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(Trade Mark Registered)

### Acts Like Warm Underwear

You wouldn't care to depend for warmth on a suit of paper underwear. Why depend on building paper to keep your house warm?

"Sovereign" Sheathing Felt is made with WOOL, saturated and coated with the same gum that makes RUBEROID Roofing so good. It does more than break the wind—it actually keeps the house warm.

Keeps out dampness, too, for it is waterproof, just like Ruberoid Roofing. It will not rot nor become mouldy; is odorless and strongly fire-resisting.

Don't miss the extra warmth and comfort of a "Sovereign" Sheathed house, and the continual saving in coal bills, for the few dollars difference in first cost. Get a sample of "Sovereign" Felt from the nearest Ruberoid dealer, or write us direct for sample and booklet M.

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25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20  
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was reassuring. Mrs. Murray regarded the intimacy with doubt, and would often look at the pair from her busy niche at the end of the room, conscious of a perplexity for which she could give no reason. The Admiral never dined at the canteen, so he had not yet met the stranger.

It was late one stormy night, and an unusually large number of visitors had taken shelter from the tropical downpour in Mrs. Murray's house. Yankee Joe had been dozing in his accustomed place, but roused up as the Admiral came in. He entered at a door behind little Jim's seat, and looked over the boy's shoulder; Jim was leaning over the table, intent on a paper on which the stranger beside him had made a sketch.

"That's a niggerly-rigged ship, Jim; she's bound to go to the bottom on her first cruise," he remarked, smiling.

The stranger looked at the Admiral with a curious and contemptuous expression.

"I made the sketch," he said, "but I've not had the benefit of a nautical training."

"Yes, Mr. Bracebridge has been drawing the ship for me, dad, and has put a name on the bows. He hasn't quite scratched it off; it's the 'Kitty Fog.'"

The two men exchanged glances, brief as lightning, and Mrs. Murray saw a sudden resemblance between the stranger's face and little Jim's, and she now understood the reason why she had often been perplexed about them, for she saw also how unlike in form and feature were the Admiral and his boy. The resemblance must have struck another as well as Mrs. Murray.

"Bracebridge!" said the Admiral, as if recalling some half-forgotten misery. "Bracebridge!" he said again; and turning to the stranger, drew himself up and looked like a judge delivering sentence on some long-concealed iniquity. "Curse you for a villain! What right have you to speak to my child?"

"A parental right, I suppose, answered the other with an ill-concealed sneer. "I presume, if every man had his own, this youngster would belong to me. I've

been thinking lately of claiming him, and of paying you what the law allows for bringing him up, but I won't be dunned for extras and sundries."

The words were spoken with cold satirical indifference, and little Jim looked in alarm from one face to the other, while the Admiral's wrath was growing. In the silent moment that ensued the two men again exchanged glances, of full comprehension now, indicating that each accepted all the significance of the facts.

"What's up, Joe?" asked Morton, a frequent visitor. He had just entered as the pause occurred, having come straight from Nashwell's, where, with his customary condescension, he had staked and lost his last shilling at faro.

"Reckon the Admiral's going to make a speech, and you're jest in time," answered Joe. "Shouldn't be astonished if he chose the downward career of the gambler, and took you as a gay and festive example."

"He'd better touch on the immoralities of conversation, and cite you as a specimen of what can be attained in that line; but he doesn't look like speaking about religion."

"I ain't on the religious tack, gentlemen," began the Admiral; "it 'ud be in a head wind here, savin' Mrs. Murray's presence." (Mrs. Murray had sat down on a vacant chair beside little Jim, and was endeavouring to draw him into conversation; but the Admiral's voice was loud and stern, and her efforts to keep the boy's attention were useless). "I ain't been accustomed to speakin' afore more nor one or two. I'd rather reef topsails in the worst gale I've ever seen than do it now, but I've got to defend myself and another that's not here no more. Gentlemen, I ain't jumped that boy. It hasn't been convenient never to tell little Jim's history before, but he's got to choose for himself, and he'll have to listen. Little 'un, hold on there."

The speaker's expression softened for an instant as he looked down at the child, and his rugged features were transfigured by the dread of involuntary sacrifice and separation. (Continued on Page 57).

## The Town Bicycle.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

It was not that Miss Matilda was tired of her sphere. She simply had never had one. It occurred to her somewhat late in life that it would be pleasant to have a definite object in view, and if it should prove to be spherical by nature so much the better. Unselfish always, hers was no personal aim. She did not crave culture, nor a profession, nor a husband, nor anything that could be hers. She wished to do something for the world. The world, of course, meant Boxton.

There was one difficulty. She did not like to admit the present existence of a flaw in Boxton. To try to improve it would imply that it needed improving, and Miss Matilda had always considered the village of Boxton quite perfect of its kind, and the kind quite perfect of itself. What did it not possess? It had a meeting-house with a spire, a school-house, a fire company with red shirts and buckets, a common, a grocery store with one corner in it for a post-office, and even a small circulating library, emanating from the "sitting-room" of Maria Follansbee. Miss Matilda would not have advocated the acquisition of anything which might have been had before, but which Boxton had been without. The acquisition of something new, however, something which other towns never had had till recently, seemed to offer no insult to the past, and to be merely a proper deference to the present and a noble legacy to hand down to the future.

Such a thing was the bicycle. True, no one in town could afford to buy a bicycle. What was worse, Boxton had no leisure class able to devote Saturday afternoons to the enjoyment of a bicycle. No, it was certain that no individual in Boxton was well adapted for the bicycle craze.

But the town, as a town? Why not have a public bicycle, as we have a public library or a public school? The town could own it; the people could hire it

by the hour, and Boxton hold up its head with the cities that had boulevards. True, the dreadful thought did cross her mind that if ever such a day did arrive, everybody would want the bicycle on the same afternoon, and there would be only one. However, she decided that sufficient unto that day was the evil thereof. Her duty was to provide the bicycle. Others might quarrel over it as they pleased.

A bicycle was expensive, she knew that. And they could not increase the town taxes, and they had no village millionaire to subscribe the whole amount. But they could give a strawberry festival, and the children could pick huckleberries, and she, she—Miss Matilda—could take a boarder.

She had often thought it a pity not to take boarders in the roomy, old-fashioned house, with the neighboring woods, and the splendid well, and the fine apples, and the excellent croquet ground. Admirable woman that she was, she had never regretted that a certain aristocratic sense of fitness in reigning supreme over such a mansion had cut her off from adding another source to her income; but she had always been haunted with a sincere sympathy for the boarder that might have been, cut off from the splendid privilege of dwelling, even for a few weeks, in the green pastures of Boxton. Now, however, that she had a motive outside herself, and outside any personal or individual prejudices in favor of other towns, she felt justified, for the honor of Boxton, in assuming the role of a compensated hostess.

It was Samuel Barstow who first checked her enthusiasm.

"Is it a-goin' to be a feller's or a gal's wheel?" he asked suddenly.

Miss Matilda was startled—she had not known there were two kinds—but only for a moment. "Both," she answered firmly.

For in the brief instant of shock she