forming a scene of exalted beauty and lasting remembrance.

But the picture was fast perishing as the moments sped on. Soon the sun-god, weary of his eternal labor, gathered the rays into his blood-red breast, and peacefully sank into the depths of the far-distant Rockies. A chill, autumn breeze arose from the north, the wail of hungry coyote was borne on its wings, and with sentiments of heavenly-inspired origin, the little group sought the comforts of the fire-side.

Five years have passed since that evening, and many changes have transpired

families in these parts—always taking up with something that calls for the exercise of the mental powers to the utmost."

"Is that so?" politely murmured the newcomer.

"Yes. Now, there's mother. She's up-stairs this morning with a set o' newspaper puzzle-pictures. If she solves 'em, and writes a good serial story to go along with 'em, she gets two dollars. And my daughter Lizzie is covering the dinin'-room floor with sheets o' paper that she's been figuring on, trying to find out how old Ann is.

"Henry, he's trying to cut down the time-record on the pigs-in-clover puzzle. And Jim—that's Jim over by the fence—he's studying up a new way to work the fifteen puzzle. He's worked on it for three years now, and thinks he's pretty near got it."

"But you," inquired the new citizen, "what problem are you devoted to?"

"Who—me? My problem?" repeated Mr. Glidingberry. "Oh, I work out the problem of keeping the family together."

He Knew the Instrument

Mr. Clancy, the blacksmith, had sprained his wrist and went to the doctor. The doctor started to take down a bottle of fluid from his cabinet, but found the bottle empty.

After a moment's search he called for his assistant, and said, "Will you get me a couple of those phials from the closet up-stairs?"

"Files!" cried Mr. Clancy, in alarm. "Sure, if ye're goin' to work at it wid tools can't ye take a smoother wan?"