



How Your Walls Will Look With Fibre Veneer

Now you may have the beauty of paneled oak walls in dining-room or library at the cost of good wall paper. Plain quarter-cut effect in lower, above the plate rail border of parquet 12 or 18 inches wide. Fibre Veneer is hung like wall paper, is sanitary, washable, and very much more durable. It is not an imitation, but a perfect reproduction made from the actual wood itself.

How much you will need

Fibre Veneer is 36 inches wide and 34 feet to the roll. One roll will cover a space equal to 3 rolls of wall paper. Chart below gives approximate quantities required for rooms 8 feet high to plate rail.

Room size.	Rolls wall required.	Rolls border.
10 x 13	1	1
14 x 18	2	1
16 x 22	3	2

How Fibre Veneer is made

Fibre Veneer is reproduced from fine quarter-sawn oak, preserving all the beauty and distinction of the grain. It comes in rolls 36 inches wide, 34 feet long. Parquet patterns can be divided into either two or three widths, 12 or 18 inches. It is made in a number of patterns. Samples sent on request.

How You May Buy Fibre Veneer

Order by mail, enclosing remittance and specifying design and shade wanted. Send for samples if you wish to choose from full selection. We may have a dealer in your vicinity. If he cannot supply Fibre Veneer, we will be glad to fill your order direct. Write to-day.

Special Introductory Price
\$1.50 per 34 foot roll.
Delivery charges prepaid.

HUGH SILVER & SON, PRESCOTT, Ont.

WALL PLASTER

The best will not cost you any more than the inferior article or so-called substitutes.

Ask your dealer for the "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters—the highest grade wall plasters manufactured.

Shall we tell you something about "Empire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

CHALLENGE

GOLLARS

Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA
Limited
64-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.
8148

derstood with complete clearness where he had gone, or why.

"This is a world of change," remarked Golson. "And a newspaper office is the very heart of it."

But no particular change came for Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame. A year and more passed, and they sat still back to back in adjoining dens. The one was engaged, as before, in perfunctory and spiritless comment on the happenings of yesterday or in comment upon comment on the happenings of the day before. The other was still endeavoring to swell local talent to the proportions and significance of genius, and was still wondering if she should ever be able to round out life to a completeness artistically satisfying. Yes, the art of life was the great art, as always; but how it slipped through one's fingers!

The first afternoon edition was off the press; errors had been lamented and corrected; and all hands in the editorial department were engaged on a languid miscellany of minor matters for the morrow. It was a day in early May. On Avis Grahame's desk stood a spray of lilac in a tumbler. Its odor persisted against the smells of lubricating oil and of printer's ink that always clung round the building, and it helped some obscure sixth sense within her to register the approach of youth and hope and success and joy—of youth triumphant, hope fulfilled, success accomplished, and joy abundantly bestowed.

She had lost all sharp sense of time and place, when a tumult (as it seemed to her suddenly restored consciousness)

hame's door and looked in on her with all possible friendliness. Myrtle, a paragon of high fashion, explained that they had come to town for a few days to look up old friends; she was cordial, but she made it clear that a wife and mother was addressing an unattached spinster. And Parlow himself said, with beaming condescension:

"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance?"

Miss Grahame smiled wanly—less, perhaps, at Parlow than at the baby. The Renaissance had not yet taken place.

In the next compartment Golson had just shut his desk and put on his hat with the idea of stepping over to the public library and getting some figures about the iron trade. He was as lean and gaunt as ever, and Dissatisfaction was still openly claiming him for her own. Parlow caught him on the threshold and greeted him with gust complicity. He even reached down into a well-stuffed pocket and handed out a card, and Golson learned that he was face to face with the editor and proprietor of the Central City Clarion.

"Her father's health got bad," said Parlow, jerking his plump thumb toward Myrtle, "and a practical man was needed. Pretty soon he was glad to let me buy him out—on easy terms. Central City is humming, and the Clarion with it. You're still doing editorials, I suppose?"

"Still doing editorials," replied Golson, suddenly overcome with a sense of life's futility.

"And still single, I presume?"

"Still single," said Golson, patiently,



The Town Band, Aylesbury, Sask.

sounded just outside her door. There was a scuffle of many feet—as many as eight or ten, perhaps—and she knew, with nothing more to tell her, that prosperity was in full advance, that self-confidence was forging ahead under rapidest momentum, that General Satisfaction and Boundless Complacency sat high, side by side, in their chariot, and that the long corridor of the Semicolon building had been chosen as a Via Sacra by the latest of triumphing conquerors.

Avis Grahame shook herself to alertness and glanced through her open door out into the hall. She saw a young man, a young woman and a very young baby. The man was Frank Parlow; the woman was Myrtle Race; and the baby—well, the baby filled in the historical hiatus and indicated the precise relationship between the other two.

Success and self-satisfaction sat upon the young couple like a double aureole. Each was proud of the other and of the baby, and of the position—presently explained—which their united efforts and talents had gained for them in the world. Their progress was taking them from the city room, where they had exhausted the admiration of the few late lingerers, on toward the private office of the lord proprietor, whom they were gallantly purposing to meet on terms of unblinking equality. An unoccupied copyboy was at their heels admiringly; a casual window-washer was glad of their notice; and the youth in charge of the elevator had delayed his descent as long as he dared.

The little party paused at Miss Grahame's door and looked in on her with all possible friendliness. Myrtle, a paragon of high fashion, explained that they had come to town for a few days to look up old friends; she was cordial, but she made it clear that a wife and mother was addressing an unattached spinster. And Parlow himself said, with beaming condescension:

but with a crescent sense of the emptiness of the universe.

"Your hair's grizzling, I see . . ."

"It's much the same, I think," returned Golson, with a flat tone from which all vibrancy had vanished.

"Get married," counselled the young man, "and have somebody to take care of you. It's the only way to live." He left his wife and infant son and drew a step or two nearer the other. "Come," he said, in an undertone, with a slight gesture toward Miss Grahame's door; "she's a fine woman—and Myrtle says so, too. Ain't you ever going to throw the bomb?"

Miss Grahame came out into the hall, dressed for the street and busily pencilling the finish of some brief memorandum. In her modish gray gown and her gold eyeglasses she seemed the perfected expression of good taste and "gentility."

"Going my way?" asked Golson.

"I'm going to the library, to look up some of the later French impressionists."

"That's my way. We will go together, if you like."

"Do," Parlow advised genially, as he moved along, with his little family, towards the secluded and well-guarded quarters that were sacred to the proprietor of the paper. "Well, good luck; and good-by. I must say 'Howdy' to the Old Man, and ask him out to lunch with me to-morrow."

Hardiness in nursery stock is of first importance. Buy no other kind.