



ROOFING

Nothing under the sun has to stand such severe tests as a roofing. Therefore, you should look for quality and permanency first.

It is easy to buy ordinary materials and make roofing that looks as good as PAROID, but it takes many years of roofing experience to learn how to make the kind of felt, saturation and coating—a complete roofing—that will last as long as PAROID under all climatic conditions.

PAROID is backed by our paper manufacturing experience of 92 years. PAROID is proof against water, cold, heat and wind, and it also resists fire.

You run no risks with PAROID ROOFING because it has stood the test of time. Ask the man near you who has used PAROID for his opinion of it, or the dealer who has been selling it for years to satisfied customers.

PAROID ROOFING

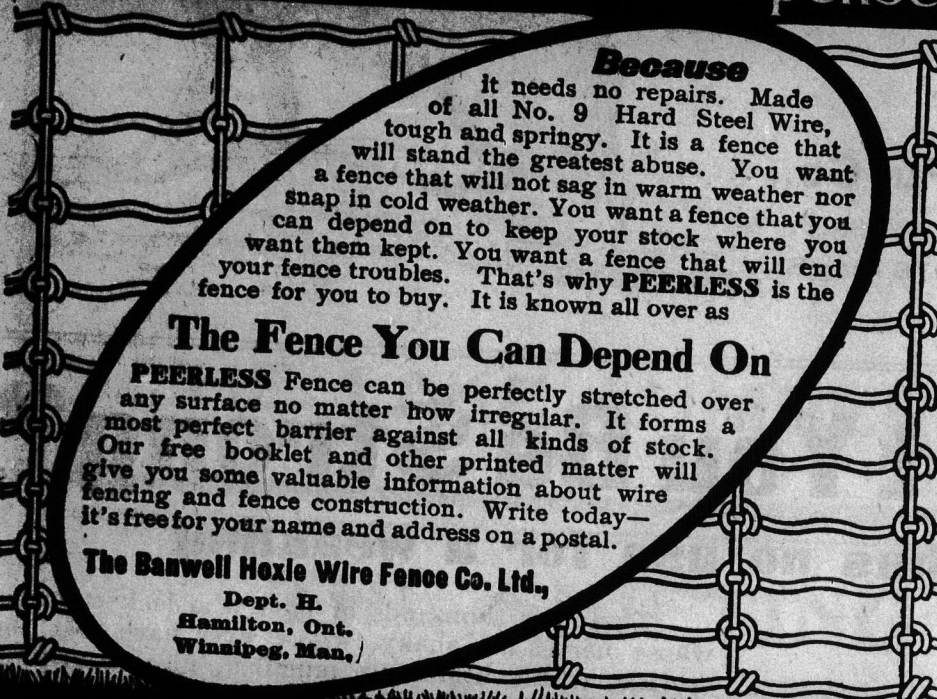
Write for free plan book "Practical Farm Buildings," and sample of PAROID ROOFING. PAROID is sold by dealers everywhere.

F. W. BIRD & SON, Dept. 81, Hamilton, Ont. Branch Office Winnipeg, Man.

If you require only a temporary roofing ask about NEPONSET RED ROPE ROOFING.

PEERLESS

The Fence that saves Expense



Because

it needs no repairs. Made of all No. 9 Hard Steel Wire, tough and springy. It is a fence that will stand the greatest abuse. You want a fence that will not sag in warm weather nor snap in cold weather. You want a fence that you can depend on to keep your stock where you want them kept. You want a fence that will end your fence troubles. That's why **PEERLESS** is the fence for you to buy. It is known all over as

The Fence You Can Depend On

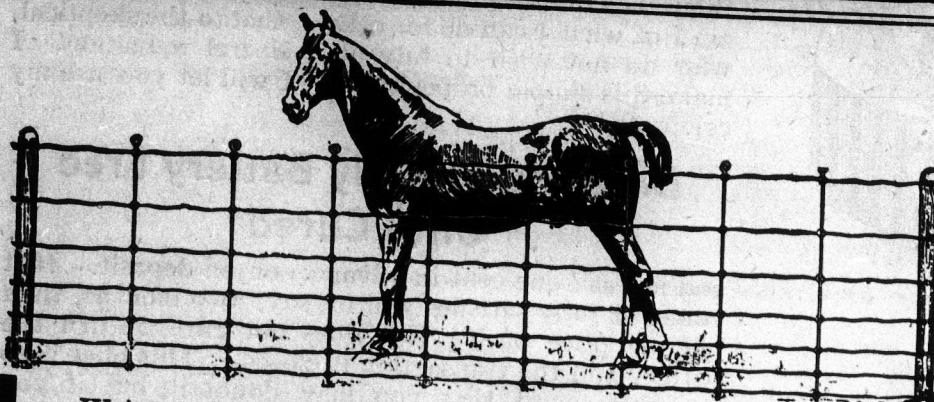
PEERLESS Fence can be perfectly stretched over any surface no matter how irregular. It forms a most perfect barrier against all kinds of stock. Our free booklet and other printed matter will give you some valuable information about wire fencing and fence construction. Write today—it's free for your name and address on a postal.

The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co. Ltd.,

Dept. H.
Hamilton, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man.

STRONGER

Than Stock-Weather and Wear



Write us for sample. It will show you at a glance more of the merits of our fence than we could tell you in a whole page advertisement.

CATALOGUES AND SAMPLES SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

THE GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

PERFECTION RAZOR PASTE.

The Celebrated Razor Sharpener, Price 25 cents. If not at your Hardware or Drug Stores send direct to

CANADA HONE COMPANY,
Wawanesa, Man.

FITS CURED

For proof that Fits can be cured write to

Mr. Wm. Stinson,
134 Tyndall Ave., Toronto,
for pamphlet giving full particulars, of simple home treatment. 20 years' success—over 1,000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—

TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD., DUBLIN.

tatters, were three figures. It was not a pleasant sight, nor one I cared to look upon—the dark faces with their rows of shining teeth, from which the withered lips were drawn in sardonic grins and the staring caverns, which the flickering light filled with phantom eyes.

"I turned again with idle curiosity, to the pottery. Pushing off the cover of the jar nearest me, I cautiously thrust my hand into the mouth and lifted it full to the light; and then I dropped upon my knees, staring stupidly at the glittering heap of yellow sand in my open palm, asking myself, if I were dreaming. Ounces of pure bright gold! As the stupendous fact worked itself through my bewildered brain, I laughed aloud, moving from jar to jar. All told the same story, save two; gold, and full almost to the brim! Gold enough for a king's ransom, and all for the taking! And then upon my elation broke the flood of my misery. I was rich now, but, O God, of what use? With the irony of an accursed fiend fortune had waited until I was ready to die, until my hopes were already dead, and then overwhelmed me with her golden shower. I raved and cursed until I was exhausted, and then fell prone upon the floor, overcome by my passion. Presently I grew calmer. The storm of my rage had carried away with it all pain and disappointment. The basilisk glitter of

haunted me that once or twice I thought I should have to give up trying to reach shelter. At last, however, I stumbled across the threshold of this room, more dead than alive, and I believe I never before or since was so glad to get inside these four walls.

"All night long the wind raged with a fury I have never known since in the long years of my residence here. When morning came, my first thought was of my treasure-house. I hastily dressed and stepped outside. The sun was just above the horizon, smiling genially up on the quiet landscape, which some way looked very strange to my anxious eyes, as they sought the particular sage-bush which marked the entrance to the grave. Not a landmark could I see. With fiendish malignity the wind had effaced every familiar bush, and hillock, and ravine. I returned to the cabin disappointed and chagrined, but not uneasy; and thinking myself lucky to have fetched one jar with me, I stooped and stroked its ugly sides with a miser's tenderness. Then, to reassure myself by a sight of the yellow dust, I put my hand into the jar and lifted it full to the light.

"I think I went mad again for a moment, for when I came to myself I was standing over the shattered jar, looking down upon its scattered contents, which twinkled in the patch of sunlight from the open door—white, red



"I dropped upon my knees, staring stupidly at the glittering heap of yellow sand in my open palm."

the gold had got into my eyes, conjuring into life another sort of demon than despair. I was rich, and riches meant much; more than love or happiness, perhaps. Riches meant power—and revenge. I could go back to my old home and live like a prince, her next-door neighbor. Many things come to him who has the patience to wait and the money. I had both, and would be ready when the time came to pay off her father, her husband, herself, in the devil's coin of hate, the debt I owed them.

"So long I gloated over my suddenly acquired wealth, and my wild imaginings of revenge, that the charnel-house air of the chamber extinguished my torch, leaving me in Egyptian darkness. With a muttered curse at my stupidity, I flung the useless stick away, and groping about, caught up one of the precious jars and worked my way to the opening. It was no easy task without a light, and I was very glad to find myself at last in the well, still holding the jar against my rapidly beating heart. When I lifted my face above the opening of the well, I was greeted with a blinding, biting shower of sand. Carefully replacing the cover to the well, after I had climbed out, I lifted my jar of gold in my arms and started for the cabin. The sky was overcast, and the blinding, whirling sheets of sand so bewildered and ex-

and yellow beads! In the darkness I had got hold of one of the only two jars in the grave which did not contain gold."

"But surely you found the grave again," I said.

The old man shook his head. "From that day to this I have been searching for the entrance to the grave. I have gone over every foot of yon sand. Storms have swept over it, casting up and tearing down hillocks, covering and uncovering sage-bush; but never once revealing the secret held fast in the shifting sand. Day after day, armed with my steel-shod pole, I've sought, so fruitless that I should be tempted to believe the whole a delusion of my overwrought mind, were it not for the shattered jar which I have in my cupboard. I cannot tear myself away from the accursed, hopeless search, which has grown to be a mania that nothing but death can cure."

The sky had become overcast as he ceased, and the soft sighing of the pines told of a rising wind.

"It is going to blow to-night, and that means no sleep for me," said my host, arousing as from a dream, after a long silence; "but you are tired, and I have thoughtlessly kept you awake. Let me show you where to make your bed."

I was soon stretched between blankets and left alone to sleep. But the strange