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Direct from the Factory to You.

Boots of equal quality at such reasonable prices CANNOT possibly be obtained in any Canadian Store. To get the very best material and workmanship combined you MUST send your order by post to our Northampton (England) Factory, the very centre of the world's boot and shoe industry.

We guarantee to send you by return mail a pair of these magnificent boots immediately on receipt of remittance. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon and send to us with a Post Office Order, and no matter in what part of Canada you may live, the goods will be despatched to you at once. Every pair is a triumph of the bootmaker's art and a revelation in the matter of down-right solid value. Further, if you are not more than satisfied with your bargain, if you do not feel that the goods sent are worth double the amount we are asking for them, send them back at once and we will return your money in full and pay cost of postage in addition. Could anything be fairer?

FULL DESCRIPTION.

Boot No. 1100.—Extra Stout Kip leather uppers. Derby pattern. Wax-thread sewn, half-waterproof tongue, straight toecap, unbreakable jockey backstrap, extra stout, hard-wearing soles 1 inch substance, with 6 rows of iron studs let in flush with the leather. The boot is screwed right through the outer sole to the inner sole, thus making it impossible to break away.

The "Barratt" System of Sizes and Widths.

GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 25c. extra). Each size in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

HOW TO ORDER.—Fill in the attached Order Form, stating size (length), usually worn, then the width according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide, No. 6 width.

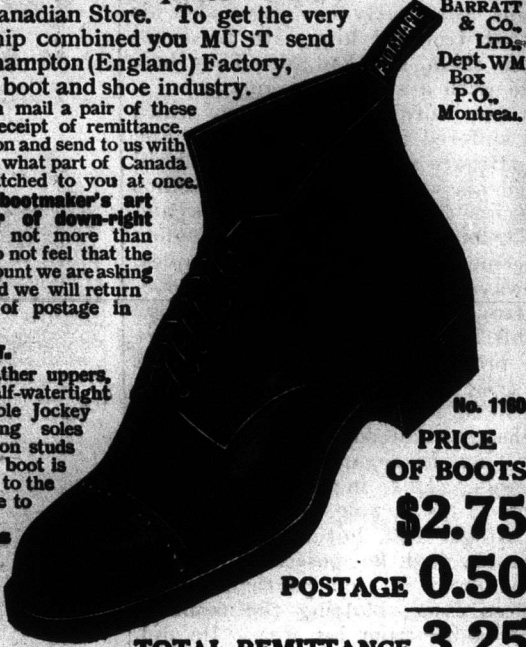
SPECIAL NOTE.—Applications for Catalogues (which by the way will save pounds in your Boot Bill) should be sent to W. Barratt and Co., Ltd., Dept. WM Box, P.O., Montreal. But all orders and remittances must be sent to—

W. BARRATT & CO., LTD.

Boot Manufacturers,

(Dept. WM), Footshape Works, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

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PRICE OF BOOTS **\$2.75**
POSTAGE **0.50**
TOTAL REMITTANCE **3.25**

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Please forward one pair of All-Leather "Footshape" Boots. No. Size Width
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Name
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Box Calif. \$ 3.25.

aire, found them. The dogs had given the alarm, and the men were not slow in coming to the rescue.

A week later Ginger Bill entered the lowly wooden hut where Macdolan was being nursed back to health. He removed his hat shyly as he entered the room, for there at the foot of the bed stood a young woman—the millionaire's wife.

"You know now who I am?" asked Macdolan, and in his face was humiliation and regret, as he looked up at the red-bearded little woodsman.

Ginger Bill strode silently forward and grasped the sick man's hand. "I

know," he said, "and I'm glad—partner!"

Five minutes later Ginger Bill stood at the edge of the verandah. Somewhere in the distance a grouse bird was singing, and sweet joyous the notes sounded, like an hour from a man's lost boyhood.

"I didn't know him, that's true," he muttered smiling; "but I knew that little gold ring my mother gave him as soon as I clapped eyes on it. To think he's worn it all these years!"

Then, through the closed door behind him Ginger Bill heard the sound of a man's sobbing. "O, he's a 'ero! A little 'ero!" said the voice that sobbed.

Ideals—Lost and Found.

Written For The W.H.M. by Cassandra.

It is always a sad moment—that moment—when for the first time we must face—and admit to ourselves—the fact, that the ideals of our youth have failed to stand the test of time and experience. It is nevertheless, a moment that most of us experience sooner or later, so there was really no reason why Mrs. Thoriston should have looked so particularly mournful, that afternoon, as she turned over the pages of an old, half finished manuscript. With a queer little smile, she turned to the front page. Although it was nearly twenty years ago, she remembered as well as if it were yesterday, the day she had written those lines:

"To those of my country-women who have passed through the nineteenth century desire for power, and notoriety, and still remain what their Creator designed them, this book is affectionately inscribed."

Although she was then only eighteen, she had written a book, which had been published, and had met with some success in a small way, and so when one of the periodical attacks of the woman suffrage microbe, had swept over the country, the idea had occurred to her, of making this—her second book—an example of where woman's influence really lay—according to her youthful, enthusiastic ideals, and in fact, according to the ideals of some of us, who have outgrown our youthful enthusiasm. That is the influence of a pure, sweet, womanly woman, fulfilling her appointed place, in her home, and in the hearts of her husband and children. This, as before remarked, had been her idea in starting the story, but before the book was half finished, it had been interrupted by her marriage, and instead of having the pleasure of proving theories on paper, she had speedily been given the opportunity to prove them practically.

And now George Thoriston had gone out of her life—had been dead these five years, and—she still had a chance of proving what a woman's influence could do for her son. Her son, who at eighteen, certainly needed some good influence.

Her reverie was abruptly broken by the jangling of the electric door bell, and the one girl, her modest household could afford, announced a visitor. She rose from the little desk, which occupied a corner of her sitting room, then as she turned quietly to greet whoever her caller might be, she gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure, at sight of the tall, kindly, middle-aged man, advancing to meet her. "Why Dick! Dick Latimer!" she exclaimed, holding out both her hands impulsively, "Wherever did you come from? Why it's ages since I've seen you, but I would have known you anywhere."

"So would I have known you," he returned, smiling down at her. "You are the same Marion—I must call you Mrs. Thoriston, I suppose though I need hardly tell you how glad I am to see you again," then more gravely, "I heard of Thoriston's—or your loss"—looking at the black she still wore, "but I did not know until this morning, that you were living in Winnipeg. Mrs. Morton told me, and I got your address from

"Dear Mrs. Morton; She has been so good to me. But sit down, Dick, I'm afraid I must call you, Dick still—and we will have some tea, and you will tell me all about yourself, as you used to do, when we were youngsters."

"Agreed! If you will make it an exchange of confidences, as we used to do," he returned, smiling.

"Now," she said, when the tea had been brought. "Where shall we begin? Are you married? And how have you got along? Do you remember when you used to say that you would be the Premier some day?"

"Yes, I remember," smiling. "But unfortunately, we don't all realize our ambitions. Still I can't complain, I've got along fairly well, and as to your question, I regret to say that I have the bad taste to be still a bachelor—and the worst of it is, it's probably too late to remedy this sad state of affairs—when you come to consider all the silver threads among the gold—among the brown, I mean," laughingly ruffling the thick, brown hair, which as he remarked, had acquired a few silver threads, as indeed, had Marion's own.

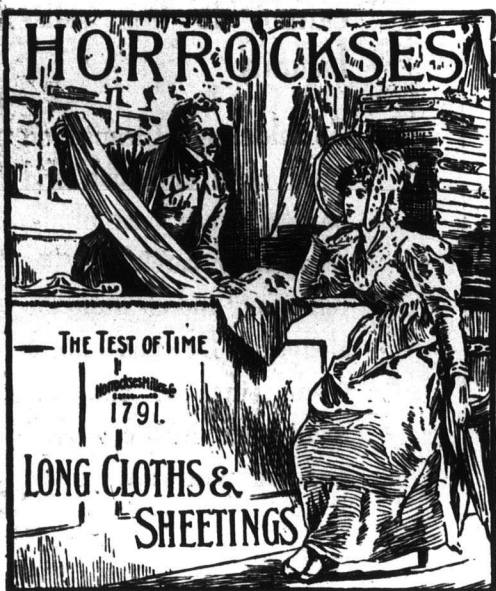
"Well, go on," she said, "tell me more."

"But there's nothing interesting to tell about me," he protested. "An old bachelor is the most commonplace and uninteresting being in existence. Instead, tell me something of yourself, won't you? I don't wish to be inquisitive" hastily, "but—but—I do know a little of your life already Marion—and—if you would care to tell me—you don't know how I should like to be of use to you—or Cyril!" he broke off abruptly as at the mention of her son's name, Mrs. Thoriston's face grew sad. "I see you know," she said gently. And—I am going to tell you all about it—about everything. We were always chums as you said, Dick, and I'm going—do you remember how I used to talk—and write—about the woman's rights advocates, and how a woman's only real influence was that which she exercised on those she loved, or those who loved her—and a lot more rubbish? Well," as he nodded comprehension, "I know now that a woman has absolutely no influence on the lives of her nearest and dearest. I don't know if the suffragists are right—I only know I was absolutely wrong. When I married George Thoriston" she went on, in a quiet, even, voice "I loved him, and—I believed he loved me. We had about six months of happiness, then—his weakness began to assert itself. I did not know before I married George, that his Grandfather had been addicted to the same weakness—it would probably have made no difference if I had—I was so sure of the power of a woman's influence," bitterly. "Then," she continued, quietly. "The first time I saw him thoroughly intoxicated, I thought that there was no further misery or humiliation left, but—I didn't know. Later on as Cyril grew up, I found there were still deeper depths. And still, for years, I never gave up hope. And honestly, Dick, if anyone ever tried to put their theories in practice, I did. It wasn't always easy—it took a lot of thought, and patience, and," hesitatingly, "prayer. But I can say truthfully, I never lost patience, never reproached, never let him

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