

The Royal Road Begins When You Ride on Goodyear Tires

Try them a little while. They have smoothed the way for thousands of motorists whose road was made rough by frequent tire troubles.

Goodyears are fortified in five exclusive ways against the worst attacks that a tire has to meet—against rim cuts—against blow-outs—against loose treads—against punctures and skidding.

The Balanced Tire

Many tires give out prematurely because the "carcass" is too light for the tread. So what is the good of a heavy tread that you have to discard before it is worn out? This fault in many rival tires is avoided in Goodyear construction.

The "carcass" beneath is built extra strong to support the double thick All-Weather Tread.

That's what men mean when they tell you that Goodyears are built in perfect balance.

Lower Prices

On February 15th Goodyear made the third big price reduction in two years. The three total 37 per cent. Yet Goodyear tires are constantly better.

As our output multiplies, reducing factory cost per tire, we pass on this saving to Goodyear users in the form of lower prices and betterments.

So these tires mean content for motorists. So they mean most for your money. For your own sake try them. Any dealer can supply you.

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA
Fortified Tires

No-Rim-Cut Tires—"On-Air" Cured
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Makers of Truck, Motorcycle, Carriage and Bicycle Tires, and Rubber Belts, Hose and Packing.

Head Office, Toronto, Ontario.

Factory, Bowmanville, Ontario.

IN MASQUERADE

(Continued from page 6.)

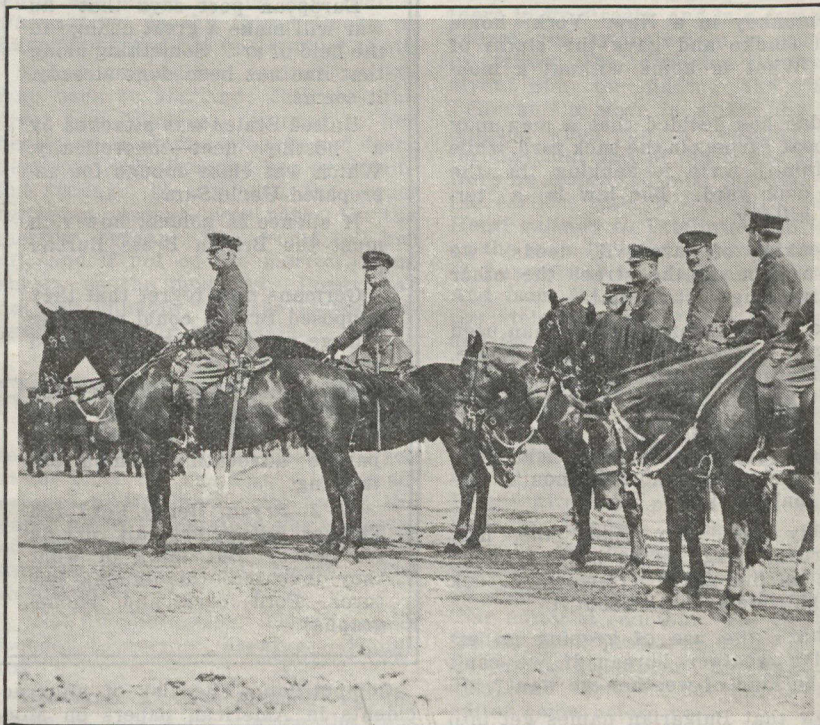
she discovers who you are, and I feel that I ought to warn you, Molly, that I may not be very well off in the future, for though Farmouth Court is entailed upon me, Aunt Isabella can deal with her large private fortune exactly as she likes. There is no necessity for her to leave it to me, and I expect she will alter her will as soon as she knows that we are going to get married—she's practically certain to alter her will."

"BUT, my dear Clive, why should she?" Molly opened her eyes in astonishment, then she gave one of her soft little laughs and put a hand upon Clive's arm. "What does it matter if she does leave her money away from you—what can it matter under present circumstances? You will always have Farmouth Court, the home of your forbears." Molly paused a second. "Your aunt must be a very conscientious old lady. I suppose she thinks it is a mistake to have too much money—she must really be quite a character. Take me up to see her this afternoon, Clive. I do hope we

didn't even bring a maid that it would be some weeks at all events before my identity became known. Besides, I tried my best to put the reporters off the scent before I came here. I gave out that I was going abroad—but they're wretches, they really are. Here, read me what the beastly paragraph says yourself."

Molly handed the newspaper cutting back to Clive, and sat down again in the arbour, swinging her little feet restlessly. The young man read aloud slowly and gravely:

"It may interest our many readers to know that Coralie Leigh, the young and beautiful actress who has advanced with such rapid strides in her profession during the last year and now occupies the proud position of leading lady at the Colony Theatre, London, is spending a few quiet weeks resting at the Peacock Inn, Farmouth, endeavouring to recover from the terrible shock to her nerves caused by Mr. Gilbert Pelton having committed suicide in her presence exactly two months ago. Our readers may remember that the unfortunate gentleman was a great admirer of Miss



THE DUKE AT VERNON, B.C.

During his recent trip West, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught inspected the troops at the big mobilization camp at Vernon. Here he is on a splendid charger, and behind him, Col. J. Duff Stuart, commandant, and behind him, General Lessard.

shall get on well with each other—that she will like me."

Clive shook his head.

"My dear Molly, I daren't take you up to Farmouth Court—I simply daren't. I don't know what Aunt Isabella would say to you, but I fear you would get a very cold welcome. My aunt has been brought up in a very stern school, you must remember—she has very stiff, old-fashioned ideas. Besides, as ill luck would have it, it was Aunt Isabella herself who cut this paragraph from the 'Plymouth Times,' and showed it to me this morning, little thinking that I knew you—little suspecting that I loved you—merely interested in the fact that the Peacock Inn was harbouring such a distinguished guest."

Clive produced a small newspaper cutting from his pocket, as he spoke and Molly snatched at it impatiently. Her cheeks had flushed a bright crimson; she looked very put out and annoyed.

"It's too bad—I declare, it's really too bad that I should have all my goings and comings put in the papers. Why won't the newspaper reporters leave me alone? It's absolutely disgraceful." She stamped on the turf with her little foot. There were tears in her eyes—tears of intense vexation. "I thought if I came quietly down here with Cousin Clara, and

Coralie Leigh, who did not, however, reciprocate his affection, and after pursuing the beautiful actress with his unwelcome addresses for some time, Mr. Pelton finally shot himself in the drawing-room of her flat in Laburnum Mansions, Knightsbridge. We understand that Miss Leigh's nerves have greatly benefited by her stay in glorious Devon, and that she proposes to resume her role at the Colony Theatre early next month. We wish we could delight our readers with a photograph of this young and beautiful actress, but it is a well-known fact that Miss Leigh has always set her face sternly against being photographed, proving a great exception in this matter to most of our leading footlight favourites."

Molly gave a queer, little start.

"How cruel the papers are," she murmured. "Why must they rake up things? You don't believe I was to blame for—what happened? You'd trust me, Clive, wouldn't you, through thick and thin?"

"MY dear, I love you, so how can I believe ill of you? Yet I know many people—my aunt included—are only too ready to credit anything that may be said against an actress; but that cannot be helped, and once you are my wife, whoever breathes a word against your good