

New Hose Free

Send for six pairs of Cotton or Cashmere Holeproof Hose. Six pairs guaranteed to wear six months. If any wear, tear or break a thread in six months, you get new hose Free! Light, medium, and the heavier weights. All guaranteed.

Six guarantee coupons with every six pairs.

More than a million people in the United States and Canada now buy their hose from us in this way. They save all the darning they formerly had to do. They never wear darned hose now. They save money, too, for twelve pairs a year keep their hose whole forever. Six pairs for men cost \$1.50 to \$3 a box. Six pairs for women cost from \$2 to \$3 a box. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, cost \$1.

Think What It Means!

Think what such hose—at the price of common hose—save in time, trouble and money. Forget the darning. Forget hurtful darned places that make the feet sore. Forget the whole question of hosiery by simply buying two boxes a year!

Our 13th Year

We have been selling fine hose in this manner for the past thirteen years. In that short time we have come to be the largest house of our kind in existence. Our success is due solely to making the hose that the most people prefer. The same people buy them again and again because of their wonderful quality. In all our experience, 95% of our output has outlasted the six months' guarantee. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs.



"Wear Holeproof Hose and Find the Mend"

Our \$60,000 Inspection

insures this quality in every stitch. We pay that amount in salaries to inspectors yearly. They examine each pair twice over, carefully, to see that it lacks every possible flaw. We do this to protect ourselves as well as to insure the wear to our customers. There is no better way that we know to make hosiery, and there are no better hose to be had. Don't you think that our million customers prove it?

The figures above refer to our business in both Canada and the United States.

Send the Coupon

Send today for six pairs of these hose to try. See what they save. Note the comfort they give. Send the money in any convenient way. Mark the grade, size and color plainly. Send the coupon below, or a post card or letter. Do it right now, while you're thinking about it. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the wear.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
278 Bond Street, London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. (432)
278 Bond Street, London, Canada

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Size..... Color.....

Weight.....

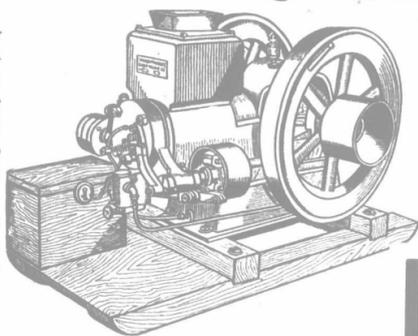
Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

If About to Buy an Engine, Grinder, Cutting Box or Sawing Outfit

Sit right down and write for our catalogue describing our different lines. We build a complete line, including Gas, Producer Gas, Gasoline, Kerosene and Distillate Engines, from 2 to 400 h.-p. Our factory is equipped with the latest and best machinery and tools. Our engines are a credit to the Canadian gasoline engine industry. They are earning for us a great reputation all over Canada.



Barrie Engines

Offer the farmer reliable help at a low cost. They do lots of things, such as pumping water, grinding grain, sawing wood, etc., faster and better than a man can do them. They are built to withstand hard work and bad weather. They start easily. And they will run for hours without attention.

We guarantee the lowest possible fuel consumption on gasoline and kerosene.

Tell us the size of engine or outfit you want, and we will quote you prices and terms so attractive you can't go by us.

The Canada Producer & Gas Engine Co., Limited
Barrie, Ontario, Canada

DISTRIBUTORS:
James Rae, Medicine Hat; Canada Machinery Agency, Montreal; The Tudhope-Anderson Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Saskatoon and Regina.

The Spice of Life.

Her Ideal.—The Inventor—"That machine can do the work of ten men."
Visitor—"Gee whiz! My wife ought to have married it!"—Puck.

The Costly Age.—Mrs. Hibrow—"Don't you find the Stone Age interesting?"
Mrs. Lobrow—"Yes, indeed! Willie's just that age now; but its awfully hard on the windows!"—Brooklin Life.

Rare.—"Brown volunteered to lend me money."
"Did you take it?"
"No. That sort of friendship is too good to lose. Detroit, Free Press.

Naturally.—"What happens when you put the dollar before the man?" bawled the candidate.
"The man goes after it," answered an old farmer in the crowd.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wise.—"Did the doctor diagnose your case?"
"Yes."
"How long did it take?"
"Not long. I wore my shabbiest suit."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Forwith.—Author—"The very first thing I sent to a magazine was accepted."
Young Friend—"Was it poetry or prose?"
Author—"Prose. It was a check for a year's subscription.—Boston Transcript.

A little girl was lost on the street, and was brought into the police-station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said:
"Tell me, little girl, what name does your mother call your father?"
"Why," responded the child, innocently, "she don't call him any names; she likes him."

Tact.—The president of a small college was visiting the little town that had been his former home, and had been asked to address an audience of his former neighbors. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs, he began his address thus:
"My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Trade Topic.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION PRIZE LIST.—The prize list of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 23rd to September 8th, is being distributed, and it shows that the management have given special attention to the Agricultural Department generally, and to the encouragement of the smaller exhibitor in particular. In cattle, more money is given to both the beef and dairy classes, and the list has been extended so that in some classes as many as eight prizes are given. Thus, the small breeder with a good animal, is practically sure of recouping, at least a part of the expense of shipping to Toronto. More money is also given to Horticulture, Floriculture, and Poultry. The entire list totals \$55,000, and as no prizes are given for manufacturers, every dollar of this goes to the products of the home, the school, the farm, and the garden. The special attractions this year are featured by three high-class bands—the Irish Guards, and one other from England, and Conway's band from Chicago, while of the spectacle, "The Burning of Rome," it is enough to say that it will be staged by John Henderson, of England, who has put on all the big spectacles of recent years in Britain.

The Hermit Thrush.

The cold wind weaves
Through shifting leaves,
Green shade and sunlight yellow—
And mottled sunlight yellow;
Where through the maze
Of wooded ways
Resounds his calling mellow—
His distant calling mellow,
His faint and far-off song.

Hark! where he calls,
Dim waterfalls
Tinkle with music hollow—
With mingled music hollow;
And down the glen
He calls again,
Still luring us to follow
Up the green ways of spring—
The fairy ways of spring.

—McClure's

Browsings Among the Books.

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BREAKING THE BROWN COLT.

When the mob had been put through the yards, all the unbroken horses were given into the Quiet Stockman's care, and for the next week or two the stockyard became the only place of real interest; for the homestead, waiting for the Wet to lift, had settled down to store lists, fencing, and studbooks.

It was not the horses alone that were of interest at the yards; the calm, fearless, self-reliant man who was handling them, was infinitely more so. Nothing daunted or disheartened him; and in those hours spent on the stock-yard fence, in the shade of the spreading tree, I learnt to know the Quiet Stockman for the man he was.

If anyone would know the inner character of a fellow-man, let him put him to horse-breaking, and he will soon know the best or the worst of him. Let him watch him handling a wild, unbroken colt, and if he is steadfast of purpose, just, brave, and true-hearted, it will all be revealed; but if he lacks self-restraint, or is cowardly, shifty, or mean-spirited, he will do well to avoid the test, for the horse will betray him.

Jack's horse-breaking was a battle for supremacy of mind over mind, not mind over matter—a long course of careful training and schooling, in which nothing was broken, but all bent to the control of a master. To him, no two horses were alike; carefully he studied their temperaments, treating each horse according to its nature—using the whip freely with some, and with others not at all; coaxing, coaxing, or humoring, as his judgment directed. Working always for intelligent obedience, not cowed stupidity, he appeared at times to be almost reasoning with the brute mind, as he helped it to solve the problems of its schooling; penetrating dull stupidity with patient reiteration, or wearing down stubborn opposition with steady, unwavering persistence, and always rewarding ultimate obedience with gentle kindness and freedom.

Step by step, the training proceeded. Submission first, then an establishment of perfect trust and confidence between horse and man, without which nothing worth having could be attained.

After that, in orderly succession, the rest followed: toleration of handling, reining, mouthing, leading on foot and on horseback, and, in due time, saddling and mounting. One thing at a time, and nothing new until the old was so perfected that when all was ready for the mounting—from a spectacular point of view—the mounting was generally disappointing. Just a little rearing and curvetting, then a quiet, trusting acceptance of this new order of things.

Half a dozen horses were in hand at once, and, as with children at school, some quickly got ahead of the others; and every day the interest grew keener and keener in the individual character of the horses. At the end of a week, Jack announced that he was "going to catch the brown colt" next day. "It'll be worth seeing," he said; and from the Quiet Stockman that was looked upon as a very pressing invitation.

When we went up to the yards in the morning, the brown colt was in a small yard by itself, and Jack was waiting at the gate, ready for its "catching."