

2 Two Pairs of Hosiery 2 FREE

You pay the same price for the hosiery you are now wearing as you would for Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Yet it isn't nearly so serviceable as Pen-Angle. We are so positive of this that we doubly guarantee Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery to wear longer than any other cotton or cashmere hosiery, we care not what make or brand.

This is Our Double Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to WEAR LONGER than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs FREE of charge.



Buying hosiery on this plan you cannot lose a single cent. If Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery fails to fulfill the guarantee in any particular we bind ourselves to give you back, free of charge, twice as many pairs as you pay for.

The largest hosiery mills in Canada stand back of this astonishingly liberal guarantee. It will be fulfilled to the last letter.

Remember, the wear is not the only thing we guarantee. The fit, the comfort, and the permanence of the dyes are also guaranteed. Could you ask for more?

Pen-Angle Hosiery is made by an exclusive patented process. It is the only Seamless Hosiery, made in Canada, that has the shape knitted into it.

The ordinary way to make Fashioned Hosiery is to stretch it into shape while wet. Such hosiery loses its shape after one or two washings.

Ask your dealer to show you Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Our guaranteed lines have a guarantee slip in each box. Pen-Angle trade-mark is on the hosiery, too.

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order direct.

FOR LADIES.

No. 1760. Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150. Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720. Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

FOR MEN.

No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500. Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 3-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 330. "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from 4-ply Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Dept. PENMANS, Limited. Paris, Canada.

Pen-Angle Hosiery

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE UNSHRINKABLE



Mrs. Colter Jarvis. He was followed by porters with trays, and the fragrance of coffee. The passengers cheered.

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis paled and flushed as the tray neared her seat. Her mouth set in firm lines. She accepted for little Franklin and fed him in silence. She could have cried in her longing for that coffee; but she did not relent, even when the baby pushed a piece of fresh, sweet-smelling bread against her lips. She could not take from Mrs. Colter Jarvis.

Mrs. Colter was pacing her little sitting-room in growing discontent. If the other passengers had gone without food, it stood to reason that Mrs. Franklin Jarvis had also gone without. Of course it was no longer anything to her, but—Ruth hungry!—She could not get away from the thought. She questioned a returning porter, and was assured that everyone had had an abundance—oh, except one lady in the next car, who said she didn't want anything; she had fed the baby, however. Mrs. Colter understood, and for the next half-hour was angry enough not to care. Then the distress came back tenfold. Ruth hungry!

And then she noticed that a chill had fallen on the car. Her breath showed frosty. She felt Carlotta's little cold hands.

"How careless of you, Suzanne!" she exclaimed. "Go and see why the heat is turned off." Tinkering and pounding followed Suzanne's inquiries. Still the chill deepened. Carlotta's nose looked blue.

"Wrap her up and take her into the next car," Mrs. Colter ordered. Then she put on a fur coat and waited impatiently. Keen blades of wind seemed to slit their way in to her wherever she sat. Her hands began to ache and her feet grew numb. A train-hand, passing with a wrench, counselled her to go into the forward car. But Mrs. Colter could not face a starving Mrs. Franklin.

"Oh, I am not very cold," she asserted through chattering teeth.

Carlotta, preceding Suzanne along the aisle, found herself face to face with her best love of yesterday, and stood entranced at the miracle.

"Boom!" cried Franklin in joyous welcome.

"Boo-o-om!" echoed Carlotta rapturously. The two set up housekeeping in a vacant seat, while Suzanne dropped down opposite them. Mrs. Franklin across the aisle lifted heavy lids, but did not interfere. Soon everyone in the neighborhood knew of the terrible cold that had fallen on the rear car; Suzanne told it dramatically with shivers and huddled shoulders. Mrs. Franklin tried not to listen, but could not put down a rising uneasiness. How foolish of Emily to stay there!

Everyone within range was smiling at the young idyl opposite Suzanne. The two babies sat beaming at each other like little goblins. Franklin patted Carlotta's cheek, and she glanced sideways at him under her dark lashes, then pretended to look out of the window. He tipped over on the seat and rolled fascinatingly with waving legs, and Carlotta immediately tried to do the same, but was discouraged by Suzanne, who had conventional ideas, and straightened both children out, thrusting their toys upon them. Franklin gathered the doll into his arms and loved it without shame, while Carlotta sat contentedly trying to gouge out the elephant's black-button eyes, and there was an atmosphere of domestic peace for three minutes, during which Mrs. Colter Jarvis's maid joined Suzanne with more tales of the frightful cold in the car behind. Madame was mad to stay there; she would inevitably be taken ill. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis closed her eyes and shivered slightly. If Emily wanted to freeze herself to death, of course it was no one's business. Only her colds were always so serious. Ch, why—

A sharp smack startled her back to the present. Franklin wanted his elephant, and alas! he had taken the primitive method of getting it. Carlotta wailed and struck back, and the idyl was ended. Mrs. Franklin took her enraged son home, and when he was



Hurry up, I'm hungry for a

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