

MANY A MAN

is worrying about being bald, but
if he would only wear a

Dorenwend Patent Sanitary Toupee

he would be relieved of the constant recurrence of that feeling of sensitiveness and self-conscious embarrassment.

100,000 men—some completely bald, some only slightly so—all are wearing Toupees specially made to suit their own individual requirements.



If you are inclined to baldness
let us send you further particulars.

Send for book No. 22 to

Dorenwend & Co. of Toronto, Ltd.
103-5 Yonge Street, Toronto

SEE THIS COSTUME SKIRT

It is worth \$2.00. As an inducement to you to test and prove for yourself the value of our goods, we will make this Costume Skirt specially to your own measurements, from good hard-wearing Yorkshire, Winter Serges, in Black Navy, Grey, Brown, Wine or Myrtle, seven gores, raised seams, cut full the most captivating style of the present season, and will appeal to every lady of taste, for 75c. only. State size now worn.



\$2 Costume Skirt and
a Pair of Good
Fashionable Shoes
for only
75c.

An example of our value. Lace or Button. FREE. To every purchaser who sends us this advertisement we will, as a Special Bonus, give absolutely free a fashionable pair of Lady's Shoes. Do not hesitate, catch the next mail. Costume Skirt and Pair of Shoes carefully and securely packed in one parcel and sent per return mail, carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount \$1. Remittances to be made in money order or dollar bill only.

Dep. 256, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO.
SHEPHEY, YORKS., ENGLAND



CAN YOU DRAW?

Our Graduates Are
Filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK

In easy, fascinating work. Practical, individual home instruction. Expert instructors. Superior equipment. 12 yrs. successful teaching. Financial Returns Guaranteed.

12 Separate, Complete Art Courses
For pecuniary profit, or pleasure only, as desired.
FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instruments and drawing art book.

Write for particulars
and send no art book.
School of Applied Art
179 First Ave. S.W.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

He caught Shannon by the arm in a grip that made that gentleman wince, and calmly faced the breathless woman.

"Mary!" he said simply.
The woman stopped short. Her hand went to her throat. Her breath was coming hard. She came a step nearer and scanned his face in the darkness.
"You!" she cried in unbelief. "You! Then—then—you were behind it all?"

"Yes," he said.
"Why?" she panted. "Why?"
"This is no place for explanations, he said coldly. "It is raining, and this ground is sopping wet. You shouldn't be here in slippers and a bath-wrap. Go back to the house."

"Not—not without—"
The man wheeled on Shannon.
"Bring along the box," he commanded.

Shannon, thoroughly mystified, followed the silent pair to the house. They mounted the verandah, and stepped through the French window into the big dining-room, where the lights still burned brightly.

The woman stood by the table, very cold and straight, but her lips quivered now and then, despite her evident efforts to control them. Opposite her, grim, white faced, stood the broad-shouldered man, while Shannon, with the tin box in his clutches, leaned against the French window, and stared in perplexity.

"You are not going to take it now, are you?" the woman said at length, and despite all her outward calm, her voice trembled in anxiety.

"No," he replied. "Put the box on the table," he added to Shannon.

"What—what does it mean, anyway?" she demanded. "Why should you attempt this?"

The man did not reply at once. He stood for a moment looking at her frowningly.

"I have been living in London since—since we separated," he said at last. "It was there that I heard about the boy—that he was dead. I wanted something of his—some little thing associated with—those days."

"Why didn't you ask for it then?" she said haltingly.

"Perhaps—you'll be good enough to

remember that all my letters have been returned to me unopened—even since he died," said he bitterly. "As I say, I wanted something of his. I didn't suppose you'd let me have it if I asked—not after all that has happened. I came over here from London for just this purpose—to get it—somehow, anyhow, at any cost. I shouldn't have kept them all—just a rattle, perhaps, or one of the shoes. I should have sent back the rest."

"I—I didn't know you felt that way," she said. "I didn't suppose you knew or cared. I—I thought we had both gone out of your life—he and I. I—I was sure that to you it was as if I had never been—nor he either."

He was still standing very stiffly erect, and he was still frowning.

"May I have one of those things now—just one?" he asked rather huskily.

"You may have them all—all," she said, "and then suddenly she sank into a chair, and burying her arms began to sob like a child."

For a moment or two the man stood motionless. Then he turned almost fiercely to Shannon.

"You bungled it," he said, "and I'm glad you did."

His hand went into his pocket and came out with a roll of bills.

"Here, take this," he went on, thrusting the roll into the astounded Shannon's hand. "Whatever there is over the fifty is yours, too. You earned it by bungling. Now go."

He glanced at the woman's shaking shoulders and a great light was in his eyes.

"And for God's sake, go quickly, will you?"

Shannon with the bills in his hand, slipped through the French window once more. On the verandah outside, he turned to look back. The man had opened the tin box and spread its sorry contents on the table. Moreover, he had knelt beside the woman and her head was buried on his shoulder.

Shannon paused only long enough to light a cigarette and then thoughtfully effaced himself in the shrouding, dripping mist.

Never to Wed as Indians Wed.

A Story of Seventeenth Century Love and Strife.

By C. M. Storey.

They are far away days when Canada was New France and the Fleur de lis floated over Cape Diamond. But it was then that the exigencies of bad government and brave soldiery were making thrilling history and enchanting folk lore. The intervals of peace between the Indian allies of the French and English colonies were rare indeed. Sometimes it seemed as if the dove of peace was about to become omnipresent, when lo! a waiting and vindictive chief with painted warriors would swoop down upon an unsuspecting victim to avenge some personal quarrel. Then savage warfare would spread like an epidemic from tribe to tribe.

It was during a lull in the strifes of the seventeenth century, that Kondiaronk, a chief of one of the Abenaki tribes, returned from a three days hunt to find his wigwam burned, his squaw sitting in its ashes and his only daughter carried off by a band of Senecas.

For some act of perfidy, real or supposed, Kondiaronk's father had been a marked man during his lifetime, and when he died the unsatisfied vengeance was visited upon his son. The unexpected attack was made with the hope of finding the victim unprepared—but to secure the lovely Winona was vengeance more exhilarating than wine. They burned the village and departed, carrying with them only one or two prisoners beside the girl, and proceeded to demolish other enemies.

But a feminine prisoner of Winona's rank was somewhat of an encumbrance, and passing through a Mohawk encampment, they left her with the chief's wife, Cheega, and a not over zealous Seneca warrior as guard.

Among the councillors whom Kondiaronk called to discuss means of rescuing his daughter and punishing her captors, was a young Frenchman. Swarthy of skin and rather handsome was this young man, but life in the woods had almost totally eclipsed the culture of his early environment. The Spirit of Abandon called to him from the rivers and forests of New France, and Pierre la Salle answered, "Here am I," and went the way of the Coureur de bois.

The hunting expedition from which they had just returned was to have provided the luxuries for the festivities which were to celebrate his marriage with the chief's daughter. Like the Baron St. Castine, who had married another Abenaki maiden, Pierre was to "wed as the Indians wed," and great preparations had been made by the women, for the Frenchman was very popular and Winona was much beloved. But now, the daughter and bride-to-be had been stolen.

Alas! the enemy had two days' start, and by the time the Abenaki warriors got on their trail the girl was no longer with them and no trace of her could be obtained. Fierce and vengeful as her captives were, Kondiaronk had no fear of torture or death for his beloved child. His worst fear was that, in failing to rescue her, she would in time be adopted by the tribe and married to an antagonist. This was the worst he feared, but it was maddening.

Three months passed and the Senecas did not return to the Mohawk camp for the prisoner. She began to fit in her place in the chief's tent and gradually pick up bits of their language. But in spite of this, she was often lonely, for none came to whom she could talk of

Have You Seen SANITAS

Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall
covering—for any room
see

SANITAS

Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust- and dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

All the handsomest glazed tile effects are also made in Sanitas, for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries.

Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City



USE MERITAS—the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you 1/2 dozen handsome Every Yard Meritas dollies.

SANITAS THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH- WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.