

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

The oval, floating cake is also convenient to the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

A dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box keep Fairy Soap clean and pure, as we make it.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

"Have You a Little Fairy
in Your Home?"



A Few Questions For "Everyman"

- How old are you?
- How much do you earn?
- How much have you saved?
- Are you a married man?
- How many children have you?
- Are they self-supporting or dependent?
- Have you saved enough to maintain your family should you die?
- Or would your home in that case be broken up?
- Would your children be reared by relatives?
- Is there a mortgage upon your house, your store or farm?
- Could your wife "lift" that mortgage if you were not living?
- Do any of these questions suggest life insurance?
- Does life insurance not bring to your mind Canada's grand old Mutual Company that protects 50,000 Canadian homes?
- Is there a Mutual Policy in your home?

The Mutual Life
Assurance Company of Canada
Waterloo, Ontario

The man paused before he answered. "Age four, hair and eyes brown," he said bluntly, and turning on his heel left Junior far behind him. The boy hardly realized that an important old gentleman wished a paper until he felt the angry swish of a cane across his cold knuckles. Then Junior dismissed all thoughts of Mrs. Cochran's Tom and managed to sell seven papers.

A business man gave him a suggestion. "Why aren't some of you down at the next corner?" he demanded. "I had to come way up here to find you. Why, you're worse than sheep."

So Junior attempting a whistle, with his little cold hands shoved into the depths of his trousers pocket, went to seek better selling ground.

A small, richly-dressed child passed him in tears. To appearance he was lost just as plainly as if he had a great tag labelling him so.

Junior's quick eye observed his plight. Immediately his thoughts flew to Mrs. Cochran's Tom.

"Brown hair an' eyes," he mused. "Bout four years old. Say," eagerly he grasped the strange child by the arm, "R'yu Miss Cochran's Tom?"

The strange child stopped crying. "Iss," he replied.

Here was luck indeed! Junior beamed happily as he took the child by the hand.

"Whar d'yu live kid?" he demanded. The strange child refused to speak. "Don'tcha know whar yu live?" asked Junior again.

"Iss," affirmed the child. "Whar, then? There?" Junior pointed to a large business house well adorned with signs.

"Iss," replied the child. "Au gwan; that ain't yer home," enlightened Junior, "nobody lives there. D'yu know yer lost, kid?" he continued in an exasperated tone, "Whar's yer maw?"

"Iss," said the child. Still Junior was not discouraged. He felt sure that he held Mrs. Cochran's Tom by the hand. All that was lacking to him was where Mrs. Cochran lived.

"Cum 'long kid 'n we'll git yer home," he encouraged, and to his delight the child made no demur at being led away.

Then the enquiry began. No pedestrian was allowed to pass without hearing the oft repeated question. "Whar's Mrs. Cochran live?"

Some laughed. Others looked cross and shook their heads. It was a long time before anyone would happen along with the much needed information.

Finally a sharp-nosed lady came to his rescue.

"Mrs. Cochran lived at No. 72 Queen St., and if he had news of Tom he had better hurry."

"Guess she didn't see yer kid," said Junior as he took his little charge by the hand and started for No. 72 Queen Street.

It was a large building with a glass porch in front. Steps led up into the porch, and boldly Junior mounted them. The porch door "stuck," but the newsboy's tough muscles were more than a match for it. It flew open all of a sudden.

Then a strange thing happened. A small animal made its appearance from a dark corner of the steps and ran under the startled boy's feet.

Junior's hand was on the bell. Frightened he fell backwards, clutching wildly for some support with his hands.

His left hand met the pavement with a heavy thud, but his right encountered something soft and warm. It lay quiet in his grasp, but Junior had not time to examine it before the angry maid appeared.

"Did you ring that bell?" she demanded.

Junior nodded. "Well, what do you want?"

The boy choked something back that was rising in his throat, and inquired in a voice that trembled: "Mrs. Cochran live here?"

"Yes, she does," snapped the maid, "what do you want of her?"

"To return Tom," boasted Junior. The maid hesitated. Then she heard a sound from the apparently lifeless thing in Junior's hand, and she divined something.

Clutching the now struggling animal in his hand Junior was ushered into Mrs. Cochran's presence, and immediately pushed forward the child beside him.

But (strange to relate) Mrs. Cochran

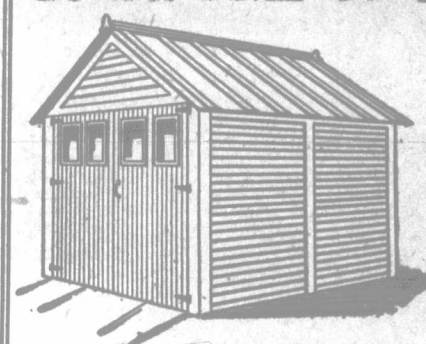
Reducing Expenses

THE war has increased the cost of living. The housewife must, therefore, make her money go farther. By using a tea, like Red Rose, which is largely composed of Assam Indian teas, she can reduce her tea bills considerably. The rich Indian strength requires less tea in the tea pot.

In sealed packages only. Try it.



"KING" \$65 GARAGE 65



Here's just the garage for farmers. It's low in cost, neat in appearance, weather-proof, and will protect your car during all kinds of weather. The sides are of frame construction and the roof is galvanized iron. It is built in sections at our factory and shipped all ready to set up. Two men can set it up in three hours. It is cheaper than you can have one erected in any other way.

Don't void your insurance by housing your car in your barn or drive shed—get a "King" Garage.

Our new booklet tells all about our garages. A copy will be sent to you free. Write to-day.

The Metal Shingle & Siding Company
LIMITED

Preston, Ont.; Montreal, Que., and Toronto, Ont.

Be Ready for the Hot Summer Sun



with consequent tan, sunburn, freckles, etc., will soon be here. Have a jar of **PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER**

handy. Write us to-day for Free Booklet F, telling of our methods and preparations for all skin, scalp and hair troubles. It also tells how we remove superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LTD.
61A College Street, Toronto