

**SPECIAL—  
27 Paris  
colors**



# 5 FAMOUS STYLE POINTS

Millions are asking for in Hosiery

**T**ODAY you are invited to see an unusual assortment of exquisite hosiery. New Paris colors, rich, lustrous silks and sheer chiffons.

And every pair possesses 5 unique style features that now are famous. Perfect hosiery is assured because of them... and correctness of style.

Some of these famous points you will find in one brand of exquisite hosiery, some in another. But only in Holeproof will you find them all. That's why millions seek this kind for fashion safety. See these 5 reasons:

[1] **No imperfections.** Style vanishes with imperfections. And here Holeproof safeguards you by nine separate inspections. It is a fact that few other fine hose are so uniformly perfect.

[2] **Correct Paris shades.** Paris authorities select the newest colors. Our scientific dyeing process keeps them clear and bright. Our anti-fade treatment protects from fading.

[3] **Superlative transparency.** Even in the heavier weights there is no cloudiness, no streaks. First, the silk is tested, then it undergoes the scientific Holeproof treatment.

[4] **No loose ends.** Loose threads mar appearance. So Holeproof carefully trims the inside of each stocking by hand.

[5] **Exquisite clearness.** In sheer chiffons, clearness comes only with the use of uniformly even thread. The lack of it in cheaper silk causes unsightly shadow rings. So, at greater cost, Holeproof selects in China the silk judged finest of all oriental grades.

All Holeproof numbers have these points. No matter what color or fabric or style you choose, each pair is faultlessly and fashionably correct.

See the new colors at once while the assortment is complete... at all Holeproof shops.

**PURE THREAD SILK**  
In new Paris shades. \$1.50  
Smart and trim fitting. Run stop at hem. Merc. hemmed top.



**PURE THREAD SILK**  
over Rayon  
Extremely trim fitting. 20-inch silk leg. In many new Paris colors. \$1.00

## Holeproof Hosiery

### D & A CORSETS & CORSETTES

The new models of D & A Corsets and Corsettes will improve your figure.

Combining style, fit and wear with lowest possible price, they are truly economical.

Corset Departments which offer best values all over D & A Corsets & Brassieres

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, also of La Diva and Goddess Corsets.



D & A CORSETTES with elastic girth and very slight boning are popular with women who want a combination corset and brassiere.

# WILD GEESE

By Martha O'Connell.

Chapter XV.  
Caleb's instructions through Amella were that Charlie should go for the cattle every evening. And a few days later Charlie was appointed to take Judith's place in going for the mail and provisions at Yellow Post. So that now Judith's freedom was narrowed down to the space within her own thoughts as she moved up and down the hayfield on the mowing machine. Following the rains, the heat was not so intense, and the dust had been washed from the sweet hay. There was something almost soothing in the whirr of the mowing machine. It enclosed one's thoughts from every other sound.

But Sven would be wondering why she didn't come to the meeting place. She would look for him to-day on the way out of the field and try to tell him that Caleb was watching her. That he would have to wait for a trip somewhere so that they could meet at the spring without danger of discovery. While she thought about Sven, her eyes fell alongside the mowers where the depth of the hay stirred under the wind like something alive. A sudden gust flattened the tops of the growth into a gray sheet, as if an enormous invisible hand had brushed across it. A dark understanding had come upon Judith and now every living thing caressed, or was caressed.

She looked behind her at Charlie and across into the other field where Martin and Ellen were working. She knew Ellen had wanted to go away with Malcolm. That Ellen had denied the greatest impulse of her life Judith could not forgive. She hated Ellen, and found it in her heart to hope that she would have to remain forever regretting and waiting for a thing that did not come.

Jude's thoughts turning toward Lind. She had found herself stepping softly in her presence, had found herself looking into the mirror for some resemblance to Lind. These things Sven would not understand. He would have to learn to understand them. In the other world where they were going together after the hayfing, Amella's suffering eyes came before Judith's mind, but she brushed them away. It would have to be sometime, it might as well be now. Perhaps with the going of Lind the dream would go—and there would be nothing but another winter of frozen manure and hungry cattle.

On the last day of the mowing, Caleb declared his intention of going that evening to see Bjorn Aronson about the purchase of a bell for the church at Yellow Post. He told Martin about it at the dinner table, and Judith pretended not to hear him by turning abruptly to Lind and asking her something about the school. Caleb went on to tell Martin that he might get Bjorn for the threshing.

"He'll not ask more than the breeds, and he'll work harder," Caleb added.

Returning to the field with the horses after the others, Judith stood in the hollow near the road where the willows hid her, and whistled for Sven. He would be moving about in the Sandbo farmyard if he had not yet returned to his own field lying to the north. Judith sounded a long sharp whistle and presently he came, running. He kissed her clumsily in his haste.

"Oh, Judie!" he cried. "I've got to have—"

"To-night," she said quickly, "and don't be late."

She slapped the reins across the backs of the horses and turned into the field. Her heart beat like a hammer under the grassy breast of her overalls. Sven had been clean and ruddy, and his shirt was open at the throat over his fresh skin.

They completed the mowing in the early afternoon, and took the machines home. Judith saw that Ellen's face was white, her eyelids red and swollen. But the feeling she had toward her was only one of contempt. There was nothing admirable in Ellen's suffering. Before the return of Malcolm Judith had pitied Ellen and would have done much to spare her from duties that were too heavy for her. Now she felt that anything that befell Ellen was her just due. She had had her choice.

Judith drove ahead of the others going hom. She hurriedly unharnessed the horses and turned them into the pasture. Then she strode into the kitchen where Amella was pickling tiny cucumbers. "What are you going to do?" Amella asked when she saw her take a basin full of hot water from the kettle.

"Wash my hair," said Judith shortly.

Amella looked at her curiously. It seemed an odd time of the week for doing such a thing. It was usually done on Sunday morning when it did not interfere with work. However, Caleb was far down the pasture examining some horses and he might not return until she was through.

Judith took the water into the sun outside the house and placed it on the ground. Then she knelt down and dipped her whole head into the basin, scrubbing the black mass of her hair with the soap that Lind had told her to use. Afterward she sat on the ground sunning it until it was dry. It had a lovely, unforgettable smell now, like Lind.

Then she went to Lind's room and bathed. It was delightful beyond words, the delicate soap. She had never before used any but Amella's home-made soap. She made her whole body white now with lather, hating finally to wash it off.

Lind came in from school while

she was dressing. The Teacher gave her a silk blouse to wear, but Judith was afraid that Caleb would notice it. She let Lind dress her hair, however, and promised that after Caleb had gone she would permit her to put a drop of perfume at the nape of her neck. Then they went downstairs, where Ellen was playing the organ.

Ellen still played Red Wing. Years ago somebody had stopped at the Gares' and had sung and played the song. No popular air had become familiar to her since then. It was a childhood memory that she never lost. Lind had offered to teach her other songs, but Ellen protested that she had no time to learn them. Lind suspected that she had resented the offer.

Ellen looked up when Judith came into the room, but made no comment on the fashion of her sister's hair. Judith marched out doors.

In the corral stood a shining black stallion that had been brought from the farm of one of the Ice-landers. The animal stood pawing the earth and arching his huge, glistening neck. Judith paused for a moment beside the corral gate looking at the horse. He lifted his head and turned his flaring nostrils toward her. His eyes were hostile. Judith turned away, instinctively lifting her chest.

Immediately after Charlie had gone for the cattle, Caleb drove away in the car. From the sheep pasture Jude got a glimpse of him turning off the wood road and going north. She was content that he had gone to Aronson's.

Sven was waiting for her at the spring when she got there. She stepped quietly down the bank and parted the birch trees, standing for a moment framed in the light as she remembered he had done on the

## Its Purity is Absolute

—The flavour irreproachable

# "SALADA" TEA

is the choice of millions.

Brown label 75c lb. Orange Pekoe Blend 85c lb.

and sweat, and hay dust, were gone forever. She glanced up and saw a shadow fall across the floor of the barn. Then Caleb stood in the doorway. Judith stood erect. She saw his face, like a mask cut out of granite. He had seen them—she knew it instantly. Somehow he had discovered—spied on them. He stepped into the barn. Judith was dumb.

"Well—what've ye got to say for yourself, eh? What've ye got to say for yourself?" He descended upon her, his head thrust forward. Judith did not move. Her eyes swept the floor for the fraction of a second. A yard from her feet lay a small ax

with a short handle. It had fallen from a strap on the wall behind her. "What'er you up to, out there in the bush, eh? With that Sandbo dog, heh, heh! A bitch like your mother, eh? Come here and I'll show ye it pays to be decent!" He took another step toward her. Judith's hand swept down and grasped the handle of the ax.

(To Be Continued.)

There is one advantage possessed by the man at the bottom over the man at the top; he doesn't have so far to fall.

Blessed are the innocent, for they have a lot to learn.

## "I WAS SICKLY AND COULDN'T EAT"

Then Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brought permanent relief



Constipation takes its toll in health and happiness—but read what Mr. Jessup has to say:

"I was always sickly and could not eat—but last May I was told about Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Since using Kellogg's ALL-BRAN I have not lost a day's work. In May I weighed 105 pounds. I now weigh 185 pounds, and it's all due to eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN."

J. E. Jessup (Address on request)

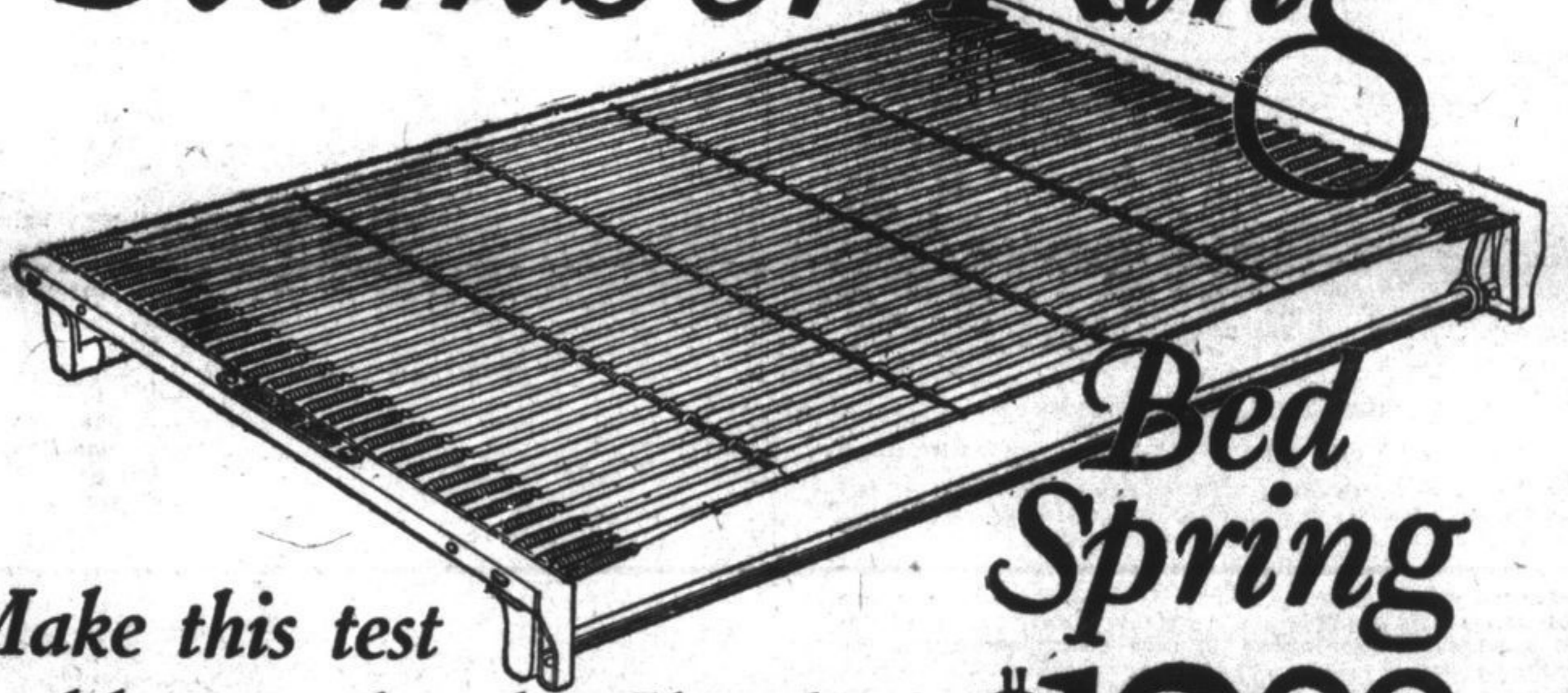
Don't let constipation sap your health, undermine your strength. It can cause over forty serious ailments! Blotchy skin, sick headaches, nervousness, anemia—are but a few of the symptoms. Beware!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to relieve the most chronic constipation if eaten regularly. Because Kellogg's is ALL BRAN—a 100% bran product—100% effective.

Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with milk, cream and fruit. Use it in cooking too. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada, and sold by all grocers. Served in all restaurants.



# Slumber King



Make this test and know why the Slumber King spring has no equal

Bed Spring \$12.00

Lift the mattress off any Slumber King spring and lie down on it. You will be surprised at its easy adjustment to every body curve. You will be amazed at the comfort of its steel fabric.

No one, of course, would sleep directly on a bed spring. But the test will show you how and why Slumber King is the finest steel fabric spring made, yielding a lifetime of sleep luxury.

At either end, stout yet sensitive spiral springs suspend its 26 ribbon strips of steel. Four rows of smaller coils cross-tie them. Double-width border strips and cables prevent sagging edges.

No matter where you lie on a Slumber King, you feel secure, easy, supremely comfortable. Nerves and muscles relax. Sleep comes and stays.

See the Slumber King at your favorite store. Study it, compare it, and you will buy it.

Complete your comfort with an OSTERMOOR

A fitting companion to the Slumber King. Unequaled by any other white cotton felt mattress in Canada for more than 30 years. One quality, the best; one maker, Simmons Limited; one price, the lowest at which so fine a mattress can be sold... \$25

Beware of imitations. Look for the Ostermoor label.

GRACELINE BEDS • OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES • Built for Sleep by

# SIMMONS

FULL LINE OF SIMMONS' SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES

R. J. REID Phone 577

FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, BUY A SLUMBER KING SPRING AND OSTERMOOR MATTRESS AT

JAMES REID'S

## EVERYBODY DRINKS "SMILE"

THE NEW ORANGE DRINK BOTTLED AND DISTRIBUTED BY ELDER AERATED WATER WORKS