

Pen-Angle

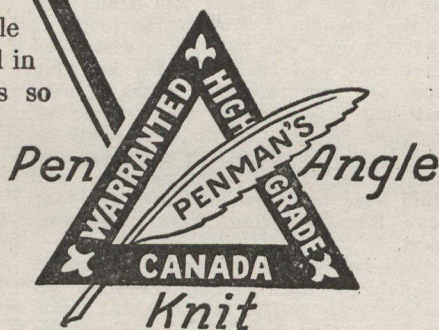
Sweater Coats

The
proof
of a
sweater coat
is in
the wearing!

To the most critical eye, a Pen-Angle Sweater Coat excels any other kind in the evident care with which it was so beautifully knit and finished. The trying-on test shows it has the stylish look and snug, smooth fit you demand of your outdoor apparel. Examination of the material reveals the superfine quality of the wool yarn that makes it so fleecy, light and warm. But neither of these three superficial tests can prove how worthy these knit garments are of your preference and the famous trade-mark they bear. That proof is in the wearing of them under every outdoor condition—for hunting, boating, golfing, skating, sleighing, driving, walking. Since the Pen-Angle process knits them perfectly into lasting shape, they remain smart looking and neat-fitting; and

the wear is there.

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UNDERWEAR HOSIERY AND SWEATERS



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His Little Girl

(Continued from page 16.)

shrinking fear in her eyes, and Hugh went quickly towards her.

"You?" he said, with no more conventional greeting, "I did not expect to see you."

"I came—I had to come," she stammered, her manner more like that of a young frightened girl than a poised and quiet woman of the world. "I want to say something to you, to tell you something." Her eyes did not meet his, she was obviously very ill at ease, but her very nervousness and the girlish embarrassment of her manner, roused in Hugh all the tenderness which her flippancy had temporarily checked. With the chivalry of a man who had always revered woman, his chief instinct was to set her at her ease, and he drew forward a chair for her, and said quietly—

"Sit down, Miss Muller, and tell me what I can do for you. Is there any way in which I can help you?"

"Yes," she twisted her hands together nervously. "I came to you because I didn't know what else to do. I think you will help."

"I am sure I will help, if there is anything to be done for you," he answered cheerily, still only intent on helping her to overcome her embarrassment. "Tell me all about it, and let us see what we can do."

"It isn't anything you expect," she exclaimed, hurriedly and confusedly. "I mean, it is something very out of the common. You will despise me when I tell you, but, I've got to tell you, I've just got to tell you the truth." She spoke with suppressed vehemence, her hands still working restlessly, her eyes averted from his face, and he, seeing that she was labouring under some great emotion, sat down in his place by the table, and said very quietly—

"Try to tell me just exactly what it is you want, and don't jump to the conclusion that I shall despise you. That is a most unlikely contingency," and he smiled, the smile which had begun to seem to Rosa the sweetest and kindest in the world.

"You will certainly despise me," she answered, a note of despair in her tones, "but I can't help that. I have got to tell you everything now. I can't pretend to you any more. You must know the whole truth."

"The truth about what?" he said, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"About me—about my life. But first, listen. I came to-day because of little Sylvia Burnett, Sir Giles Tredman's ward."

Hugh looked more and more bewildered, as indeed he felt.

"Sylvia Burnett? The little girl of whom Miss Helen Stansdale takes care? But what have you and I to do with her?"

"She has disappeared," came the hurried response, "and I can tell you where she is, at least I think I can tell you."

"You can tell me? But how do you know? And why do you come to me about it?"

"Because you are strong and kind: because to come to you was the quickest way of getting help, and there is not much time to lose. Sylvia is in danger—real danger—and if she is not saved from it soon, she will never be saved at all."

"What you are saying is so much Greek to me," Berners exclaimed. "It all sounds like something out of a melodrama: and I can't in the least understand what you and I have to do with it all."

With a great effort at self-control Rosa clasped her hands tightly and looked into the doctor's puzzled face.

"I will try to tell you," she said. "I will try to make it plain. I was sent here, to Miss Stansdale, by my uncle, my mother's half-brother, Hermann Muller. He calls himself that, it is not his real name, but he is known here by it. He sent me here, to try and find out the whereabouts of a certain jewel."

Berners looked more and more mystified.

"I do not know why he wanted the jewel," she continued. "I do not know what it has to do with him, but he wanted it desperately, and when Her-

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