



YOU may spend a lot of time and money on your wardrobe—but you are *not* well-dressed unless your feet are clad in *perfect-fitting* hosiery.

Penmans Hosiery—*knit-to-form—without-a-seam*—imparts an air of smartness and elegance, besides giving that delightful feeling of satisfaction which perfect-fitting hosiery always gives the wearer.

You can get this *better kind* of hosiery at *almost any good store*—and you will *not* be asked to pay *more* for it than you have been paying for *ordinary* hose.

Penmans Hosiery

is made for men, women and children, in Cotton, Cashmere, Silk and Lisle—any weight and all popular colors.

Look for the Trademark!

Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada
Hosiery Sweaters Underwear

86

wicker chair, rested her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in her hand, her eyes dilated with increased astonishment. "What made you ask if he had committed a crime, auntie?—it—it—was such a singular question to put to him."

"I wanted to take him off his guard, to startle him, and study his face. He has such a curious far-away look in his eyes—a detached air—I can hardly convey my meaning. But there is something peculiar about him, didn't you notice it?"

"He looked serious, and—well—*anxious*," admitted the girl, puckering her brows, "but so many people have that strained, worried look on their faces in London, don't you think, auntie? I notice it always when I come back to town." She gave a little sigh.

"That is not at all what I meant," snorted Miss Pragg impatiently. "Grey's air is curiously indefinable. Either he is a genius—or a lunatic—perhaps he has only run away from his wife—or his creditors—or quarrelled with his relations—or—or—"

The younger lady laughed merrily. "Auntie, dear, you really have the most vivid imagination," she declared, her eyes twinkling roguishly.

"Of course I have," admitted Miss Pragg with satisfaction, "but I've got more than imagination, Peggy, I've got common sense, insight into character and experience of human nature—and I don't make mistakes." She drew herself up with dignity.

"You are the cleverest auntie in the world," admitted Peggy with a whimsical look of affection and amusement.

"Besides—I did see his face in print somewhere, quite recently, too, but for the life of me, I cannot place it."

"He doesn't look as if he could have done anything very dreadful," argued Peggy. "I thought he had rather a nice face."

"Of course he has. He is an uncommonly handsome man. He has the cleverest, most refined face, I have seen for a long time—and in spite of his old tweed suit, he is a gentleman," persisted Miss Pragg with conviction.

"Then—why—" began Peggy. "That's just it—why should he answer my advertisement?" interrupted Miss Pragg trenchantly. "That, my dear, is just what I mean to find out—I only hope it isn't because he can't pay his tailor! It would be so unromantic."

Margaret Assitas laughed at her aunt's tragic tone, and as the gong at that moment announced luncheon, the two ladies rose and left the room.

The conversation, although not renewed, had left its impression upon the minds of each, and caused Margaret Assitas to cast a guarded glance of interested curiosity upon the new chauffeur, as she stepped into the car the following morning.

John Grey never forgot his first impression of her as she emerged from the White Maisonette, clad in a perfectly fitting coat and skirt, a velvet toque upon her fair hair, and a big bunch of violets tucked into her handsome furs. Tall and slender, she possessed both dignity and grace, seeming to him the very personification of spring.

"Bond Street, Madame Eclairé." The car slid away, his quick eyes noting Miss Pragg, lorgnette in hand, posted behind the lace curtains.

Piccadilly was at its worst. They were held up repeatedly, but he made the best of every advantage and felt a thrill of excitement, a curious elation of spirit in shaving past motor-buses or creeping through difficult places. There was no question of losing his nerve. It was second nature to him.

In Bond Street he looked for Madame Eclairé's and found it was a high-class millinery establishment. Again he had a gracious vision of a beautiful woman, as Margaret Assitas left the car and entered the shop.

From Bond Street they made their way into Oxford Street and on towards the Park.

Every street looked bewilderingly familiar to John Grey, though he dare not relax his attention to his driving



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Open Season for Fish

Speckled Trout—May 1st to Sept. 14th.

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Highland Inn, Algonquin Park

Affords excellent hotel accommodation.

Beautifully situated 2,000 feet above sea level.

Rates \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, \$16.00 to \$18.00 per week.

For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any Agent of the system, including J. Quinlan, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

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A BEAUTIFUL BABY

Gained Wonderfully After Being Put On A Well Known Food.

Mrs. E. Warner of 32 Winnifred Ave., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food, says, "I have used Neave's Food for my baby and it has agreed when **everything else failed**. He has gained wonderfully since I started giving it to him."

Mr. A. J. Fargue, Labelle Street, Montreal, writes, under date 13 Oct.: "My little daughter, born Aug. 15th., likes Neave's Food very much. She is a **bunch of fat**."

Mrs. J. Fallon of Whitby, Ont., says "Neave's Food is the **only food** that has agreed with our little boy. He is brighter, and his flesh is firmer, since taking it."

Neave's Food has been the standard Infant's Food in Great Britain for nearly 90 years.

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book, "Hints About Baby", by writing Edwin Utley, 14 C Front St. East, Toronto, who is the Agent for Canada.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all Druggists.

Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.