

## BOVRILISE your Cookery

THAT'S the secret of keeping well when epidemics are so prevalent. Every time you put a spoonful of Bovril into a dish you are adding enormously to the nourishing value. You are ensuring the health of everyone in the home.

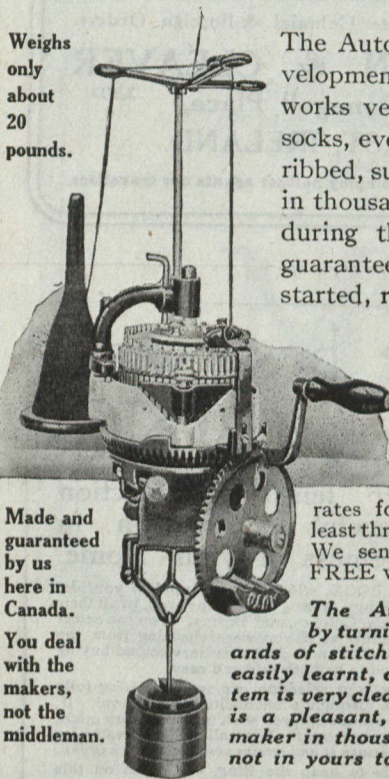
The body-building powers of Bovril have been proven by independent scientific experiments to be actually 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



## Peace Work at War Pay

We guarantee it for 3 years after the war with the fast, reliable Auto-Knitter. Socks always needed.

Weights only about 20 pounds.



Made and guaranteed by us here in Canada. You deal with the makers, not the middleman.

The Auto-Knitter is the most modern development of the knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as the world has always needed in thousands and will need more than ever during the re-construction period. Sent guaranteed perfect, with piece of work started, ready to continue.

### Just Like Knitting Dollars

Making money? Yes, indeed—if you are willing we gladly arrange, without time limit, to take all the Auto-Knitted socks you do not wish to dispose of otherwise, and guarantee you highly profitable war time rates for your work for at least three years after the war. We send replacement yarn FREE when working for us.

The Auto-Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learnt, our Instruction System is very clear and simple. Here is a pleasant, permanent money maker in thousands of homes why not in yours too?

### More Socks the Urgent Call

Answer it—now—and provide yourself with a good income maker at home with the Auto-Knitter, no matter where you live. Here is one industry, at least, that will show huge demands in peace as well as war time. We know it, and are now guaranteeing our war time pay rates and bonus for three years after peace is declared. Our companies have been in business for many years and have never been able to fill the demand for Auto-Knitted socks.

Write to-day for full particulars enclosing 3c stamp, and see what you and your family can now earn at home

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited  
Dept. 102-A, 607 College St., Toronto, Ont.



Auto-Knitter is making Socks in thousands



ALL GIVEN TO GIRLS

## FREE FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 3 BEAUTIFUL DOLL SETS, RING AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL

Just think girls! We will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls; then a real Wash Set, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothesline and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs; then you get a five-piece baking set, containing bakeboard, rolling pin, potato masher, mixing bowl and basin; the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal finish, and a lovely gold shell ring set with beautiful sparkling stones. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 18 inches high. It's a "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head, and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, underwear, dress and hat.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you free a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B, 4

Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 32 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only \$3.20, and we will promptly send you the big doll house, complete wash set, baking set, doll carriage and ring, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you can also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls—We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell. TORONTO, ONT. 13B



## A Pilgrim

(Continued from page 7)

THAT she already knew of his presence there he could not doubt. That shedid not desire his presence he was fearfully persuaded.

Clearly he must go—not at once, of course, to leave behind him a possibility for gossip at his abrupt departure. From the tongues of infants and well-fed clubmen, good Lord deliver us!

He must go. Meanwhile he could easily avoid her.

And as he sat there, savouring all the pent-up bitterness poured out for him by destiny, there came a patter of padded feet in the hallway, the scrape of nails, a sniff at the door-sill, a whine, a frantic scratching. He leaned forward and opened the door. His Highness landed on the bed with one hysterical yelp and fell upon Langham, paw and muzzle.

When their affection had been temporarily satiated, the dog lay down on the bed, eyes riveted on his late master, and the man went over to his desk, drew a sheet of club paper towards him, found a pen, and wrote:

"Of course it is an unhappy coincidence, and I will go when I can do so decently—to-morrow morning. Meanwhile I shall be away all day fishing the West Branch, and shall return too late to dine at the club table.

"I wish you a happy sojourn here—" This he reread and scratched out. "I am glad you kept His Highness."— This he also scratched out. After a while he signed his name to the note, sealed it, and stepped into the hallway.

At the farther end of the passage the door of her room was ajar; a sunlit scarlet curtain hung inside.

"Come here!" said Langham to the dog. His Highness came with a single leap.

"Take it to—her," said the man, under his breath. Then he turned sharply, picked up rod and creel, and descended the stairs.

Meanwhile His Highness entered his mistress's chamber, with a polite scratch as a "by your leave!" and trotted up to her, holding out the note in his pink mouth.

She looked at the dog in astonishment. Then the handwriting on the envelope caught her eye.

As she did not offer to touch the missive, His Highness presently sat down and crowded up against her knees. Then he laid the letter in her lap.

Her expression became inscrutable as she picked up the letter; while she was reading it there was colour in her cheeks; after she had read it there was less.

"I see no necessity," she said to His Highness—"I think I ought to tell him so. . . . He overestimates the importance of a matter which does not concern him. . . . He is sublimely self-conscious. . . . a typical man. And if he presumes to believe that the hazard of our encounter is of the slightest moment. . . . to me

The dog dropped his head on her lap. "I wish you wouldn't do that!" she said, almost sharply, but there was a dry catch in her throat when she spoke, and she laid one fair hand on the head of His Highness.

A FEW moments later she went downstairs to the great hall, where she found Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent just finishing their morning cocktails.

When they could at last comprehend that she never began her breakfast with a cocktail, they conducted her solemnly to the breakfast-room, seated her with embarrassment, and the coffee was served.

It was a delicious, old-fashioned, country breakfast—crisp trout, bacon, eggs, and mounds of fragrant flapjacks.

"Langham's gone off to the West Branch; left duty's compliments and all that sort of thing for you," observed the Colonel, testing his coffee with an air.

His Highness, who had sniffed the bacon, got up on a chair where he could sit and view the table. Moisture gathered on his jet-black nose; he licked his jowl.

"You poor darling!" cried his mistress, rising impulsively, with her plate in her hand. She set the plate on the floor. It was cleaned with a snap, then carefully polished.

"You are fond of your dog, madam," said the Major, much interested.

"He's a fine one," added the Colonel. "Gad! I took him for Langham's champion at first."

She bent her head over the dog's plate. Later she walked to the porch, followed by His Highness.

A lovely little path invited them on—a path made springy by trodden leaves; and the dog and his mistress strolled forth among clumps of hazel and silver birches, past ranks of alders and Indian

willows, on across log bridges spanning tiny threads of streams which poured into the stony river.

The unceasing chorus of the birds freshened like wind in her ears. Spring echoes sounded from blue distances; the solemn congress of the forest trees in session murmured of summers past and summers to come.

How could her soul sink in the presence of the young world's uplifting?

Her dog came back, and looked up into her eyes. With a cry, which was half laughter, she raced with him along the path, scattering the wild birds into flight from bush and thicket.

Breathless, rosy, she halted at the river's shallow edge.

Flung full length on the grass, she dipped her white fingers in the river, and dropped wind-flowers on the ripples to watch them dance away.

She listened to the world around her; it had much to say to her if she would only believe it. But she forced her mind back to her husband and lay brooding.

An old man in leggings and corduroys came stumping along the path; His Highness heard him coming and turned his keen head. Then he went and stood in front of his mistress, calm, inquisitive, dangerous.

"Mornin', Miss," said the keeper; "I guess you must be one of our folks."

"I am staying at the club-house," she said, smiling, and sitting up on the grass.

"I'm old Peter, one o' the guards," he said. "Fine mornin', miss, but a leetle bright for the fish—though I ain't denyin' that a small dark fly'd raise 'em; no'm. If I was sot on ketchin' a mess o' fish, I guess a hare's-ear would do the business; yes'm. I jest passed Mr. Langham down to the forks, and I seed he was a-chuckin' a hare's-ear; an' he riz 'em, too; yes'm."

"How long have you been a keeper here?" she asked.

"How long, 'm? Waal, I was the fustest guard they had; yes'm. I live down here a piece. They bought my water rights; yes'm. An' they give me the job. The president he sez to me, 'Peter,' he sez, jest like that—'Peter, you was raised here; you know all them brooks an' rivers like a mink; you stay right here an' watch 'em, an' I'll do the squar' by ye,' he sez, jest like that. An' he done it; yes'm."

"So you knew the president, then?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Knew him?—him? Yes'm."

The old man laughed a hollow, toothless laugh, and squinted out across the dazzling river.

"Knew him twenty year, I did. A good man, and fair at that. Why, I've seen him a-settin' jest where you're settin' this minute—seen him a hundred times a-settin' there."

"Fishing?" she said, in an awed voice.

"Sometimes. Sometimes he was a-drinkin' out o' that silver pocket-pistol o' his'n. He got drunk a lot up here; but he didn't drink alone; no'n. There wasn't a stingy hair in his head; he—"

"Do you mean the president?" she said, incredulously, almost angrily.

"Him? Yes'm. Him an' Colonel Hyssop an' Major Brent; they had good times in them days."

"You knew the president before his marriage," she observed, coldly.

"Him? He wasn't never married, Miss!" said the old man scornfully.

"Are you sure?" she asked, with a troubled smile.

"Sure? Yes'm. Why, the last time he was up here, three years come July Fourth, I seen him a-kissin' an' a-huggin' of old man Dawson's darter—"

She was on her feet in a flash. The old man stood there smiling his senile smile and squinting out across the water, absorbed in his garrulous reminiscence.

"Yes'm; all the folks down to the village was fond o' the president, he was that jolly and free, an' no stuck-up city airs; no'm; jest free and easy, an' a-sparkin' the gals with the best o' them—"

The old man laughed and crossed his arms under the barrel of his shot-gun.

"Folks said he might o' married old man Dawson's darter if he'd lived. I dun'no'. I guess it was all fun. But I hear the gal took on awful when they told her he was dead; yes'm."

VI.

TOWARDS evening Langham waded across the river, drew in his dripping line, put up his rod, and counted and weighed his fish. Then, lighting a pipe, he reslung the heavy creel across his back and started up the darkening path. From his dripping tweeds the water oozed; his shoes wheezed and slopped at every